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# Lives of Twelve Good Men

- I. *MARTIN JOSEPH ROUTH*
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- IX. *HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL*
- X. *WILLIAM JACOBSON*
- XI. *CHARLES PAGE EDEN*
- XII. *CHARLES LONGUET HIGGINS*

BY JOHN WILLIAM BURGON, B.D.

DEAN OF CHICHESTER  
SOMETIME FELLOW OF ORIEL COLLEGE  
AND VICAR OF S. MARY-THE-VIRGIN'S, OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

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WHILE these sheets are yet in the printer's hands, the following eloquent tribute, (and true as eloquent,) in a newly published Biography meets my eye; and may well occupy the present vacant page. I have often tried to say the same kind of thing of SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, but seem never to have said it half as well.

*“And here we must take occasion to note the very deep debt of gratitude which Dr. Wordsworth, in common with many others, owed to the influence and example of the Bishop of Oxford at that time. No one who recalls those days will ever forget the magical effect of his presence,—like the coming of spring to a winter landscape,—in the little nooks and corners of that agricultural county: his thrilling Confirmation addresses: his cordial appreciation of what was done by others: the brilliant wit of his conversation: the inimitable tones of his wonderfully-modulated voice; and the fascination of his look and manner.*

*“How much of the poetry, life, and enthusiasm of Church work is due to Bishop Wilberforce! how much also of its organization and practical development! And it was a happy thing for the future Bishop of an agricultural diocese, like Lincoln, that his work at Stanford-in-the-Vale [1850–1868] brought him not only into contact with a poor and neglected country population, but with that kindling and stimulating spirit, so far in advance of his age in his conception of the duties of an English Bishop, and so marvellously endowed with the power of carrying those conceptions out in active life.”—Life of “CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, BISHOP OF LINCOLN,”—pp. 142–3.*



## (v). SAMUEL WILBERFORCE:

*THE REMODELLER OF THE EPISCOPATE.*

[A.D. 1805—1873.]

OF certain ecclesiastics in every age it may be declared with truth that, to write their lives fully and in detail, would be to write the ecclesiastical history of the age in which they lived. Thus, it has been remarked already, that an elaborate biography of Hugh James Rose [1795—1838] would have been nothing else but the history of the beginning of that great revival in the English Church, which the Rt. Hon. Thomas Grenville [1755—1846] characterized as by far the most remarkable phenomenon which he had witnessed throughout his long career. With equal truth may it be declared, that the subsequent history of the same great movement would be most intelligibly written by one who should construct a complete biography of Samuel Wilberforce. But in the case of this last—with far less of learning and intellectual power—there conspired certain personal gifts of an altogether unique order. No ecclesiastic within living memory—scarcely any Englishman—has enjoyed a larger share of personal celebrity than he. It would be easy to recall the names of men who eclipsed him by their achievements, or by the brilliancy of their writings: but it remains a fact notwithstanding, that as a public

man, Samuel Wilberforce, by the general suffrage of English society, was without a peer. During the last twenty years of his episcopate it was observed that no name more readily rose to the surface of conversation than *his*. Every one at a party had some characteristic story to tell concerning *him*:—had been brought, in one way or other, into personal contact with him. It was impossible to resist the conviction that he was a man universally admired, as well as universally known. Every one present had at least heard ‘the Bishop of Oxford’ preach, and had formed his opinion concerning the preacher. *Who* that had ever really come within the fascination of his personal influence failed to speak of him with a kind of admiration which bordered on enthusiasm?

Such ample biographies have already appeared both of Samuel Wilberforce<sup>1</sup> and of his illustrious Father, that I am spared the necessity of recording in this place most of those details which are really indispensable to a Memoir, however brief. But indeed the present is intended to be nothing else but a pen-and-ink sketch of the man chiefly as he came before myself,—*my own personal recollections* of him. Concerning his interesting antecedents therefore, I shall say scarcely anything at all. His birth (September 7th, 1805) and his parentage have been fully set before the public; and the peculiar atmosphere of religious thought in which his youthful character was formed, has long since become a matter of history. But his biographer seems not to have been aware that, in conformity with those same family traditions, one of the

<sup>1</sup> ‘*Life of the Rt. Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, D.D.*’ &c. The first volume (1880) was compiled by the late Canon Ashwell: the second

(1881) and third (1882) volumes by the Bishop’s son,—Mr. Reginald Garton Wilberforce.—See *Appendix* (H).

preceptors to whose care the elder Wilberforce entrusted his son while quite a boy, was the well-known 'Fry of Emberton;' a man who, (marvellous to relate), was looked upon as a kind of Apostle by the Clapham sect, and received into his rectory a limited number of sons of parents of 'evangelical' views. Among these, it should be premised, was a lad of Hebrew extraction. A characteristic incident is still remembered of the Samuel Wilberforce of those early days. The scene of the boys' studies was a spacious apartment at the top of the house, where they were careful to relieve the tedium of acquiring the Latin language by giving free vent to their animal spirits, and occasionally making a tremendous noise. On one occasion, the disturbance overhead having become insufferable, old Fry (after repeated ineffectual warnings from below) rushed upstairs, cane in hand, kicked open the study door, and proceeded to wreak his wrath indiscriminately on the first offender he should meet. 'Sam,' quick as lightning, caught the youthful Israelite by the collar, slewed him round to receive, *a tergo*, the blow which must else have fallen to his own share, and pleaded, '*First* the Jew, sir,—*then* the Gentile.'

His brief but honourable career at Oriel (1823–1827), —(and I have already in another place suggested why the elder Wilberforce sent his sons to this College,<sup>2</sup>)—brought him into contact, as a junior, with a set of remarkable men, some of whom, for good or for evil, were destined to leave an indelible impress on the Church of England at a turning-point of her history. His rooms were those on the ground-floor in the south-western corner of the first quadrangle: rooms which

<sup>2</sup> See above, vol. i. p. 390–1.

were identified by himself in conversation more than 40 years afterwards by the fact that the coal-hole was (and is) under the floor of the sitting-room. He had asked a friend, whose house he made his headquarters when Bishop of Winchester (Canon Bridges of Beddington, also an Oriel man), to indicate to him, if he could, *which* rooms were occupied by his son. When Bridges, after conducting him in thought to the locality above indicated, at last reached the trap-door over the coal-hole,—‘Those were *my* rooms!’ cried the Bishop, grasping his friend’s arm, and swaying it backward and forward, as his manner was:—‘*Those* were *my* rooms!’

In 1828 he became united to Emily Sargent. It was through this lady that the Lavington property eventually came into the Bishop’s family, by reason of failure of issue in her two brothers. Shortly before his death in 1873, happening to be on a visit in the neighbourhood of Marden, where Mrs. Sargent had once resided, the Bishop announced that he had arranged to take a ride through the Park with the daughter of his host (Mr. Master of Barrow Green) next morning before breakfast. (He loved beyond all things an outing before breakfast, if it were but a scamper round the garden.) ‘We were sitting in a corner of the saloon’ (writes the friend who furnishes the incident<sup>3</sup>), ‘when Wilberforce, turning to me, said in a quiet undertone,—“I saw her *there* for the first time. She was thirteen, and I was fifteen, and we never changed our minds.”’ . . . He was grave and silent for a few moments: then, began on quite a different topic. But there was a pathos in the incidental remark which my friend can never forget.

<sup>3</sup> The Rev. Carey H. Borrer, Treasurer of Chichester Cathedral, and Rector of Hurstpierpoint.



He made the first proof of his ministry at Checkendon, a quiet little country village near Henley-on-Thames, to the sole charge of which he was ordained in December 1828. Thence, at the end of sixteen months, he was transferred by Bishop Sumner of Winchester, his faithful friend and patron, to Brighthstone, in the Isle of Wight. It was at Brighthstone that he matured those powers, and acquired those administrative habits, for which he became afterwards so conspicuous; easily achieving for himself the foremost place among the clergy of the little island. But he was constantly in society, and much absent from his parish; being found now at Farnham, now at Winchester, now in London, now at Oxford. It appears from his 'Diary' that he was away for a full third of the year 1838. He had in fact already acquired an extraordinary reputation as a preacher and public speaker, and his powers were largely in request. At Winchester, in 1837,—

"A great county meeting was held for the purpose of setting on foot a Diocesan Church-Building Society, with the Duke of Wellington in the chair. Lord Palmerston was among the speakers; and in the course of his speech took a line which Mr. S. Wilberforce considered inconsistent with true Churchmanship. The consequence was that he attacked Lord Palmerston's remarks with an ability and eloquence which quite carried away the meeting, but, at the same time, with a vehemence which caused some of those present to remonstrate with the Duke of Wellington, as chairman, for having allowed so young a clergyman to proceed unchecked. The Duke replied that it had occurred to him to interpose, but that on looking again at the speaker he felt sure that, had he done so, he would only have diverted upon himself the stream of his indignant eloquence, and, 'I assure you,' he added, 'that I would have faced a battery sooner.'"<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Life*,—i. pp. 107-8.

Of the opportunities of access to London society which his frequent visits to Winchester House now presented, Wilberforce availed himself freely. He even cultivated the friendship of men of a religious school alien alike to that to which he was drawn by force of early habit and the strength of family traditions, and to *that* within the sphere of whose influence his education at Oriel had inevitably brought him. The names of Maurice, Carlyle, Bunsen, recur constantly in his diary at this time. But he never identified himself with any school of religious thought, though he *touched* them all, and evinced sympathies with each in turn. Towards Maurice and his party he never, in fact, had more than an intellectual leaning. From the phraseology and many of the conventionalities of 'Evangelicalism,' on the contrary, he never, to the last hour of his life, was able to shake himself entirely free. But his relation to the Oxford school was altogether peculiar. With undiminished reverence for the personal holiness of certain of its leaders, but with his eyes wide open to their faults, he instinctively assimilated whatever in it he recognised as Catholic and true: while,—unlike his brothers, Henry and Robert,—whatever in it had a Romeward tendency, he rejected from the first with unqualified abhorrence. He was greatly (and reasonably) scandalized by the refusal of the leaders of the party to contribute to the Martyrs' Memorial,—which in consequence became a standing protest against the un-Anglican character impressed upon the Oxford movement from an early period. There is, indeed, no feature of the published 'Life of Wilberforce' more truly instructive, than so much of his private correspondence and public utterances as relate to the celebrated movement which culminated in Mr. Newman's desertion, and the discreditable '*Ideal*' of the Rev. W. G.

Ward. Should it not however in fairness be added that, in common with all other faithful men of his generation, Samuel Wilberforce was probably indebted, to a greater extent than he was himself aware, to the religious atmosphere of Oxford during the memorable years of his undergraduateship, for whatever of warmth and earnestness he carried with him from College?

To the same period of his life belongs his joint authorship, with his brother Robert, of the biography of the elder Wilberforce. This was succeeded by his '*History of the Church in America*,' and many lesser efforts,—Reviews, Charges, Sermons. He had already been appointed Archdeacon of Surrey and Canon of Winchester, and was now (1840) nominated one of Prince Albert's chaplains. In 1841 he was promoted to the important rectory of Alverstoke. He preached frequently before the Queen, and was acceptable at Court. All this brought him within a charmed circle: and the traits of character which he sometimes jots down in passing are of exceeding interest. After two short notices of Lord Melbourne, and a life-like sketch of Sir Robert Peel, we shall hasten forward:—

"*Jan.* 8th, 1842.—All went on most pleasantly at the Castle: my reception and treatment throughout exceedingly kind. The Queen and the Prince were both at church, as also was Lord Melbourne, who paid his first visit at the same time. The Queen's meeting with him was very interesting. The exceeding pleasure which lighted up her countenance was quite touching. His behaviour to her was perfect. The fullest attentive deference of the subject, with a subdued air of 'your father's friend,' that was quite fascinating."<sup>5</sup>

"*Dec.* 25 [1845.]—In bed again all day. All doing well. Many letters, &c. Copeland again full of anecdote.

<sup>5</sup> *Life*,—i. p. 211.

‘I had been attending Lord Melbourne for 6 weeks, 3 times a day when Minister. No one ever more mistaken. The most anxious painstaking man in the world. Worked all day in his bedroom with secretaries, &c., that he might be able to send bores away with,—My Lord has not yet got out of his bedroom.’”<sup>6</sup> . . . The next quotation is dated July 5th, 1847:—

“I got back to London on Wednesday evening, coming up in a state carriage with Bunsen, Sir R. and Lady Peel, and Count Waldemar. Had a very curious observation of Sir R. Peel. He was reading the ‘*Quarterly*,’ and soon settled into Croker’s bitter attack upon him, peeping into its uncut leaves with intense interest, and yet not liking to show that interest by cutting; and so, when Madame Bunsen, who saw nothing of what was going on, offered a paper-cutter, courteously declining it and lapsing into an article on Pantagruelism, to fall again into the old article and peep again into the uncut leaves as soon as all was quiet.”<sup>7</sup>

The sun of his wedded happiness set in this same year (March 10th, 1841), and the event closed what he always spoke of as the most blissful period of his life. ‘*Agathos*,’ ‘*The Rocky Island*,’ and other ‘*Sunday Stories*,’ which have since made his name popular in every nursery, belong to that period; having been in the first instance told to his children as they sat on his knee by the Sunday-evening fireside. We look in vain throughout the present biography for anything which more conciliates our personal regard for Wilberforce than the many faithful references to this (evidently) admirable as well as very delightful woman, which are scattered up and down his letters and diaries. On his introduction to the atmosphere of the Court, his prevailing sentiment was that he had not *her* to whom, on his return home, he might

<sup>6</sup> *Life*,—i. p. 326.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*,—p. 398.

describe the fascination of the scene. "Yes," (he wrote to his sister in 1844),—

"I quite know all those Spring feelings. It is the hardest time of all the year. SHE loved it so! She opened in it like some sweet flower. Always was I looking forward to it. Now, I never look on to it. It seems so indifferent *what* it is; all the short halting places in life are swept away. . . . It is most sad going home. If I went home to her, it was beyond all words. If I went home *with* her, I got apart to see her meet her children. And now,—but I ought not to sadden you."<sup>8</sup>

He got back to Lavington after several long and exciting weeks in London, on June 11th, which happened to be the anniversary of his wedding-day. On the 12th he wrote to his sister:—

"Oh, what a picture it was of life, coming *here* as I came yesterday, instead of *that* day here which seemed to give me life in possession. I spent much time alone yesterday night, after all were gone in, in that church-yard, and came home quite quiet. Life here is so unlike my life anywhere else. I was up alone on the hill-side between six and seven this morning, and anything more lovely you cannot conceive. The slanting sun was throwing its brightness from behind me on the glorious prospect, far up into Surrey, Albury, the Hog's-back, Leith Hill, &c. &c., and all very distant country looks so beautiful: a sort of delectable mountain-feeling hangs about it. I suppose it is the secret instinct after the land which is very far away which then stirs within one."<sup>9</sup>

At the end of fourteen months:—

"I am again in the blessed quietness of this holy place. It always seems to be another life which I have here. Being so separated from all my usual full occupation, it has, even without its associations, a sort of Paradise feeling; and when I was yesterday standing

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*,—p. 236.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*,—p. 239.



over that grave, with my dear Herbert clinging fondly to me, it seemed as if I was in another world.”<sup>1</sup>

And all this did not wear out with him:—

“Always, on returning to Lavington, the first thing was to visit the churchyard and to lay flowers on her grave; and after his last visit thither, on May 31, 1873, so near to his own departure, he wrote to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. R. G. Wilberforce, describing the occasion as ‘one never to be forgotten. GOD’s world in its beauty animate and inanimate around me; the nightingales singing His praises; and all seeming to rejoice before Him. My dead seemed so near to me in my solitude: each one following another and speaking calm and hope to me, and reunion when He will.’”<sup>2</sup>

He made the best use of his bereavement, as many a letter, many an affecting entry in his diary<sup>3</sup> shows: and it is certain that the blow left a life-long impress on his character. Scarcely right does it seem that the man in his agony should be so completely discovered as he is here to the vulgar gaze. And yet, what would the ‘*Life*’ be worth which should suppress such details? His prevailing conviction was that he had received a call to come out of the world—‘a call to a different mode of life,’ ‘a more severe, separate, self-mortifying course.’ ‘The great object’ (he wrote) ‘which I desire to gain from this affliction is a maintained communion with GOD.’ And, ‘Oh, if all this should pass away, and leave me no nearer to GOD, i.e. *more* worldly!’ . . . If, at the end of the first year of his episcopate (November 30th, 1846), he wrote as follows,—*who* with a human heart can withhold a pang of sympathy at the concluding words?

‘I have taken some time for prayer and meditation to-day, looking through my former life, reading my former entries. How wonderfully fresh it all is still! How

<sup>1</sup> *Life*,—i. p. 267.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*,—p. 180.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*,—pp. 180-91.



perpetually is SHE before me! In business, in society, when I seem full of other things, how there is a constant under-*base* ringing secretly in my ears. Yet, how little have I learned of all this sorrow should have taught me.”<sup>4</sup>

His five years' incumbency of Alverstoke was eminently fruitful in results, both to the parish and to himself. He built three new Churches and two new parochial Schools, and succeeded in thoroughly stirring up the inner life of a populous and most important district. His Sermons there are said to have been the best he ever produced; and it may well be true, for there is a reality in Sermons prepared for a congregation which a man knows and addresses habitually, which must needs be wanting in discourses prepared (by a Bishop, for example,) for promiscuous gatherings of people between whom and himself there exists no personal tie. He had, moreover, gone through the furnace of severe affliction; which more than anything else imparts something of pathetic earnestness and fervour to what is delivered from the pulpit. But the offer of the Deanery of Westminster in the beginning of 1845, and his elevation to the episcopate at the close of the same year, brought what may be called the first period of his life to a close. At the age of forty,—having successively filled the offices of Assistant Curate, of Incumbent, of Rural Dean, of Canon, of Archdeacon, of Royal Chaplain, and finally of Dean,—he succeeded Dr. Bagot in the Bishopric of Oxford at one of the most trying moments in the History of the English Church. The year 1845 was, in fact, the crisis of the Tractarian movement. Thus was he suddenly translated to a new sphere, to new duties and greatly enlarged responsibilities; and to these he forthwith addressed himself with the energy which was habitual to him.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*,—p. 183.

He found the Diocese in a very backward state. It had consisted of the single county of Oxford till 1836, when Berks was withdrawn from the diocese of Salisbury and added to that of Oxford. In his time it was enlarged to its present dimensions, consisting of the three counties of Oxford, Berks, and Bucks. During the five-and-twenty years immediately preceding his consecration (1820 to 1845), only 22 new Churches had been built in those three counties, 4 rebuilt, 8 restored or enlarged. In the four-and-twenty years of his episcopate, the corresponding totals are:—106 new Churches; Churches rebuilt, 15; Churches restored, 250. He found the livings in the gift of the Bishop small in number and in value, being but 17 in all. He left them in number 103, comprising most of the important *town* livings, and with increased endowments. But there was a vast deal of work to be done of a less showy kind. Cuddesdon Palace (so called) was very ill adapted for an episcopal residence. It had wondrous little sleeping accommodation,—was without a private Chapel,—had an alehouse in the garden. Wilberforce applied himself at once to the remedy of all such drawbacks. But he did more. He made his existence *felt* throughout the diocese:—corresponded freely with his Clergy:—gathered his Rural-deans and diocesan school-inspectors round him:—conferred with the territorial Laity of his diocese:—broke through the old method of conducting Ordinations:—put the rite of Confirmation on an entirely new footing:—caused it to be everywhere seen and felt that the old order of things had passed away, and that the Bishop of Oxford was inaugurating *a new era in the history of the English episcopate*.—For two years he was in a high degree prosperous and popular. He had earned a brilliant reputation in the House of Lords, and had greatly distinguished himself on many public

occasions. But with the months of November and December 1847 this halcyon calm came to an end. His sky became suddenly overcast; and before the year was out, the storm had burst upon him in all its fury.

On Monday, November 15th, 1847, the country was electrified by an announcement in the '*Times*' newspaper that the Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, had recommended Dr. Hampden to Her Majesty for the Bishopric of Hereford, vacated by the translation of Dr. Musgrave to the Archbishopric of York. The excitement was instantaneous and universal. By his '*Bampton Lectures*' (1832), Hampden had given grievous offence to the University of Oxford, which his '*Observations on Religious Dissent*' (1834) had but served to aggravate. Notwithstanding this, in 1836, Lord Melbourne, then Prime Minister, had appointed him Regius Professor of Divinity. This called attention to his previous utterances, and men of all shades of opinion in the University at once combined against him in defence of the most sacred of causes. He was publicly censured in a crowded Convocation by a majority of 474 to 94. A large proportion of the Bishops also signified their disapprobation of Lord Melbourne's appointment, and the censure of the University received new emphasis in 1842, through the failure of a determined effort then made to set it aside. Lord John's selection of such an individual for the office of Chief Pastor in 1847 was therefore nothing else but a deliberate insult offered to the Church and to the University,—not to say to the conscientious convictions of the whole body of the Clergy and of the religious laity. The consequence was that the country was thrown into a ferment. Meetings were held: petitions poured in: the very newspapers denounced the appointment as improper.

The '*Times*,' then a steady supporter of the Government, in a leading article, declared,—'We cannot imagine on what principle or motive it has been adventured.' In the end, thirteen of the Bishops (including Samuel Wilberforce) signed a Remonstrance to Lord John Russell, who had also been separately addressed even more strongly in the same sense by Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Longley, Bishop of Ripon. All was well done so far. No charges had been brought against Hampden by the remonstrating Bishops, no opinion expressed as to the justice of the imputations under which he laboured, for *that* would have been to prejudice what might afterwards be the subject of judicial enquiry. They had but represented that the fact of the existence of such charges, and the very general and deep feeling which prevailed on the subject, constituted reason enough why a Minister responsible for the exercise of the most delicate of the functions of the Royal Prerogative, should pause in giving effect to the appointment of such an one as Dr. Hampden to the see of Hereford.

Undeterred by Lord John's unfavourable reply, the Bishop of Oxford at once urged the Minister, in a long private letter, to give Hampden (as he had before given Prince Lee, Bishop of Manchester,) the opportunity of clearing himself before a competent tribunal from the charges against him; representing, that in this way the Church would be fully satisfied. But his well-meant endeavour failed utterly. It became daily more apparent that Wilberforce must of necessity be forced into the front rank of the coming conflict, the vicarage of Ewelme (which Hampden held as Regius Professor of Divinity) being in the Oxford Diocese; and calamitous for the Church and for him in the highest degree it was,

that, from the accident of his position, so perilous a responsibility was thrust upon him. His temperament made him a peculiarly unfit person to stand in the breach at such a time. Truly, it was as if diabolical ingenuity had contrived the snare into which the versatility of his nature, not to say his very talents and virtues, were pretty sure to draw him headlong.

In the meantime, Theological Articles had been drawn up in Oxford, and application was made to Wilberforce for 'Letters of Request,' referring the case to the Court of Arches. 'It would not, in my judgment,' (he replied) 'be right for *me* to *promote* any suit against Dr. Hampden; but if such a suit were begun in the Consistory Court of this diocese I should at once transmit it.' Ten days after (Dec. 15th) appeared Dr. Hampden's 'Letter to Lord John Russell,' containing (to Wilberforce's great disappointment) *no* request for a judicial investigation, but merely complaining of Tractarian persecution, and reiterating professions of his own orthodoxy. Next day Wilberforce signed the 'Letters of Request,' by which he gave his sanction to the commencement of a suit in the Arches Court, in which definite charges would be alleged against Dr. Hampden, and full opportunity given him to purge himself of all suspicion of false doctrine. And had the Bishop stirred no further, all might even yet have been well. But at this juncture he took a false, or rather he took a fatal step. He had signed the 'Letters of Request' under pressure on the part of the promoters of the suit. No sooner had he done so, than he got them to consent to the withdrawal of the 'Letters,' if he could induce Hampden to give satisfactory assurances as to some of the points on which the language of the '*Bampton Lectures*' and the '*Observations on Religious*

*Dissent*' were most disquieting. Accordingly, in an evil hour he addressed a letter to Dr. Hampden, formulating eleven heads of inquiry, and inviting the other 'to avow his unhesitating acceptance of them,' as well as to consent to withdraw the two publications which had given so much and such general offence.

It is hard to understand how so able a man could fail to perceive that by writing this letter he had completely shifted his ground, and thereby had lost his footing. He had constituted himself at once Dr. Hampden's accuser and judge. That his intentions were the purest and the kindest, and that he was seeking the peace of the Church:—that his Articles of Inquiry were ably drawn, and that, if answered satisfactorily, they would probably have done much to disarm further opposition:—all this, however true, is beside the question. He entirely miscalculated his own powers of persuasion, as well as misunderstood the *animus* of his opponent. He forwarded a copy of his letter to Lord John, who sent him in reply a saucy comment on it. From Dr. Hampden himself, *of course*, he obtained no satisfaction. It would appear, therefore, that the suit must proceed. In the meantime the Bishop heard, through the Provost of Oriel, that the '*Observations on Religious Dissent*' were not being sold or circulated with Dr. Hampden's sanction, but against his wish. He also learned, but from a different source, that by suffering the 'Letters of Request' to go forward, his own act would be far more judicial, and less simply ministerial, than he had supposed. He therefore withdrew them, but made an elaborate endeavour, through the Provost of Oriel, to re-open negotiations with Dr. Hampden. The latter had long since astutely put himself into the hands of the lawyers, and would no



longer give even the slender amount of satisfaction for which alone the Bishop now pleaded. In fact he would make no answer at all. Finally (Dec. 28th), the Bishop of Oxford, at the close of a long letter to Dr. Hampden, wherein he recapitulated what had been his motives from the beginning, and the ground of each successive step which he had taken in the business, wrote concerning the '*Bampton Lectures*' as follows:—

"I have now carefully studied them throughout, with the aid of those explanations of their meaning which you have furnished to the public since their first publication, and now in your private communications. The result of this examination, I am bound plainly to declare, is my own conviction that they do not justly warrant those suspicions of unsoundness to which they have given rise, and which, so long as I trusted to selected extracts, I myself shared. For these suspicions of your meaning, and for the consequent distrust of the University, I must with equal frankness say that I discern the cause, (whilst your works remained unexplained and the minds of men unassured by your full profession of the faith), &c. . . . But, allowing for the blemishes of what was, I believe, a necessarily hasty composition, and taking into account, as I now can, your various explanations and assurances, I find in the '*Lectures*' little which will not admit of a favourable construction."<sup>5</sup>

'The Hampden business' in this way certainly reached a singularly 'lame and impotent conclusion.' In Canon Ashwell's published '*Life*,' uncommon pains have been taken to set the entire transaction fairly and clearly before the reader; and assuredly the materials for forming an accurate judgment on every chief actor in it are not wanting. One cannot affect surprise, when it is remembered that the principal letters appeared in the newspapers of the day, that calumny and misrepre-

<sup>5</sup> *Life*,—i. pp. 486-7.

sentation were successful in blackening the character of the Bishop of Oxford; yet, no one acquainted with the whole business will pretend to fasten a stain on his integrity, in consequence of any act or saying of his from first to last. He was rash, impetuous, unguarded; over-trustful, over-sanguine, over-generous:—showed himself vacillating and ‘infirm of purpose’; unduly self-reliant, and displaying a marvellous absence of judicial discretion. All this, and more, may be said of Wilberforce in respect of ‘the Hampden business.’ Thus, it may with truth be declared that he showed himself incompetent to discern and to deal with the heretical teaching of such an one as Hampden.<sup>6</sup> But at least his *honesty of purpose and simplicity of intention* cannot be overlooked: his integrity and perfect good faith *cannot* be impeached. The one person who comes out of that strife with an ugly stain upon his shield, a blot which will never be obliterated, was the Prime Minister of the day,—Lord John Russell. In singling out industriously from the entire body of the Clergy a man under suspicion of heresy and labouring under the gravest censure, in order to make *that* man a Bishop,—he was guilty of a flagitious abuse of the prerogative of his office; and, as chief adviser of the Queen, showed an unpatriotic disregard for the welfare of her Crown in a very delicate and important particular touching the Royal Supremacy. He afforded a short-lived triumph to the enemies of Religion and of the Church, no doubt; but his appointment of Dr. Hampden to the see of Hereford was acceptable to none besides. For twenty-one years an important diocese was paralysed by the heavy incubus of his choice; and it will be remembered against him in history, that in two of his appointments

<sup>6</sup> The reader is invited to refer back to vol. i, p. 230, note (5).

to important sees he selected men who were plainly bound in the first instance to clear themselves from the gravest disqualifying charges before a judicial tribunal.<sup>7</sup>—With the year 1847, the first volume of the ‘Life of Wilberforce’ comes to a close. The biographer who undertakes to weave the story of the ensuing years, is perplexed by no more such episodes in a career otherwise brilliant and successful beyond precedent. And now I resume what I was interrupted in saying at page 12.

Should it ever come to be inquired hereafter,—Wherein does Wilberforce’s claim to the Church’s gratitude chiefly consist?—the answer ought not to be far to seek. He imparted a new character to the work of an English Bishop: left on the entire Episcopate the abiding impress of his own earnest spirit and extraordinary genius. The popular notion of a Bishop’s office before his time was connected above all things with images of dignified leisure and serene isolation. On the contrary, ever since Samuel Wilberforce was appointed to the see of Oxford, it has been identified with nothing so much as incessant labour, ubiquitous exertion, the utmost publicity. Wilberforce set before himself the necessity of restoring to full efficiency the ancient mechanism of the diocese. Thus, his Rural Deans were not only taught to hold Chapters, and to submit for discussion questions of the day to the Clergy of their respective rural deaneries,—reporting the result to the Bishop; but they were periodically invited to Cuddesdon for deliberation with their Chief. In this way were first set on foot those many Diocesan Associations which, under his personal guidance, were in the

<sup>7</sup> Which furnished occasion for the epigram:—  
‘Lord John had bishops to provide,

And chose—two precious Turks.  
One bishop for his *Faith* was tried;  
The other, for his *Works*.’

end brought to a state of the highest efficiency. Countless were the schemes he originated for stimulating the religious life of his diocese;—as, by local Conferences,—by gatherings of the Clergy and laity,—by public meetings held for Church purposes,—and later on by ‘MISSIONS;’ which, as *he* conducted them, were without those un-English characteristics which it has since been the endeavour of a party within the Church to fasten upon them. He devoted nine or ten days every Lent to some country town in his diocese. And throughout that period, with the zealous co-operation of the local Clergy, (for all surrounding villages were comprehended in the scheme), he arranged a series of Services and Sermons for the entire district: while, at head-quarters, by daily Addresses, frequent Communions, and a stirring evening Sermon assigned to some conspicuous preacher, he endeavoured effectually to break the crust of formalism, and to rouse the slumbering spiritual life of the many thousands whom he despaired of ever reaching in any other way. He certainly gathered round himself on such occasions a rare amount of eloquence, earnestness, and ability; and although it might be difficult afterwards to gauge the exact amount of good achieved, or to define precisely its character, there can be no doubt at all that the effect produced *was* considerable, and the result an almost unmingled gain. For the inhabitants of the chosen district to overlook the fact that a great effort was being made and with the purest of intentions,—was at least impossible. The sight of a considerable body of Clergy, with their Bishop at their head, engaged in a spiritual crusade, could not but favourably impress alike the friends and the foes of Religion; while it is hard to believe that the opening and the concluding Services and Sermons, to say nothing of the daily Addresses, failed to

produce an abiding impression in many quarters. . . . The Clergy who took part in those efforts will not easily forget the gatherings which concluded each day, at which the Bishop was generally present, (*he ought never to have been absent*); and at which the conversation was often truly helpful, and always interesting in a high degree. It turned of course invariably on the business in hand, and the remarks of the Chief Pastor were conceived in his happiest and worthiest manner,—serious, original, practical, and steeped in that fervent piety which was habitual with him when he spoke most naturally.

Wilberforce, too, it was who set the example (at S. Mary-the-Virgin's, in Oxford,) of organizing those LENTEN COURSES OF SERMONS by the most eminent preachers of the day, which have since grown everywhere into an institution. The system, I mean, was an invention of his own: and it was from the first attended with extraordinary success. It was speedily extended from S. Mary's to S. Giles' church. A mere enumeration of the preachers for 1865-66 will show the character of the teaching. Those preachers were the men we now speak of as Abp. Thomson;—Bishops Wilberforce, Woodford, T. L. Claughton, Moberly, Wordsworth, Magee, Mackarness, Milman, Moorhouse:—Deans Alford, Mansel, Goulburn, Bickersteth, Butler:—Canons Pusey, Liddon, Shirley, F. K. Leighton, Burrows, Eden:—Archd. Grant:—Rev. R. M. Benson, R. Randall, T. T. Carter, A. B. Evans, J. Lawrell, D. Moore, James Skinner. The example thus set at Oxford was followed by our Cathedrals, and then was taken up by the great towns. The result of course has been that the same concentration of power which was exhibited in the first instance at S. Mary's, is no longer *possible*; for the simple reason that



men of the calibre Wilberforce succeeded in bringing together, have long since become themselves the fixed centres of other circles, and are therefore no longer available. These courses of Sermons the chief Pastor *always* introduced in person. And the pattern of ungrudging self-sacrifice which he thus set to his Clergy enabled him to require of them in turn greater ministerial activity within their respective cures; so that what had been a singularly neglected diocese became in the end a pattern of earnest and efficient administration.

“‘I recollect,’ said one who is now almost, if not quite, the senior member of the University—‘I recollect when a Bishop of Oxford never drove into Oxford without four horses and two powdered footmen; and what does Sam do? He gets upon a horse and rides in by himself, without so much as a groom behind him! I met him myself, to-day.’”<sup>8</sup>

Such was indeed his habit: and many an interesting story could once have been repeated of the advantage which his love of riding gave him; as, in galloping across the Berkshire Downs in order to clear up some local broil, or showing himself unexpectedly in some remote part of his diocese; the clue to his sudden apparition being that he was on a visit ten miles off, and had resolved to utilize the afternoon in this particular way. While I write, a laughable incident presents itself:—Wilberforce on a certain occasion met me on my way to college, and put a sovereign into my hands, requesting me to pay it for him into the Old Bank, to the S. P. G. account. I promised to do so as soon as I had finished a letter. But at a few minutes to four, in comes a gossiping friend. ‘I am afraid I must ask you to excuse me. I want to go to the Bank.’ ‘What for?’ ‘To pay in

<sup>8</sup> *Life*,—i. p. 353.



this sovereign' (showing it) 'which the Bishop of Oxford made me promise just now to pay in for him.' '*That's my sovereign!*' shouted the other, making an ineffectual attempt to recover it; and he related how the Bishop had met him riding over Shotover Hill and *taken it from him by force* an hour or two before. It was obvious to get the Bishop to explain, which he did with infinite zest. 'O you shall hear! I overtook ——,' (naming the uncle of a neighbouring magnate), 'out of whom, as you know, I never can get anything, and discovered that he was riding into Oxford with a bag of gold which he wanted to deposit at the Bank. I caught him by the collar, and insisted on his giving me a pound. He begged very hard, but I told him I would not let him off. So, after a deal of grumbling and protesting, he produced a sovereign, in order to get released.' Wilberforce's amusement on being told the sequel of the story—the recognition of '*my sovereign*' just as it disappeared from sight for ever—may be imagined.

Pre-eminently successful was the method which he observed in respect of his ORDINATIONS. The days at Cuddesdon were days which Candidates for the Ministry found it impossible ever to forget, or rather which they learned to look back upon ever after with gratitude and secret joy. The examination was felt to be in every sense a reality. The Candidates,—(domiciled under the Bishop's roof, or in the college opposite, or at the vicarage),—singly as well as collectively were brought daily within the sphere of the Bishop's influence; and in the private chapel of the palace, besides listening every day to a short address, they received on the eve of their Ordination a Charge which for persuasiveness and power certainly seemed far superior to anything of the kind

they were ever invited to listen to in after years. The questions were never printed, but delivered orally by the Bishop to the assembled candidates; the answer to the last being treated as private, namely,—‘What have you discovered to be the chief drawback and hindrance to your Ministry?’ (or words to that effect). This was addressed to the candidates for Priesthood. The consequence might be divined. At the private interview the Bishop showed himself really acquainted with the man before him; and blending the language of affection with the dignity of his office, contrived to establish a permanent relation between himself and the candidate which might easily ripen afterwards into friendship, but could not possibly be forgotten or ignored. He wisely held his Ordinations sometimes in the larger towns of his diocese, whereby the *reality* of the ordinance was set before the eyes of the common people, who were made to feel that the gift conveyed must needs be some real thing. To every candidate, before the imposition of his hands, he presented a copy of the Holy Scriptures, with a short inscription on the fly-leaf. How highly that trifling gift was prized by the recipient there is no need surely to declare. Many of his practices which have become general since, were unique *then*; and this is one of them. Perhaps the following outline from the Bishop’s pen of what had been the practice in the Oxford diocese before his own time, will best show the extent of the Church’s obligations in *one* respect to Samuel Wilberforce:—

‘The Ordination has hitherto been conducted thus:—The Archdeacon of Oxford (Archd. Clerke) managed all about it, and examined the candidates in his rooms, as a student of Christ Church, and settled who was and who was not to be ordained. The Bishop came on the

Saturday to Oxford, gave a Charge to the candidates; and, next day, proceeded to ordain in the Cathedral.’<sup>9</sup>

But above all, in his manner of performing the rite of CONFIRMATION, was Bishop Wilberforce felicitous. The remark must be repeated that men are now grown so used to his method, (for it has been freely reproduced in other dioceses), that they lose sight of the purely perfunctory method of administering the sacred rite which would appear to have prevailed universally in the first quarter of the present century; when, hurriedly to lay hands on row after row of children kneeling before the communion-rails, and, at each relay of candidates, to pronounce the words of blessing once for all,—was regarded as the sum of the Bishop’s function. Wilberforce used to commence the rite with a short, earnest, affectionate Address, during which the candidates were requested to stand,—while the rest of the congregation sat. And how skilfully would he then adapt what he had to say to the circumstances of the locality and of the people! At Eton, before the assembled school:—at S. James’s, Piccadilly, where most of the candidates were young ladies:—in a densely populated town parish:—or again in a sparse agricultural district;—it was marvellous how diverse was the manner as well as the matter of his Address. It was impossible even for a casual looker-on not to be impressed with the belief that a turning-point in the life of each one before him had been reached; and that the Chief Pastor’s one object was to bring home this conviction to the hearts of all his hearers. Accordingly, well-chosen words of sympathy and of counsel,—of encouragement and of exhortation,—were set off with images derived from familiar

<sup>9</sup> *Life*,—i. pp. 322-3.

sights. Amid the Berkshire Downs,—in order to explain that *forgotten* is not *forgiven* sin,—he reminded the lads how their footprints in yesterday's snow were all still *there*, although the slight snowfall of last night had effectually hidden them from view.—Noticing on another occasion, near the entrance of a village, a tree in full leaf lying across the road,—(it had been slowly undermined by a streamlet, which, having by degrees washed away the earth, had at last disengaged one by one the stones which had for years kept it upright, and a sudden storm of wind last night had done the rest),—he availed himself of the image (with which all present were familiar) to illustrate the history of many a calamitous fall.—There is no telling how persuasively such parables were put, and how convincing they seemed to all, as arguments.—A brief period of silence was maintained in the Church for the purpose of invoking a blessing on those who were about to be confirmed; and when all was ended, a second Address—a kind of parting Charge—was delivered to the candidates. . . . It would be hard to say whether it was the solemn pathos of the rite, or the exquisite tenderness of the chief functionary, which was chiefly conspicuous on such occasions. But lookers-on were melted to tears; and those who were proof against such outward signs of emotion freely owned that they had never before seen anything of the sort so admirably done. A passage from the 'Life of Wilberforce' claims insertion here:—

“No description can convey any adequate conception of the impressiveness of the whole rite as he administered it. Sympathy with the young was a marked feature in his character, and he felt intensely the possibilities for good which were before the young people presented to him. Then, it was one of Bishop Wilberforce's peculiar gifts that when he did thus realise anything very deeply,

his whole bearing, voice and gesture, eye and countenance, were, if such an expression may be permitted, transfigured by the thought or feeling which possessed him; so that the living man as he stood before you was, almost without words, the expression of that feeling. When, in addition to all this, his power of language is remembered, the energy and deep feeling which was apparent in every sentence and every tone, together with his charm of voice and special fertility and variety of phrase, no one will be surprised at the prodigious impression which his Confirmations always made alike upon the young and upon the old. The Addresses were not prepared; or perhaps it would be more correct to say they were not written, at least not after the first few years of his Episcopate. The preparation was rather of *himself* than of that which he was about to utter, and was usually that which preceded many of his most effective Sermons,—namely, a few minutes of very deep attention, concentrated upon one or two master thoughts. Then, with these thoughts in full possession of his mind, the fitting word-vesture seemed to follow as matter of course: words and sentences flowing on and on, and adapting themselves to the specialities of the audience and the locality,—as the curves of a river follow the contour of the country through which it flows.”<sup>1</sup>

Especially interesting is it after the eloquent passage which precedes, to hear Wilberforce’s own account of the matter:—

“There is so much of deep interest in a Confirmation, that it takes a great deal out of one. The *present* interest is intense. The single opportunity of making, if God will, a dint in a character: the gathering in, if they have been watched over and prayed for, the fruit of past weeks: the raising them to something quite new, if they have been neglected: then, all the old interest of Brighstone and Alverstoke wakes up. I remember the deep anxiety with which I presented one and another, the fear, the doubt, the trembling hope, the joy with

<sup>1</sup> *Life*,—i. pp. 392-3.

which I saw one and another come forward, and the after fulfilment or disappointment. And then our Bishop's visits were so hailed by *her*, and she was so beautiful as the reserve which had always gathered melted under his coming and his kindness." <sup>2</sup>

Before passing on, one cannot help recalling certain characteristic features of the Bishop's method on such occasions, which used forcibly to impress the incumbent of the place where he was going to confirm. "Tell me"—(he would whisper, drawing you aside into a corner)—"what you wish me to say to them." You told him who and what they all were; explained the trouble you had had to persuade some of them to come at all; begged him to speak words of encouragement, or of warning, to certain of the younger ones whom you promised to indicate to him,—words of praise to a few of the aged sort. And O how entirely as well as how eager he caught the spirit of your few hasty words, as electrified each set in turn as he singled them out for notice! . . . The Oxford Workhouse on one occasion supplied its contingent of pauper candidates,—old men and women. The Bishop, on spying them out, (for I had requested him to say a few words specially to *them*), enlarged on the vices of the denizens of a workhouse, with such mastery of the subject,—showed himself so thoroughly at home with their low habits and degraded life,—that one of the party was heard to exclaim to his comrade;—"I say! . . . I'll tell you *what*; that man knows *a little too much* about it!" (I believe the speaker suspected the Bishop of being a reformed 'casual.')

In a neglected agricultural district, if he noticed in any one of the candidates unbecoming levity of manner, he

<sup>2</sup> *Life*,—i. p. 402.



would single out such an one, and make an example of him or her before the rest. His way of doing this was inimitable: the effect was astonishing. It *made* the rite a great success, even if the issue of the day had before seemed trembling in the balance.

I have been enumerating several points which constitute Samuel Wilberforce's special claim to the Church's gratitude. It remains to point out that, with regard to CONVOCATION, the Church is indebted to him more than to any other man for having restored it to life and usefulness after its lethargic slumber of more than a century. It was *his* resolute hand that opened those long-closed doors. And since then, it was *his* tact, *his* sagacity, *his* energy, that recovered for Convocation, one by one, its ancient privileges. Let it suffice to have touched thus briefly on a very large subject.

Those only who were admitted to the Bishop's confidence,—or, at least, had often seen him in private,—are qualified to speak of his actual character. He had a facility alike in assuming and in throwing off the burdens of his office and station, which might easily mislead. To see him at his own table, for instance, surrounded by twenty or thirty guests, and still more to *hear* him,—a stranger might have gone away and remembered him only as a brilliant talker, a delightful companion; and straightway jumped to the conclusion that it was for his 'convivial qualities' that the Bishop of Oxford was chiefly conspicuous. No one who really knew him, even a little, could make so complete a mistake. But it may be readily granted that the Bishop was at no pains to put the 'rank and file' of his acquaintance on the right scent. He would partake freely of the good things before

him. And then, he was the very best of table-talkers. His vivacity increased as the entertainment proceeded. He had an endless flow of anecdote. His power of repartee was marvellous. When he was *sure* of his company, he would not only be confidential but unguarded to a degree. It may be questioned if any who knew and loved him did not take the more care of him *because* he was so careless of himself. But to return to the dinner. His habit at his own table,—(by the way, he always sat *in the middle* of it),—was to gather in front of him, and at his right and left, the choicest spirits present; and further to station one of his best lieutenants at either extremity of the hospitable board, with an injunction to them to “keep the company at that end entertained.” (And O the droll way in which he would contrive to listen to a favourite lieutenant’s story, though he seemed fully occupied with his neighbours; and would presently procure general silence, and insist that—‘*Now* we are going to have *that* story over again!’) . . . The hilarity of those gatherings was sometimes extraordinary, and the almost *boyish* spirits with which the Bishop would throw himself into the topic of the moment, as already hinted, was pretty sure to mislead a superficial observer.

But how had he been occupied for the eight or ten hours before dinner? Let us try to recall. . . . Prayers in the private Chapel of the palace ended, there had been breakfast,—a social and cheerful meal: although the formidable pile of letters of all shapes and sizes at the Bishop’s side (sure harbingers of a busy and anxious day) kept him tolerably occupied—sometimes thoughtful—all breakfast time. At 10 he retired to his library, requesting his Archdeacons, Chaplains, and Clergy, to follow him speedily: so that long before 11 they had plunged *in medias res*,—the business (whatever it was) which had

brought them all up to Cuddesdon. At the end of two or three hours of application, most of those present had slipped away for luncheon, and again returned to sit in conclave. Wilberforce alone could never be persuaded to stir. I once *brought* him a biscuit and a glass of sherry. He thanked me for my zeal, laughing, but was inexorable. He 'never did,' and was 'better without it.' The long summer afternoon wore away, and the room at last grew oppressively close. At 5 o'clock, nods and winks indicative of exhaustion were freely interchanged: but no one moved,—the chief personage having as yet shown no signs of fatigue. At length the clock struck six: and "I say!" (exclaimed some bold spirit) "I have got the cramp, and must go for a walk." The standard of rebellion once set up, the room began to clear. "Well then," (the Bishop would say), "we had better break off, for I see some of you are getting tired." So satisfactory a recognition of a fact which was altogether undeniable produced a general rising of the faithful band which remained, and a pleasant vision floated before each one's eyes of a rush through the sweet evening air before having to dress for dinner. Vain dream! "My dear Randall, *you* are not leaving us,—are you?" The good old man murmured something about "not minding stopping." This act of self-sacrifice was so gratefully acknowledged that it was quite impossible for "my dear Clerke," or "my dear Bickersteth," or "my dear Pott," or "my dear anything else" to decline,—as the Bishop challenged us severally to do him the great favour to stay and help him with his post. In this way he secured the services of about a dozen white negroes, whom he overwhelmed with thanks and blotting-paper,—placing them round the long table which was covered with writing implements, and at which he had already taken his seat.

“Now then, are you ready?” (throwing a letter across to “my dear Woodford,”)—“Begin, ‘My dear sir,’ and finish, ‘yours truly.’ Say, ‘I shall be glad to confirm at your Church on the day and at the hour you propose. I trust your wife is by this time restored to health.’ Thank you!”—“Will *you*” (turning to the man on his left and handing him a letter) “explain to him that I cannot possibly sanction what would be a grave irregularity, but that, &c. &c. Begin, ‘Dear Mr. So-and-so,’ and end ‘very faithfully yours.’ Thank you, my dear Pearson!”—Then, turning with another letter to the man on his right,—“Tell him, please, that I have an engagement for the 17th which will hinder me doing what he wishes. But, would another afternoon after the 17th and before the 20th suit him? Thank you, dear Leighton! Begin, ‘My dear’ (calling him by his surname), and end it ‘yours affectionately.’”—To the next scribe,—“Begin, ‘My dear Mrs.’ (naming her), ‘Yes, we all grow older. Thank you much for your photograph. I enclose you in return what you are so good as to ask for.’ I will finish it myself.”—To the next,—“Begin, ‘Reverend sir, I have read with surprise yours of the 13th, and can only refer you to the letter I sent you on the same subject a week ago.’”—To the next,—“Dear Sir,—the last sherry was excellent. I shall be glad if you will send me a further supply of precisely the same quality at the same price.” . . . This went on till every pen at table was heard scratching; the Bishop dashing off the more important notes with his own hand; only pausing at short intervals to glance over the work of his scribes, to sign his name, and to furnish the letter-writer with another job: every envelope as soon as finished being thrown into a basket. In this way perhaps forty, fifty, sixty letters were achieved, and the

clock had already struck seven. All yawned,—but one. *He* turned an imploring look to “my dear Randall.” The letters had not yet been registered in the log-book. “O yes, I’ll do it.” And now, the contents of the basket being transferred to the post-bag, we were all again thanked and invited to dress for dinner, with the information that A B C D (gentry of the neighbourhood), with wives and daughters, were coming, and that they had been invited for eight o’clock.<sup>3</sup> Wilberforce had been hard at work for nine hours, and had still ‘a little thing which he *must* do before he could go to dress.’ He looked thoroughly fagged. On reappearing in the drawing-room, however, a more entire contrast can hardly be imagined. He looked at least ten years younger. Every mark of thought and care had vanished from his brow. It was as if he had *combed out* his cares.<sup>4</sup> *Then came the dinner*,—already referred to in pages 29, 30.

Dinner ended, after a few civilities to his guests, when he had sufficiently set things going in the drawing-room, he was to be seen in a corner, on a sofa which exactly held two persons. He beckoned to you,—his forefinger being first extended horizontally, then pointed

<sup>3</sup> I shall not, I trust, incur severe censure if I venture to subjoin the beginning of a letter from Canon Hugh Pearson, (dated “Sonning, Feb. 5 [1880],”) in which,—besides commenting on the text,—he informs me of the loss the reader has sustained by my having omitted to press him, (I *did ask* H. P.), for some reminiscences of his own:—“My dear Dean,—Murray sent me the ‘Quarterly,’ and I read the Article with the greatest delight. It is admirable,—to the *life*:—the scene at the writing-table, quite

capital. I only lament that I had not tried to give you some of my reminiscences. I often thought of it, but put off from day to day; and I rather thought I should have heard from you when the Article was to appear. I could have added very little. Perhaps you might have liked a description of one of his Sunday visits here, when he came down in the Summer, just for the day. He was always at his best then.”

<sup>4</sup> The reader may care to turn back to vol. i. p. 370.

vertically to the vacant part of the sofa. Seated by his side, you were drawn closer, and heard,—“All sorts of strange reports have reached me of the scrape which E. has got into. Pray do *insense* me. *You* must know all about it.” When you had done *insensing*, he would consult you as to what course it would be best for himself to pursue; ending with a request that you would send F. to him. F. accordingly occupied the seat you had just vacated; and you knew very well that the Bishop was arranging with him about a meeting of Clergy to be held next month at G. F. in turn was requested to pick out H., and send him to him. . . . In this way not a little of the business of the diocese was helped forward a stage, while half the party were chatting about nothing in one drawing-room,—the rest, listening to music in the other.

His powers of work were truly surprising, and he would get through what he had to do under conditions which with most men would have been fatal to serious effort. An amusing instance of this belongs to the last year of his archidiaconate (1844), when, having been commanded to preach next day before the Queen,—(the order did not reach him till after dinner),—he was under the necessity of travelling, in November, through the Saturday night at the tail of a goods’ train, crossing the Solent on the Sunday morning, in order to be in time to preach at Osborne, and of writing his sermon at intervals on the way:—

“In after years Bishop Wilberforce was fond of telling the story of this Saturday night’s journey, and of the inconvenience he experienced in writing his sermon for the morrow in a carriage attached to a train of trucks, which was continually stopping, and which had no



buffers to break the shock of each stoppage. Far ahead at the other end of the train he could hear the *bump* of the first truck, and then of the next, and of the next, until, as it neared his own turn, the ink had to be secured from upsetting, and himself and his paraphernalia prepared for the constantly recurring jolt.”<sup>5</sup>

Yet he not only achieved his Sermon, but wrote a long letter to his adopted sister besides, which he finished on board the steamer. The most singular part of the matter, however, was that Wilberforce’s *appetite* for work was so extraordinary. Several instances of this present themselves, one of which may stand as a sample for the rest.

A fortnight before the examination, it was his practice to direct candidates for Priests’ orders instantly to post and send him to Cuddesdon the *last two* sermons they had preached. The morning and afternoon homilies, delivered in an obscure Berkshire village on a certain Sunday in December 1849, were accordingly forwarded to headquarters by the present writer, not without trepidation. The first (on ‘The Day of Judgment’) contained a considerable extract from Pearson on the Creed. The second was unusually severe on the sin of stealing,—the squiress, who was also the Lady-Bountiful of the village,<sup>6</sup> having just been robbed of her ducks,—a loss which sorely exercised her woman’s nature. It was not the creatures she cared for; but “to think of anyone having the heart to come and steal from *me!*” Accordingly, without exactly mentioning the ducks, the

<sup>5</sup> *Life*,—i. p. 243.

<sup>6</sup> Miss Mary Anne Morland, of West Ilsley,—one of the best of women. Her *trade* was to befriend

the poor of that village. She was simply unwearied in good deeds. Her kindness to the Curate of the village, he can never forget.

preacher had made it perfectly plain what he was alluding to. The examination over, he was sent for into the Bishop's library.—“We find your papers the best we have had this time.” The man began to breathe freely.—“I have read both your sermons.” (O good-gracious!—*the ducks!*) “They are all very well; but I think a *prolonged extract from Pearson* is somewhat out of place,—has a dry, formal sound,—in a village sermon. And those remarks about stealing, in the other sermon,—*I suppose they were occasioned by something which had recently happened, eh?*” It was but too plain that the Bishop had spelled out every word.—He showed the same powers of endurance in wading through the Answers of his candidates, many of which he would discuss with them during the interview which took place on the night previous to Ordination.

Every one who ever travelled with him will remember how he utilized a railway journey to write his letters. So overwhelmed was he with correspondence, that his favourite resource on such occasions was,—(it being well understood that the guard must always give him a carriage to himself),—to get out his writing materials, and to scribble on a kind of swing-desk. These missives he dated from ‘The Train,’ and they were really almost as legible as his letters written under the most favourable conditions. In this way he would frequently dash off two or three dozen short letters in the course of a railway journey of a couple of hours; for he wrote with great rapidity, and his writing was unusually large. This practice of his is well known. But all are not aware that in crazy vehicles, and even when travelling on bad roads, he would still pursue his correspondence. It is related,—

“*A propos* of his practice of writing letters in railway-carriages, that, having dated a letter so written, ‘Rail, near Reading,’ the receiver, ignorant alike of his identity, and of his habit, directed the reply as follows:—

‘S. Oxon, Esq.,  
Rail,  
Near Reading.’

Nevertheless the letter was delivered within a post or two at the Bishop’s London address,—61 Eaton Place. The envelope was preserved for many years as an example of the perception of the officials of the Post-Office.”<sup>7</sup>

This feature in Wilberforce’s character may not be dismissed so briefly. It has been so excellently touched upon by Canon Ashwell, that some further details may reasonably find place here from his admirable ‘*Introduction*’ to the ‘*Life*’:—

“Perhaps no man ever possessed a more remarkable power of working at all times, and of using up odds and ends of time,—a faculty which of itself indicates a more than common vital force. He was passionately fond of North Wales, and frequently spent some time there in the autumn, taking the opportunity to speak and preach for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The details of his return journey from one of these Welsh visits are too characteristic to be omitted. He had preached on the Sunday; and on the Monday morning, leaving his hosts at Coed Coch near Conway, he travelled viâ Chester and Shrewsbury to Plâs Machynlleth, the residence of Earl Vane, now the Marquis of Londonderry. He arrived at 4 p.m. Saddle-horses were awaiting him, and with the friend who accompanied him, he scoured the country—hill and valley—until 8 p.m., barely allowing himself ten minutes to dress for dinner; and this, after a railway journey of full 180 miles. The next day he was driven to a spot well known to Welsh tourists, Minfford, at the base of Cader Idris

<sup>7</sup> *Introduction to ‘Life,’*—i. p. 31.

which he ascended and descended on foot, a serious climb for a man already nearly sixty. On Wednesday morning he attended, and spoke at, a meeting for the Propagation Society at Aberystwith: then walked some miles to a neighbouring house to luncheon: then travelled ninety miles by rail, and ten more by road, to Llangedwyn, the residence of Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, arriving at 8.45; dinner at 9, and bed at 12.45. On the Thursday morning, after a 6 o'clock breakfast, he was off before 7,—reached Crewe between 8 and 9,—and London, at 1.30. *There* he had a multitude of appointments occupying the time until 4.30; after which, he left town for Salisbury, where by 8 he was ready to join a large party at the Bishop's; and then, after dinner, he entertained the whole company in the drawing-room, by a reading of '*Enoch Arden*,' then just published. The traffic manager had given him a carriage to himself: so that, during the journey to Salisbury, he had both written his day's letters and dressed for dinner."<sup>8</sup>

It may be freely conceded that Bishop Wilberforce paid the inevitable penalty of a life of such continuous action,—namely, that there remained to him but few opportunities for either reading or writing. In order to achieve his well-known article on '*Essays and Reviews*' which appeared in the '*Quarterly*,' he was obliged (he told me) to shut himself up entirely at Cuddesdon for a fortnight. There are but twelve hours in the day. Into those twelve hours, he habitually *forced* the work of eighteen, if not of four-and-twenty: but reading, which is to bear fruit, will not submit to be so disposed of; and he was much too clear-sighted a man to make the attempt. His was, to an extraordinary extent, a life of action. Once, on hearing of a friend's promotion to the episcopate,—'Ah,' (I heard him exclaim), 'and now he will degenerate into a mere administrator.' It

<sup>8</sup> *Introduction to 'Life,'—p. 24.*

must in fact be apparent to all, that the nature and amount of episcopal work renders systematic study next to impossible. And yet, to some extent, Wilberforce *did* read. On coming down one morning to breakfast, at Turvey Abbey, he confessed that he had risen at six, and had carefully mastered twenty pages of Pusey's 'Book of Daniel.' He was reading the work through; but could only find time for it by early rising. He only read such books as he deemed indispensable; getting the substance of many others chiefly by conversation with those who had read them carefully, and on whose judgment he knew that he might rely.

My brother-in-law (C. L. H.)<sup>9</sup> recalls an occasion when,

"After a very hard day's work,—during which he had confirmed candidates, preached at the re-opening of a Church, spoken two or three times, and done much beside in a manner which perhaps no person but himself could have accomplished,—the Bishop returned in the evening to Turvey, where he was staying. A small party had been invited to meet him at dinner, and there was some bright and pleasant conversation. When the time came for retiring into the drawing-room, the Bishop, who looked a little fatigued, said to me,—'There is nothing which makes me more absolutely disgusted with myself than feeling tired when evening comes. What business have I to be tired? nothing gives me any comfort at all but that verse in the Psalms,—"Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening;" and so, I suppose, that when evening comes, he *may* rest.' After this, he brightened up and talked incessantly for two hours. Prayers had been said, and a move at length having been proposed, (it was long after midnight,) the Bishop requested that he might go into the library to get a volume of a Father whom he mentioned, as he wished to look out a passage in his writings before

<sup>9</sup> See the last Memoir in the present volume.

going to bed. Pulling out a large folio, he marched up-stairs with the volume under his arm."

The wonder with me was, how he ever found it possible to write—what he was so frequently called upon to preach—namely, a Sermon. Never, certainly, could he have written those later sermons at all, had he not acquired extraordinary facility by constant exercise during the earlier years of his ministry,—as many an entry in his diary proves. "For months together," says Canon Ashwell, "the course of preparation of each sermon is specified, together with memoranda as to its efficacy when delivered."<sup>1</sup> . . . I wish that young preachers would lay such a discovery to heart! Even to the last he stuck to the practice of at least endeavouring to commit to paper—at the Athenæum probably, or in the train,—what he proposed to deliver from the pulpit. The document, it must be confessed, bore abundant traces of the disadvantages under which it had been produced, and was never fit for printing until it had been carefully revised,—in fact, it almost required to be re-written.

Such a passing reference to Wilberforce's preaching awakens a multitude of slumbering recollections. There is no describing how exquisite was his oratory. Such a delightful voice and persuasive mode of address;—such a happy admixture of argumentative power with rhetorical skill;—such wealth of striking imagery and unrivalled beauty of diction;—and all this, recommended by the most consummate grace and a truly mellifluous utterance;—made him *facile princeps*, beyond a doubt the greatest living master of his art. His pulpit oratory was only inferior to his efforts on the platform, because

<sup>1</sup> *Life*,—i. 55.



the pulpit does not admit of the same display of varied power which is freely elicited by the exigencies of debate. But his Sermons were wonderful performances truly; and all things considered, in the pulpit also he was certainly without a peer. The impression which his preaching made at Court (1842) is eloquently reflected in some letters of Lady Lyttelton to her daughter, from which a few extracts shall be subjoined. It is a satisfaction to find one's own impression of his matchless elocution confirmed by so competent a judge:—

“The real delight of this visit is the presence of Archdeacon Wilberforce. I never saw a more agreeable man; and if such a Hindoo were to be found, I think he would go far to convert me and lead me to Juggernaut: so it is hard if all who know him are not altogether Christians sooner or later. And I need not add, for it is a necessary part of his character, that he never parades or brings forward his religious feelings. They are only the *climate* of all his mind; talents, knowledge, eloquence, liveliness, all evidently Christian.”

“Archdeacon Wilberforce is gone, after preaching to us at morning service a most beautiful sermon; I was going to say the most beautiful sermon I ever heard, but that phrase means little. It was in manner and language the highest eloquence; and his voice and earnest simplicity all the time leave on one no wish except that one could remember every word, and, oh! practise every precept. The sermon we heard yesterday he wrote before breakfast, having come here quite unexpectedly.”<sup>2</sup>

Later on, the same graceful pen writes:—

“Just before church-time, the Queen told me that Archdeacon Wilberforce was going to preach, so I had my treat most unexpectedly—mercifully I could call it—for the sermon, expressed in his usual golden sweetness of language, was peculiarly practical and useful to myself—I mean, ought to be. ‘Hold thee still in the LORD, and

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*,—p. 220.

abide patiently upon Him,' was the text; and the peace, trust, and rest which breathed in every sentence ought to do something towards assuaging any and every worret, temporal and spiritual. There were some beautiful passages on looking forward into 'the misty future' and its misery, to a worldly view, and the contrary. The whole was rather the more striking from its seeming to come down so gently upon the emblems of earthly sorrow [referring to the mourning for Prince Albert's father, 1844]; we are such 'a boundless contiguity of shade.'"

"There was a beautiful passage—I wish you could have heard it, because you could write it out—about growth in grace being greatest when mind and heart are at rest and in stillness; like the first shoot of spring, which is not forwarded by the storm or the hurricane, but by the silent dews of early dawn. Another upon the *melancholy* of human life, most beautiful because most true." <sup>3</sup>

I remember once saying to him, 'Do you not think that if a man *must* preach extempore he had better be unprovided with notes of any kind?'—'Tell me why.'—'Because notes are so apt to puzzle one. They are like something pulling at one's sleeve, and only serve to put one out.'—'No,' he replied, slowly and thoughtfully, 'it certainly is not the case with *me*. I must always take *something* up into the pulpit with me. I feel so nervous else.'—'You nervous?'—'Yes, indeed: I require to have *something* before me, if it be but a bundle of blank paper.' And many will remember that even when he was known to be furnished with a written discourse, (or at least with the nearest approach to such a document which he ever allowed himself), he would sometimes use it wondrous sparingly; enlarging with considerable fervour and great fluency, as well as felicity, on some aspect of

<sup>3</sup> *Life*,—i. p. 221.

the subject which suddenly presented itself, and for which he had evidently made no written preparation. Here again, however, it would be well if those who mistake *the power of talking in the pulpit*, for *the art of preaching from the pulpit*,—would attend to the statement which Samuel Wilberforce once made to a friend, ‘that he owed his facility of speech mainly to the pains his Father had taken with him that he might acquire the habit of speaking. The elder Wilberforce used to cause his son to make himself *well acquainted with a given subject*, and then speak on it without notes. Thus his memory and his power of mentally arranging his subject were strengthened.’<sup>4</sup> Mr. Pitt in his boyhood was trained in the same way by *his* Father, the great Earl of Chatham. It constantly happened, in fact, that Wilberforce was constrained to preach, when to write out what he proposed to say was simply impossible. The Bishop of S. Albans (Dr. Claughton) tells me that on a certain occasion he heard Wilberforce describe with such singular eloquence and power the effect on the soul of the clearing away of intellectual doubts, that he begged to be shown the MS. from which his friend had been preaching. Wilberforce put the document into his hands, turned to the page which contained the passage inquired after, and showed him a blank sheet of paper, inscribed with the single word—*fog*.

But, as already hinted, this facility of expression and readiness,—however it may have been aided, in his case, by genius and natural aptitude for speaking,—was the result of something else besides practice. There had gone before the patient labour of many years. There is in truth no ‘royal road’ to excellence in this department.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* —p. 149.

Very instructive is it to find repeated entries in Wilberforce's Diary of early risings 'to write greater part of sermon.' His Diaries teem with such entries as this,— 'Up early, and wrote sermon. When in Church, *saw* it would be unsuitable, so changed subject and preached extempore.' Nothing, however, but *that* mastery of the art of preaching which results from laborious painstaking could have enabled him to *do* the thing he speaks of, however much he might have desired it.

He was so often called upon to occupy the pulpit, that it was a downright relief and pleasure to him to hear the Sermons of others; and if, on the one hand, he resented stupid, aimless, lifeless addresses, and could say terribly sarcastic things about them, no man was ever more indulgent and appreciative of whatever was at least interesting and well-meant, and had anything of thought and actual purpose. But where there was genius and real excellence, he would descant on such an one's pulpit performances with downright zest and pleasure.—Once, at S. Mary's, after listening to a sermon by Dr. Scott, late Dean of Rochester, then Master of Balliol, he exclaimed (turning short round to the present writer),—'I think *that* is the most beautiful sermon I ever heard in my life.' (The text was, 'For to me to live is CHRIST, and to die is gain.')

—On another occasion, sitting among his friends one evening when the late Bishop of Ely (then one of his chaplains) was somewhere preaching one of a course of Lenten sermons, he took out his watch and said,—'Woodford is now beginning his sermon. He has got to preach on' (naming the subject). 'He will select for his text' (and he guessed what the text would be). 'He will begin by taking a wide sweep of the ground'—(suiting the action

to the word by waving his arm);—‘then he will narrow his flight, and at last he will come down and fasten on,’ &c. &c. . . . I found that he had guessed the text rightly. The picture of the preacher’s method was perfect.

If he were passing the Sunday in Oxford, he would often relate how he had stepped into this or that church, and listened to one of his friends for a few minutes, repeating what he had heard, and testifying the same kind of interest as was testified by others when they came to listen to himself. With the modesty of real genius, he would even, when very tired, on being somewhat suddenly called upon to address a congregation, exclaim to the friend he was with,—“Tell me what to say.” And it was delightful, as well as interesting in a high degree, to watch his countenance while you hastily set a thought before him, and indicated how you supposed it might be made useful and impressive. But his greater efforts were to a singular extent his own, and in the best sense of the word ‘original.’ His strength did not lie so much in the exposition of obscure passages of Scripture, or in the eliciting of important ethical teaching from unpromising texts, as in the living power with which he brought home Divine precepts to the heart and conscience of his auditory. Remarks on the subject of preaching are to be met with in certain of his Charges and Addresses, full of practical value and power. These, coming from so great a master, it would well repay any one the trouble to collect.

He was indefatigable, during the earlier years of his residence in London, in going about to hear the most famous preachers of the day,—morning, afternoon, evening,—and making notes of their sermons. (O the caustic bitter-

ness of his conversational comments on what he had heard in certain half-empty West-end churches!) Being on a visit to the Macbrides at Oxford in 1835,—

‘On Sunday I heard Denison of Merton preach at S. Mary’s,—a good plain sermon, much listened to: with no great talent, I thought, of any sort, but good. In the next place I heard Hamilton, late of Ch. Ch., now tutor at Merton. He and Denison have charge of S. Peter’s. Hamilton preached with a good deal of feeling, and is thought a first-rate preacher. Then I heard Newman, who preached a beautiful sermon upon “Whosoever receiveth one of these little ones.”’<sup>5</sup>

“If you were called upon”—(the question was once put to one of the Bishop’s greatest intimates)—“to state wherein lay the secret of Wilberforce’s success, what should you say?”—“In his *power of sympathy*,” was the ready answer; and it was probably the true one. There never was a more enthusiastic sympathizer with his Clergy. He was large-hearted, liberal, generous to a fault; prompt to enter into every one’s needs, difficulties, discouragements; prepared to throw himself heart and soul into any project which seemed to him capable of being successfully worked, and which had *good* for its object. He was courageous also in such matters to the verge of indiscretion; evinced no official stiffness about initiating a novelty, provided it carried on its front the promise of good; but, on the contrary, must walk straight to the front, and take the lead in whatever experiment seemed to him worth the trial. And then, how he graced the leadership which by common suffrage would have been assigned to him, even had it not been his by right! His ready eloquence, his delightful manner, his genial warmth, *ensured* the success of whatever he undertook. To the

<sup>5</sup> *Life*,—i. p. 87.



friendship of men of the school called 'Evangelical' he had an inherited claim. But then he also reckoned men of the very opposite way of thinking among his chiefest friends, and had a measure of genuine sympathy for all. In this way he not only drew strangers to himself, but bound them fast when they once came within the sphere of his immediate influence. His temperament effected more. It conciliated prejudice, broke down opposition, cemented confidence and affection. Earnest and enthusiastic spirits, attracted to him by the natural affinity of like natures, were made *more* earnest, *more* enthusiastic, by his example. Long before his translation to Winchester he had gathered round himself whatever of real ability and earnestness there was to be found in the Oxford diocese. No man in truth ever got more *out* of his Clergy than he. They did—whatever he bade them do; and he bade them do—as much as he thought they were capable of doing. If any disliked him, it was the timorous, the secular, the obstructive. As for the men who neglected their parishes, their churches, their work,—they hated him with a cordial hatred. Few things,—*nothing* perhaps, was more remarkable than the art he had of screwing up 'to concert pitch,'—(so to express oneself,)—men whose traditions were lax and unsatisfactory, but who, in his society and under his influence, became really very respectable churchmen.

Let the whole truth, however, be stated: for we may be thought to have been drawing an ideal picture. It is obvious for a reader to inquire,—The man's gifts and graces being such as you have described, and the ends to which he directed them so admirable, are we to understand that we have before us a character without a flaw? Nothing of the sort! His very excellences were a snare

to him ; his very gifts and graces proved his most effectual hindrances. He was *too* clever, *too* self-reliant, whereby he often put himself in a false position, and exposed himself to unfriendly criticism. Again, he was *too* persuasive, *too* fascinating in his manner, *too* fertile in expedients ; and thus he furnished not a few with pleas for suspecting him of insincerity. Sure of himself and unsuspecting of others, he was habitually *too* confiding, *too* unguarded in his utterances. But above all, his besetting fault was that he was a vast deal *too facile*. The consequence might have been foreseen. He was sometimes obliged to 'hark back,'—to revoke,—to unsay. This occasioned distrust. Notwithstanding his mastery of the principles of Anglo-Catholic divinity, it may be questioned whether, at the outset of his career, he had that clear perception of *where* to draw the line,—which in one so conspicuous as he was, early entrusted with such a vast amount of responsibility, is even indispensable ; especially if his lot be cast in perilous times, and in what may be emphatically termed a *transition* period of the Church's history. Accordingly, Wilberforce would sometimes adventure the partial allowance of views and practices, against which, on mature reflection, he must have seen that he would have acted more wisely if he had from the beginning set his face like a flint. He was—(one can but repeat it)—too fond of being 'all things to all men,'—too apt to commit himself through his very versatility and large-heartedness. All this did harm. Moreover, (as I have already freely intimated), he does not aspire to the praise of being a really *learned* Divine. Divinity, I mean, *as a Science*, he had never profoundly studied. Engaged from the first in the practical duties of the sacred office, how was it *possible* that he should have attained that mastery of the problem which is the

appropriate reward of learned leisure and prolonged opportunities of laborious study? Hence, his condoning of Hampden, and his seeming allowance (sometimes in conversation) of German authors whose writings the Church deservedly holds in abhorrence.

Yet once more. His instincts were admirable: and no one who knew him will doubt that he was thoroughly loyal to the Reformed Church of England. His anti-Romish utterances are as strong and as grand as any that are anywhere to be met with; and he meant every word he said,—perhaps a little more. Indeed, he never made any secret of his uncompromising detestation of the whole Popish system, with the depths and the shallows of which he showed himself intimately acquainted: his vigorous understanding often enabling him, in a few manly sentences, utterly to demolish the sophistries of its advocates, whether of the Anglican or of the Romish communion; as well as to expose the essential hollowness of the method, together with its fatal tendencies—moral, intellectual, social. Certain of his Sermons, in truth, would well repay the labour of republication at this time, and would be an acceptable contribution to the requirements of the coming age. But then (as explained above) it was at once his misfortune and his privilege, in following Bishop Bagot in the see of Oxford, to find himself floated by a rapidly rising tide, amid currents and eddies which were enough to perplex the ablest of steersmen. “It does seem strange,”—wrote Dr. Pusey, on the day of the reading of the *congé d’élire*,—“and is, I trust, a token of GOD’s mercy, that whereas some of the offices of a bishop would seem fitted to your natural gifts, you should by GOD’s appointment have been called to a see which most of all requires *super-*

*natural.*"<sup>6</sup> The desertion of Dr. Newman to the opposite camp (1845) had brought matters to a crisis. That event took place *in the year when Wilberforce was called to the episcopate*; and only those who were resident in the University at the time can have any idea of the atmosphere of unhealthy excitement which prevailed before and after the date referred to,—the result chiefly of the publication of Ward's '*Ideal*' and of Newman's '*Tract No. 90.*' A terrible shock had been given to the moral sense of the place by the monstrous claim to read English formularies in Romish senses,—a shock which it has not to this day recovered. There followed a terrible recoil. At the end of a decade of years (1854) came the Universities' Commission. All this has been explained at great length already, and the reader who cares for more information on the subject is referred to an earlier page.<sup>7</sup>

In the meantime the consequences became apparent of the uncatholic impress which had already been given to the great Church movement already referred to,—a movement which, in fact, began with the second quarter of the present century, but under widely different auspices. Bishop Wilberforce found himself for the last twenty years of his episcopate brought face to face with a problem which,—without disrespect to his loved memory, or disparagement of his amazing powers,—it may be fairly questioned whether even *he* was competent to resolve. Allusion is, of course, made to what had better be called by its right name,—the *Romeward* agitation, which, as most of us are aware, speedily grew out of, or at least resulted from,—the teaching called '*Tractarian.*' Wilberforce's sentiments on this subject, stated by himself, will be found below, from p. 54 to p. 59.

<sup>6</sup> *Life*,—i. p. 300.

<sup>7</sup> See above,—vol. i. pp. 312–20.

Let this part of the question be carefully handled: for it has been the endeavour of a section of the Church at the present day to misrepresent the plain facts of the case. Quite a distinct, quite a different thing from that great Catholic movement, to which, as young men, —under the grand leadership of Hugh James Rose—Newman, Palmer, Keble, Isaac Williams, Harrison, Pusey, Marriott and others contributed their genius, their piety, their learning, their influence,—is the miserable counterfeit which has since come to the front, and at this instant claims to represent ‘the High Church party.’ That the thing called ‘Ritualism’ is the outcome of the later ‘Tractarianism’ is undeniable; but it bears the same kind of relation to it which farce bears to tragedy. Even more alien to its parent is it, in sentiment and expression, if possible, than modern Wesleyanism is to the actual teaching of John Wesley. It is difficult to write down the names of—well, never mind their names—and gravely to ask oneself, What would ‘Mr. Newman’ have thought of such mountebank disciples? “A bishop’s lightest word, *ex cathedra*, is heavy,” Mr. Newman told us. “His judgment on a book cannot be light.” Addressing Bishop Bagot in 1841,—“I trust I may say sincerely that I shall feel a more lively pleasure in knowing that I was submitting myself to your Lordship’s expressed judgment in a matter of this kind” (the withdrawal of any of his own ‘*Tracts for the Times*’) “than I could have even in the widest circulation of the volumes in question.” Learning from his Bishop that, in his judgment, “Tract No. 90 was objectionable, and might tend to disturb the peace and tranquillity of the Church;” and further, that he advised that “the ‘*Tracts for the Times*’ should be discontinued,”—“I do most cheerfully and readily obey you in this instance” (he

wrote), "and at the same time express my great sorrow that any writing of mine should be judged objectionable by your Lordship, and of a disturbing tendency, and my hope that in what I write in the future I shall be more successful in approving myself to your Lordship." . . . It is not thus that certain individuals, who shall be nameless, nor, indeed, members of the 'English Church Union' generally, express themselves.—But to return, and to proceed.

The influence of the Oxford movement on the country at large was unquestionably excellent. Men had been taught to "ask for the old paths." The Clergy everywhere were observed to propose to themselves a loftier standard than had been dreamed of by their immediate predecessors. There was a general revival in things ecclesiastical, and the Oxford diocese in particular bore the impress of a change greatly for the better. It may be suspected, without a shadow of disloyalty to Wilberforce's memory, that had he brought to the episcopate certain other gifts, besides those splendid administrative qualifications with which we have already credited him so freely, it would have fared better with the Church of England at this time. Enthusiasm sometimes requires to be guided as well as promoted; to be checked as well as to be guided; and only checked in one direction in order that it may break out more usefully in another. Wilberforce's leading idea was to promote *activity* in his diocese. He welcomed earnestness, *as such*, wherever he found it; and flattered himself that he should always be in time to check or to restrain the men, who, in the meantime, availed themselves of the sanction of his great name and authority to push forward their own well-meant (but by no means always judicious) crotchets. Conscious of his own powers of government,



of his personal influence, of the loyalty and devotedness of the great bulk of his Clergy, Wilberforce often suffered things to go too far in a direction which, in his inmost heart, he entirely disallowed. In consequence, he was occasionally destined to make the dreary discovery that some of his lieutenants had played him false; had been wanting in honesty. An explosion in the diocese was sure to follow, and this did more than alienate confidence from him. It created downright suspicion and distrust, which was not the less reasonable because *personally* he did not deserve it. The mischief, moreover, had been done, and could not be undone. The offshoots of error could never afterwards be eradicated. A more wary, or let it be called a less trustful spirit, would have selected his lieutenants with more caution: would have been more solicitous to cut off occasions of offence: would have considered that a Diocese is for all time, whereas a Bishop's incumbency is but for a brief span of years: and that allowance, if not encouragement, given at one period to unsound principles and unlawful practices, *cannot* be withdrawn at another: lastly, would have bethought himself that when a Bishop's three brothers, two brothers-in-law, only daughter and son-in-law, not to mention many of his personal intimates, have lapsed to Romanism, the outer world *must needs* look on suspiciously, and be prepared to misinterpret every act of his which may seem to point in the dreaded direction. And will anyone say that those men were to be severely blamed who, educated in a widely different school, and beyond all things solicitous for maintaining purity of doctrine, as well as resolved to be found faithful themselves to the teaching of the Church of England, declaimed passionately against what, in their eyes, was nothing else but the betrayal of a sacred trust?

And yet, as I began by saying, Wilberforce himself was faithful, faithful to the backbone, in his allegiance to the Reformed Church of England. A thorough grasp too had he of the questions which have of late vexed her peace. Never certainly in his life did he express himself more nobly in this behalf than at the very end of his career, when (15th July, 1873, only four days before his death) he delivered a memorable Address (unwritten) to the Rural Deans of his diocese at Winchester House. Heartily is it to be deplored that he did not live to fulfil the promise which he made on the spot to those who heard it, in reply to their earnest and unanimous request that he would write out and print what he had spoken. But notes of his discourse were freely taken by many present, and from a comparison of these, the substance of what he uttered, (and in some cases clearly the very phraseology he employed), was recovered and printed in a precious pamphlet of eighteen pages,—which, however, only too clearly reveals in every part the secret of its preparation. A few extracts from this remarkable but little-known production—(which has been well entitled by its editor<sup>s</sup> ‘*He being dead, yet speaketh*’)—will be fitly introduced in this place. The sentiments acquire additional solemnity from the circumstance that they were the very last which Bishop Wilberforce publicly delivered. He began:—

“I do not doubt, my reverend brethren, that the extreme views, and extreme practices which are springing up around us, are as much a source of regret to you as to myself. In bringing the subject before you to-day, I am acting against the advice of some whom I greatly respect. But I have thought it the most manly and straightforward course, to face the question and take

<sup>s</sup> The late lamented Rt. Rev. J. S. Utterton, Bishop of Guildford.

counsel with you as to the mode in which it is most desirable to deal with these things."

He gave the foremost place to a doctrine which, about that time, was being urged by the 'Ritualistic' sect with a vehemence and a pertinacity, which was only intelligible when the discovery was made (but not till after his death) of the principles of the '*Society of the Holy Cross*':—

"Great prominence is given to the subject of CONFESSION. The tendency of the doctrine now put forward on this subject is to exalt its use into a necessity of the Christian life. Now, I have no doubt in my own mind what is the true teaching of the Church of England on this point. It is, that CHRIST has lodged with His Church the power of Absolution by the Word, the Sacraments, and the Ministry: these are the ordinary means of relieving the sins and sorrows of His people, and conveying the assurance of pardon to the penitent. Then, in particular cases, for souls specially burdened with Sin, besides this primary doctrine laid down and insisted upon by our great Reformers, there is a direction to make particular Confession as the mode of obtaining relief.

"But this is an essentially different doctrine from that which it is now sought to establish, viz., that habitual Confession is almost necessary for the leading of the higher Christian life. This leads on rapidly to the old habit of believing that private Confession of sin before the great High Priest is insufficient; and that without Confession to a priest, a man cannot be sure of pardon, and especially cannot draw near to GOD in the Holy Sacrament.

"Now, this system of Confession is one of the worst developments of Popery. In the first place, as regards *the Penitent*, it is a system of unnatural excitement, a sort of spiritual dram-drinking, fraught with evil to the whole spiritual constitution. It is nothing short of the renunciation of the great charge of a conscience which

GOD has committed to every man,—the substitution of Confession to Man for the opening of the heart to GOD,—the adopting in every case of a remedy only adapted to extreme cases which can find relief in no other way.

“Then, in *Families* it introduces untold mischief. It supersedes GOD’s appointment of intimacy between husband and wife, father and children; substituting another influence for that which ought to be the nearest and closest, and producing reserve and estrangement where there ought to be perfect freedom and openness.

“Lastly, as regards *the Priest* to whom Confession is made, it brings in a wretched system of casuistry. But, far worse than this, it necessitates the terrible evil of familiar dealing with Sin, specially with sins of uncleanness; thereby sometimes even tending to their growth, by making the horrible particulars known to those who have hitherto been innocent of such fatal knowledge, and so poisoning the mind of priest and people alike:—a fact which has of late been very painfully brought home to me.”

He addressed himself next to certain ‘Ritualistic’ novelties in connection with the Holy Eucharist:—

“It is difficult to estimate the mischief which is resulting from the action of the high Ritualistic party in this matter. . . . It is not in a light sense that I say this new doctrine of FASTING COMMUNION is dangerous. The practice is not advocated because a man comes in a clearer spirit and less disturbed body and mind, able to give himself entirely to Prayer and Communion with his GOD; but on a miserable degraded notion that the consecrated elements will meet with other food in the stomach. It is a detestable materialism. Philosophically it is a contradiction; because, when the celebration is over, you may hurry away to a meal, and the process about which you were so scrupulous immediately follows. The whole notion is simply disgusting. The Patristic quotations by which the custom is supported are misquotations. S. Chrysostom’s saying on the subject applies to the full mid-day meal, not to the light repast of our ordinary

breakfast. It is put on the moral grounds that after a feast there will be fulness, and during a feast there will be jesting and talking, all which constitute a moral unfitness for so high a ceremonial.

“Then, what a dangerous consequence results in NON-COMMUNICATING ATTENDANCE. Pressed not even for physical reasons, it brings us back to the great abuse of coming to the Sacrament to be spectators instead of partakers; and so we have the condition of things arising in our Communion which already prevails in the Church of Rome. I heard of a Roman Catholic priest triumphing greatly in the fact that he had *two male* communicants. I went to the church of the Madeleine, in Paris, at 5.30 a.m., several times, in order to observe what was the practice. It was always the same thing: the priest communicating alone, or one or two women occasionally joining him,—the whole attendant congregation satisfied to remain looking on.

“That this custom is creeping into our Church *is not an accident*; neither is it brought in for the purpose of making children better acquainted with the Service. . . . *It is recommended under quite a different impression.* It is under the idea that prayer is more acceptable at this time of the Sacrifice; that you can get benefit from being within sight of the Sacrament when it is being administered. It is the substitution of a semi-materialistic presence for the actual presence of CHRIST in the soul of the faithful communicant. *It is an abomination*,—this teaching of non-communicating attendance as a common habit. It is a corollary on the practice of Fasting Communion. If you cannot fast till midday, and must not communicate without fasting, then you are to be present and expect the benefit, though you do not comply with the conditions of the Sacrament. Thus the Roman theory is creeping in. The sacrificing Priest stands between your soul and your GOD, and makes atonement for you. Fasting till the mid-day Communion is irritation of the nerves, unfitting you to partake in this holy Office. Come to early Communion, as giving the first of the day, the freshness of the spirit, the



unbrokenness of the heart to that great Service. But if you cannot come in the morning, have no scruple about taking ordinary food before you communicate."

Some excellent remarks follow in condemnation of *evening* Communion. But the subjoined passage will be read with even more interest :—

"I am attacked on all sides. On the one side I am called a false friend, accused of betraying a cause which I once upheld : on the other, I am said to be unfaithful to my own Church, and a concealed Papist. I cannot say that I do not feel such attacks. It is impossible not to be pained by them. It is hard to bear. But, after all, it is *nothing* when weighed against the testimony of one's own conscience ; it is *nothing* to make one recede from the course which one believes to be right, or to shake one's resolution by GOD's help to maintain it.

"Well, then, if we ought to endeavour to draw these men to us, and lead them with us, instead of repelling them from us, and thereby confirming their errors, my advice to you is this :—First, in regard to Confession."

And the obvious cautions are given : but the remarks under the second head are more characteristic :—

"Secondly, in regard to Ritualistic observances. There is a growing desire to introduce novelties, such as incense,—a multitude of lights in the chancel,—and so on. Now these and such things *are honestly and truly alien to the Church of England*. Do not hesitate to treat them as such. All this appears to me to indicate a fidgety anxiety to make everything in our churches assimilate to a foreign usage. There is a growing feeling, which I can only describe as an 'ashamedness' of the Anglican Church, as if our grand old Anglican Communion contrasted unfavourably with the Church of Rome. The habitual language held by many men sounds as if they were *ashamed* of our Church and its position : it is a sort of apology for the Church of England as compared with the Church of Rome. Why, I WOULD AS SOON THINK



OF APOLOGIZING FOR THE VIRTUE OF MY MOTHER TO A HARLOT! I have no sympathy in the world with such a feeling. I abhor this fidgety desire to make everything un-Anglican. This is not a grand development, as some seem to think. It is a decrepitude. It is not something very sublime and impressive, but something very feeble and contemptible."

I dismiss the subject with the single remark that any attempt, which shall either now or at any future time be made to claim the author of such sentiments,—(and they were his latest public utterance; they may truly be said to have been *his last words*;)—as a sympathizer with 'Ritualistic' teaching, will clearly stand convicted of misstatement. The practices of the sect, their avowed and their secret aims, were the object of his downright abhorrence. Sometimes he would express his secret personal dislike to the very environments of the party with a grotesque fervour which was irresistible. "I suspect," (I once said to him), "you *like* embroidered stoles,—surplices cut short at the waist,—Gregorian chants, and so on." "*I like Gregorian music?*" (he exclaimed, with a look of mingled terror and annoyance). "I assure you I never hear a Gregorian without feeling a wish to lie down on my stomach and *howl*."

It is time to bring to a close the present pen-and-ink sketch (it pretends to be no more) of the greatest of modern Bishops. A feature of his character, concerning which as yet nothing has been spoken, and of which for obvious reasons one shrinks from saying much, may yet not be passed over in entire silence. Allusion is made to the devotional side of his nature,—the inner spiritual life,—which was deep and fervent. Profoundly conscious of the indispensableness of Prayer and habitual communing

with the Father of Spirits, he *made* for himself opportunities in the midst of his countless engagements and the distractions of his very busy life. The inscription over the screen in the private chapel of his Palace—('WE WILL GIVE OURSELVES CONTINUALLY TO PRAYER AND TO THE MINISTRY OF THE WORD')—expressed the genuine longing of his soul. His devoutness in Communicating must have struck all who were ministering with him. He evidently made it an occasion for prolonged and special prayer,—furnishing himself with a Manual, partly printed, partly written. He always seemed to me *absorbed* in the business of the sanctuary.

I have sometimes thought that *many-sidedness* was Wilberforce's most characteristic feature. He had an inquisitiveness of spirit which made him eager—over eager—to be *en rapport* with every department of human knowledge. He took interest in everything. Thus, *Mesmerism* (which in 1845 was a novelty) for a short space occupied his serious attention; while Natural History was all his life long nothing else but a passion with him. He would always enter into earnest debate with an expert in whatsoever department of Science, Learning, or practical Experience. And yet the fact cannot be overlooked that every other concern subordinated to the special requirements of his own high calling. In the words of his biographer:—

"His lot was cast in a period of intense activity and expansion in the Church's work both at home and in the Colonies; and it was not in his nature to escape being drawn in to take an active part in almost every movement of his time. His life was not merely *connected with*, but it actually *involves*, the history of the English, and in great measure of the colonial, Church during his Episcopate. His colonial Church correspondence was

enormous ; and, to mention only two examples, it may be stated that the letters he received on the subjects of the troubles in the Church of South Africa and in Honolulu, can only be counted by hundreds. Almost everywhere his advice was sought, and to every one he gave it freely. Almost everywhere his co-operation was desired, and he was ready to aid and work for all.”<sup>9</sup>

Yes, *this*, the severer side of the great Bishop’s character, must by all means be steadily contemplated by one who would estimate him justly. His devotion to his Master’s service was altogether unexampled. Something has been offered on this head already:<sup>1</sup> but indeed the extent to which Wilberforce infused new life into his Diocese cannot be too emphatically insisted upon. Matters of minute detail also he never considered beneath his notice. I remember once,—while describing to him some feature of parochial management in connexion with the little village of Finmere in Oxfordshire,<sup>2</sup>—breaking off with an apology for seeking to interest him in ‘what must seem a very trifle to one who had a Diocese to administer.’ “*Trifle!* my dear Burgon,” (he exclaimed,) —“And does not the action of the lungs,—the pulsation of the heart,—depend on the veriest ‘trifle’?” . . . I hold it to be an attribute of true greatness to be able thus to grasp as well the most minute, as the most considerable, features of a practical problem: and Wilberforce possessed this quality in rare perfection. His administration of the Episcopal office may be declared to constitute an epoch in the History of the Church of England. His skill in organising novel institutions, or in re-animating old, passes praise. And, so boundless was his sympathy, so

<sup>9</sup> *Introduction*, p. xvii.

<sup>1</sup> See above, pp. 12, 19-40, 44-7, &c.

<sup>2</sup> See the ‘*History of Finmere*, compiled by J. C. Blomfield, Rector

of Launton,’—Buckingham, 1887

[pp. 57-68]: a very meritorious and interesting contribution to County history.

indomitable his energy, that (as I began by saying) he was at all times prepared to extend his regards and to communicate his experience,—to give practical proof of his good will,—to remote Churches, and to men between whom and himself was interposed the thickness of the globe. Queen Emma was for some time his guest.

And now,—shall I be blamed if I suddenly reverse,—or at least shift,—the picture? I *must* do this if my portraiture is to be true to the life!

Inseparably mixed up with all those solemn and affecting images which the name of Samuel Wilberforce must for ever summon before the memory of those who knew him,—are recollections of an exactly opposite character; recollections of incidents which can only be designated as *laughable*. He was so full of boyish spirits, boyish glee,—so prone in his intercourse with those he loved to do and say things brimful of *fun*,—so versatile, moreover, and apt (without *real* levity) to descend from the sublime to the ridiculous in a moment,—that never yet have reminiscences concerning him been fairly awakened among a party of his friends, without peals of laughter being speedily elicited at the grotesque images which every one present was able in turn to contribute. Staying once during the dog-days at a friend's country mansion (Danny in Sussex), it was his hap to sit at dinner next to a prosy old gentleman, under the influence of whose conversation (the ladies being gone) Wilberforce at last succumbed, and fell fast asleep. He did more, he *dreamed*,—dreamed that he was afloat on a tempestuous sea: "And the storm was so violent" (he said slowly, aloud,)—"that the ship—could scarce live—through the surge." . . . "Now, do you know, my Lord,"

(said the old party solemnly, after a pause of bewilderment),—"I find myself utterly unable to see the bearing of that remark on our previous conversation." The Bishop waking up instantly, and perceiving the gravity of the situation, but knowing his man, rejoined with the utmost gravity,—“Then, all I can say is, I’m *astonished* at you! Let us join the ladies:” and he left his friend in the dining-room more perplexed than ever by the nautical image which had brought the conversation so suddenly to a close.—I may be allowed to rehearse a slight experience of my own. There had been a great afternoon gathering in the Sheldonian (I think for the Colonial Episcopate), and Wilberforce had wound up the business of the day with a powerful and affecting speech, at the close of which the whole theatre was in an uproar of applause. He telegraphed to me (I was in the area) to come up to him,—which he effected by first pointing *at* me with his finger, and then pointing the same finger vertically to his own toes. I obeyed, wondering what he could possibly want with me at such a moment, and painfully aware of the universal gaze of curiosity I was about to incur. He leaned over and whispered,—“My *dear* Burgon, I’ve quite forgot *the fish*. Would you do me the great kindness to go to Tester’s,<sup>3</sup> and order turbot and smelts for eighteen? with lobsters for the sauce?” I merely nodded assent, impatient to be off, and miserably conscious that I must certainly explode if he kept me for another half-minute; but he had not quite done:—“Let all be sent down to my carriage at All Souls’ immediately, will you? and—*don’t forget the smelts!*”

Once, having to preach at a church in Regent Street,

<sup>3</sup> ‘A well-known fishmonger in the High Street,—with obvious reference to whom Horace remarks,—“servabit odorem *Testa* diu.”’

on arriving at the door, he encountered his friend, Mrs. A., in the act of returning to her carriage.—“What? going *away*?”—“Only because I can’t get in.”—“Do you mean that you really *wish* to stop?”—“I came on purpose.”—“Then, take my arm.”—The crowd at the door was excessive. At last the Beadle appeared; to whom the Bishop, in his blindest manner,—“You will be so good as to give this lady the best seat in the church.”—“Impossible, sir. Church quite full.”—The Bishop calmly, but with emphasis, repeated his orders. “*Quite impossible*,” repeated the Beadle; “I tell you, sir, the church is *full*.”—“O but” (was the rejoinder) “*I won’t preach* if you don’t!”—This alarming threat at once opened Bumble’s eyes. “O, I beg your pardon, my Lord!” (winking): “this way, *Marm*,” and with the utmost self-importance he deposited Mrs. A. in the churchwardens’ luxurious empty pew under the pulpit.

Wilberforce’s repartee to the Beadle was only laughable. He could be really witty in the use of repartee, when he had a good chance. Moreover, he *saw* his chance in an instant. On the occasion of some public gathering at which it was announced that he would speak, speak he did, and in his usual effective style. The auditory having listened with delight, were on their legs, to a man,—and on the move, the instant he ceased. An episcopal bore, who had intended to follow the Bishop with an oration, greatly discomfited at finding himself denied the gratification he had promised himself, turned to Wilberforce,—“They don’t seem to be aware that I was going to address them.” . . . “Not *aware*, my dear brother? Do you not *see* that *they are all putting on their great coats to go away*?”

He abounded in odd riddles and playful jests. One *sees*



him at his own table turning sharp round to the late excellent Archdeacon of Oxford,—“My dear Clerke, tell me why an Archdeacon’s apron is like unwholesome food?” The dear old man replied, thoughtfully, that he did not know. “Because *it goes against his stomach.*” Clerke remarked, gravely, that he might as well have said *a Bishop’s apron*. “Nothing of the sort, my dear Clerke. O dear no! nothing of the sort!”—A lady asked him whom he considered the two best preachers in England. “Something which holds your dress together,” was the ready answer. (Of course, he meant *hook-and-eye*.)<sup>4</sup>—Another asked him, with a look of concern, if the report which she had heard were true, namely, that he had cancer in his mouth? ‘Yes, to be sure,’ he replied, ‘*when I’m eating crab.*’—But enough of this.

Nay, I will not pass on to something different until I have illustrated how whimsically Wilberforce was capable of blending the pathetic and the playful. After his appointment to the see of Winchester, he and I met in Oxford. I think it was from some dinner-party that we were walking back together,—for I remember accompanying him, almost in silence, to the lodgings of the Warden of All Souls, (Dr. Leighton, with whom he was staying,)

<sup>4</sup> I suffer this story to stand as I received it in conversation: but the following letter,—sent me by the Rev. W. F. Erskine Knollys, (‘Wrotham, Jan. 19, 1880’),—illustrates instructively the amount of credence due to similar stories, current in society:—

“A clergyman, (Mr. Lewis of Kensing), was last night in this house, and related to me the following anecdote about the ‘*Hook-and-I.*’ As a young curate, he had been

deputed to attend to the Bishop’s vestments, previous to a Consecration. ‘Will you kindly see that my doctor’s hood is right behind? You will find a hook and an eye by which to fasten the sides together.’ . . . ‘A *Hook-and-I*, my Lord?’ . . . ‘Ah! I see what you mean; but I never gave *that* answer, for the simple reason that I was never asked the question. Had I been asked, I should have probably replied *Liddon and Woodford.*’”

and preparing there (viz. at the little side-door) and then, in the dark, to take leave of him:—"Well, now good night,—and good-bye." . . . He caught hold of my two arms, and held me fast:—"Say 'God bless you!'" . . . (I knew very well what this meant. All his friends regretted, as much for his sake as for their own, the step he was taking; and he interpreted my silence rightly,—namely, as resulting from my having nothing pleasant to say.) "Surely," (I exclaimed) "'the less is blessed of the better.'" For all reply, he caught me by my elbows, and pinned me up against the wall (*'displayed'* a herald would call it) so that I could not stir:—"Now, you shall say 'God bless you!'" There was nothing to be done but to obey. He thanked me: embraced me with a sigh; and so we parted,—in the dark. . . . Our pathways in life,—which had hitherto so often crossed each other, and always so pleasantly,—*he* felt (and *I* felt,) were henceforth to be divergent.

I had always been loyal to him, and he knew it: sticking to him, and helping him through, even when he was not by any means altogether in the right. From a letter of his which lies before me, I venture to extract the opening sentences:—

"I thank you heartily for your wonted kindness in this matter. Oh, this world would be too happy if all men had warm hearts like you! There is *such* joy in true sympathy and hearty confidence. I have no doubt that the sharp frosts of suspicion and detraction are specially useful to those who, like me, naturally crave for sympathy and shoot out too readily the tendrils of affection; but certainly the process of being frost-nipped, though useful, is painful enough to the shoot-bearer; and often makes me long, if my boys were launched, to lie down and die. But may God bless you for your love!"

I transcribe those words because they present such a living notion of the man. No one ever yearned for affection more than Wilberforce: neither did any ever extend more freely to others the confidence which he claimed at the hands of others. Let me add that there existed between him and myself a rare amount of real sympathy in matters of religious thought and opinion. I am told that among his papers was found a written memorandum of his own, to the same effect.—I cannot recall without a smile the letter—(on which however I am unable at this instant to lay my hand)—in which he responded to the request I was forced to make to him in 1867, that he would furnish me with a written “testimonial” as to my fitness to teach Divinity. He replied that he ‘should about as soon have thought of asking *me* to send *him* a testimonial.’

Those who knew him most intimately will, I suspect, concur in the opinion that he was never happier, never seen to more advantage, than in his own house. There never breathed a man in whom the domestic charities burned more brightly. “My happiest time,” (he often told me,) “was when I was rector of Brighstone, with my dear wife and my children all about me.” . . . How faithfully he cherished her memory we have already seen, and his friends were many a time reminded,—but never more affectingly than when, at his funeral, we noticed the wreath of lilies which his own hand, only a few weeks before, had hung over the cross which marks her grave.—“I must be off now,” he once exclaimed—(the meeting over which he had been presiding was virtually at an end, and the winter-day was advancing); —“I promised to give the boys a skating lesson on the pond.”—Once, when the palace was full of Clergy, he

was missed from the little conclave in the library,—to be encountered by the present writer rushing upstairs with his infant grandchild in his arms. To speak plainly, he was busy—*hugging the baby*.

Next to the society of the home-circle, he was happiest when, with his “body-guard” around him, (for so he called the little staff of men on whom he chiefly depended for sympathy and help,) he strolled forth for a ramble,—suppose after an Ordination of Clergy. He was never more interesting than at such moments. More even at Lavington than at Cuddesdon was he fond of thus sallying out for his evening walk, with a few congenial spirits round him, before whom he could speak freely. But it was on the charms of the pleasant landscape which surrounded his Sussex home that he chiefly expatiated on such occasions, leaning rather heavily on some trusty arm—(I remember how he leaned on *mine*!)—while he tapped with his stick the bole of every favourite tree which came in his way, (by-the-by, *every* tree seemed a favourite), and had something to tell of its history and surpassing merits. Every farm-house, every peep at the distant landscape, every turn in the road, suggested some pleasant remark or playful anecdote. He had a word for every man, woman, and child he met,—for he knew them all. The very cattle were greeted as old acquaintances. And how he did delight in discussing the flora of the neighbourhood, the geological formations, every aspect of the natural history of the place! Such matters were evidently a favourite refreshment of his spirit. His first and his last contributions to the ‘Quarterly Review’ were on Knox’s ‘*Ornithological Rambles in Sussex*,’ and on his ‘*Autumns on the Spey*.’ The article on Darwin’s ‘*Origin of Species*’ (1860), was

also from his pen. Affecting it is to remember that it was while he was in the very act of praising the loveliness of the landscape, he met with the accident which terminated his life on the Surrey Downs, on Saturday afternoon, 19th of July, 1873. He passed out of this world of shadows into *that* region of reality without warning, and in a moment of time; a painless and a sudden, yet not, as we believe, an unprepared-for, death.

The intelligence was flashed next day all over England, awakening a pang of genuine sorrow in many a parsonage, and causing thousands to go about their Sunday work with a heavy heart. The lesson for the afternoon was the narrative of how Absalom obtained for his only monument a cairn of stones in the wild wood.<sup>5</sup> In the way of contrast, it seemed impossible not to call to remembrance what a glorious monument this great Prelate,—first of Oxford, then of Winchester,—had erected for himself by the labours of a life consecrated to God's service; a life which had been brought so suddenly to a close. And how incredible at first did it seem that so experienced a rider should have indeed met with his death by that most improbable of causes—the stumbling of his horse! His reputation for horsemanship was a by-word, especially in the diocese of Oxford.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> 2 Samuel xviii. 17, 18.

<sup>6</sup> The Rev. H. Raymond Smythies writes,—“I note an error into which you (like many others) have fallen, as to the Bishop's skill in horsemanship. So indifferent a horseman was seldom seen,—a worse one, scarcely ever. His reputation resulted, partly from his great delight in horse-exercise; partly, from the

dangerous pace at which he habitually rode. Some years since, being much in the Park, I often saw him on horseback, and remarked to those with me, that if his horse ever stumbled badly, he must inevitably pitch over its head and break his neck. He had no seat on the saddle, or grip of leg upon its flaps; but rode entirely upon the

A large concourse of his friends followed him to his last resting-place; which was not to be (as we had all hoped and expected) beside his illustrious father in Westminster Abbey, but in the same village churchyard and on the same breezy slope where, two-and-thirty years before, he had deposited the loved remains of his wife.<sup>7</sup> Such a humble grave, excavated in the chalk, and nightly drenched with the dew of heaven, would (it was thought by his sons) have been more acceptable to his spirit than any other. . . . Verily, as the years roll out that spot will attract many a pilgrim-foot: but the Church, no less than the world, is prone to forget its greatest benefactors; and few will care to remember, when a few decades of years shall have run their course, how largely our Church of England is indebted to him who sleeps below. None but those who knew him will have the faintest conception what an exquisite orator, what a persuasive preacher, what a faithful Bishop,—in every private relation of life what a truly delightful person,—is commemorated by the stone which marks the grave of Samuel Wilberforce.

pummel, with his full weight on his horse's shoulders. My only marvel is that the inevitable result did not

occur sooner."

<sup>7</sup> See above,—pages 8-10: also, p. 67



## VI. RICHARD LYNCH COTTON:

*THE HUMBLE CHRISTIAN.*

[A. D. 1794—1880.]

ONE of the oldest of the surviving Heads of Houses disappeared from the familiar scene when, on the 8th of December 1880, the revered Provost of Worcester College departed,—“full of days,” being already in his eighty-seventh year.

RICHARD LYNCH COTTON was born on the 14th of August, 1794, at Walliscote in Oxfordshire, being descended from a very ancient family settled in Shropshire (it is said) from Saxon times. He was the third son of Henry Calveley Cotton, esq., (youngest son of Sir Lynch Salusbury Cotton, fourth Baronet,) and Matilda, daughter and heiress of John Lockwood, esq. of Dews Hall, Essex. He therefore stood in the relation of first cousin to Sir Stapleton Cotton who was created Baron Combermere in 1814,—Viscount, in 1827. His mother bore to her husband fourteen children:—three daughters and eleven sons, of whom three entered holy orders, and six attained high rank in the army and navy,—viz., General Sir Sydney Cotton, G.C.B., Colonel Hugh Calveley Cotton, E.I.C.S., General Sir Arthur Cotton, K.C.S.I., Major-General Sir Frederick Cotton, and Admiral Francis Vere Cotton. The three last named survived the sub-

ject of the present memoir. When questioned concerning his elder brother Richard's early life, Sir Arthur said he could only remember that,—“He feared God from his boyhood:” and that,—“As a youth he walked with God:” adding,—“I have never seen his like in this respect.”

Sent at a very early age to the Charterhouse,—(where he had Havelock for a schoolfellow,)—Richard complained to his brothers that he was “literally starved.” His growth was believed to have been affected by this barbarous circumstance, for (unlike the rest of the family) he was to the end of his days, small of stature. The future Provost came up to Worcester College as Lady Holford Exhibitioner (June 4, 1812); was elected Scholar on Clarke's Foundation (May 8, 1815): and in the same year took his B.A. degree. He was reading with Thomas Arnold (his private tutor), when news was brought to the latter (Easter, 1815) that he had been elected to a fellowship at Oriel.

Cotton's name appears among those who obtained a second class in Classics, 2nd April 1815,—in company with John Leycester Adolphus, the barrister; Samuel Hinds (afterwards Bishop of Norwich); and Philip Wynter, late President of St. John's. In the next year (May 7, 1816) he was elected Fellow of his college:—filled the offices of Tutor, Dean, and Bursar:—and was instituted to the small vicarage of Denchworth, December 9th, 1823;—only resigning his cure when (in the last week of January, 1839) he was appointed to the Provostship of the college by the Duke of Wellington, then Chancellor of the University.<sup>1</sup> His predecessor in office

<sup>1</sup> His successor at Denchworth, until Dec. 26th, 1839,—being followed in turn, in 1869, by the Rev. E. Horton, was not instituted

[1796–1839] was Dr. Whittington Landon,—fourth head of the society under the new foundation.

A small country cure of souls within two hours' drive of Oxford is not by any means incompatible with the work of a college Tutor who is careful to leave the parish in charge of a competent Curate;—who is prepared to give it as much of the week as he is able;—who will reside there throughout his Vacations;—above all, who sincerely *loves* the place and its people. All these conditions of incumbency Cotton loyally fulfilled. He delighted in taking one or more of his pupils over to Denchworth with him to pass the interval between Saturday and Monday, and heartily rejoiced in the exchange of College routine for the duties of Pastoral life, —to which at the close of the term he was able to devote himself unreservedly.

Richard Lynch Cotton's institution to Denchworth (Dec. 9) very nearly synchronized with the death of his younger brother, Lieutenant Rowland Edward, who died in Jamaica 7th Dec. 1823. In the following year, at Combermere Abbey, (20th June, 1824), died another younger brother, Robert Salusbury, of the Royal Artillery. These two, he is found to have affectionately commemorated on a mural tablet in Denchworth Church. I am sure I shall have my reader with me when I add that his memorial verses (here subjoined) show a degree of skill rarely met with in such compositions. But it is for their pathos that I transcribe them:—

“Lamented youths! although the lonely grave  
Of one be found across th' Atlantic wave,

C. H. Tomlinson, who became Rector of Hoggston, near Winslow, in 1886. To this gentleman I am in-

debted for many details concerning Dr. Cotton's pastoral labours.

While in his fathers' home the other sleeps,—  
Lo, here for both alike fond Memory weeps:  
Weeps, yet rejoices that o'er sin and death  
The Christian's triumph crowns their lowly faith."

On Denchworth and its neighbourhood, the author of the foregoing lines certainly left his mark indelibly. Bishop Wilberforce, in the dedicatory letter prefixed to his Sermon on behalf of the Church at Headington Quarry (1847), ventured to say that for the supply of the spiritual wants of outlying hamlets surrounding Denchworth, "many generations would call [Dr. Cotton] blessed." He succeeded the Rev. John Harward, who had become Vicar in 1796, but who was non-resident, being also incumbent of Fladbury. Cotton's first achievement was to induce this gentleman to resign, in order to secure an efficient Ministry for Denchworth,—the only Services there, since 1808, having been performed by the Master of the Abingdon Grammar-school, who "farmed" several of the Churches thereabouts. Once Vicar of Denchworth, Mr. Cotton proceeded to build a Vicarage house, and to augment the living by the addition of land. He also, at his own expense, built the Schools. Until that time, his ministrations were conducted under serious disadvantages. He had to ride out and in; and those rides of his were not always unattended with risk. Returning from Denchworth on one occasion,—(the night was excessively dark and the floods were out to an alarming extent),—Cotton fairly lost his way, and at last, despairing of getting back to Oxford, took refuge in a farm-house, where he obtained a night's shelter. His "dearly beloved brethren" in the meantime, had given him up for lost. Next morning, the first object he encountered was the anxious face of the parish-clerk of Denchworth. "Why, Thomas! what

brings *you* here?" "I am come, sir," (was the innocent reply,) "to look for *the body*."

In connexion with those early days at Denchworth, Dr. Cotton was fond of relating how 'Newman, on a certain occasion, had cured him of the face-ache.' Being at Denchworth, and in torture, he once received the perplexing intelligence that a visitor stood before the door of his modest dwelling. Impossible! . . . It proved to be John Henry Newman,—who had ridden over from Oxford to pay his friend a visit. The unexpected apparition gave such a shock to Cotton's nervous system that his face-ache literally *disappeared*. "And *that's* how Newman cured me of my face-ache."

The old people at Denchworth still talk of "Mr. Cotton" as their best Vicar: still hold his name in veneration. Ever since he resigned the Vicarage in order to become Provost of Worcester (1839), he visited the place periodically, and every winter was careful to send gifts of clothing, etc. to the poor of Denchworth and Lyford. (The villages are about a mile and-a-half apart, and he was one of the Trustees of the Lyford almshouses,—which brought him over continually.) He was there for the last time in August 1880, and his last gifts arrived only a few weeks before the tidings of his death.

"Whenever he came over to see me," (writes the Rev. C. H. Tomlinson), "he would always go and offer a silent prayer in the Church: pause to read thoughtfully over the inscription he had himself set up in commemoration of his two soldier brothers;<sup>2</sup> and then go into the churchyard to the grave of Thomas Tuck,—parish clerk from June 1823 to December 1843; and tell me of him as the best and 'most guileless of men.'—The only

<sup>2</sup> See above. p. 73-4.

dissenters in the parish were a family named ‘Church.’ The old man, (who died aged 96,) used to tell me that Mr. Cotton converted him by always asking him (παλῶν ἄμα σπουδάζων),—How he could possibly attend *Chapel* when his name was ‘*Church*’? The old man in my time came to Church regularly.”

To Cotton’s pious zeal is due the separation of Grove Norton, (a large hamlet of 560 souls in the parish of Wantage), and getting it formed into a parish of itself. He further procured that a house and Church (it was done at his own expense) should be built, and placed Mr. Bricknell there as Vicar. He also, out of his ‘abounding charity,’ (as Bishop Wilberforce expressed it,) got a house built at Lyford, and put a resident clergyman there,—the hamlet being separated from Hanney, and the advowson given to the College, by (I believe) the Puseys. Never before—and assuredly never since—has Denchworth enjoyed so good a Vicar.

Dr. Cotton is also said to have promoted the building and endowment of Churches at Shippen and Dry Sandford, near Abingdon. He certainly was mainly instrumental in procuring the erection of Headington Quarry Church, near Oxford. It was in furtherance of this object that he published by subscription, in 1849, ‘*Lectures on the Holy Sacrament of the LORD’S Supper.*’ His only other work of importance had appeared in 1837, two years before he became Provost of Worcester—viz. ‘*The Way of Salvation plainly and practically traced in a Series of Discourses.*’ He is styled on the title-page, “Vicar of Denchworth, Fellow of Worcester College, and Domestic Chaplain to the Earl of St. Germans.” To the last-named office he was appointed in 1824. One of the Sermons in this volume, on “*Joseph a Type,*” was long since pointed



out to me by the late Rev. George Fuller Thomas, sometime Tutor of Worcester, (himself a very thoughtful and judicious Divine), as an excellent composition.

From the profits of this volume of Sermons the author again gave £100 to a similar object: viz. the small Church which Charles Page Eden (of whom a Memoir will be found towards the close of the present volume) had been mainly instrumental in erecting at Littleworth, —a neglected hamlet of Faringdon in Berkshire. The Consecration Sermon was preached by Dr. Cotton, 29th May, 1839,—in which year he was appointed to the Provostship, and bade a long adieu to the pastoral life. The next time he baptized an infant was in Worcester College Chapel, three weeks before his death in 1880.

Four single sermons complete the enumeration of Dr. Cotton's writings. The first (*'Scriptural View of the LORD'S Supper, its Importance and Efficacy,'*) bears date 1837. The other three were occasioned by the decease of undergraduate members of the college,—Mr. John Pierce in 1857; William Welch Barrows and John Haywood Southby, esquires, in 1861.

Such lives as the present are, of necessity, without stirring incidents of a personal kind: and when we are assured that from 1815 to 1880,—from the time, namely of obtaining his Fellowship (the year of Waterloo) to the year of his death,—Richard Cotton resided continuously in Worcester College,—in fact, never missed a term,—we are apt to transfer the image of fixedness from the man to his times: are prone to speak of the *life* as “uneventful:” are prone to forget the many and the mighty revolutions,—intellectual, social, political,—which have made such a span of years full of disquiet to all alike who have had any considerable share in them; while, to

one who has lived through them *all*, it is reasonable to suspect that a secret desire to depart in peace must, in the end, be even the prevailing sentiment of the soul. The Provost of Worcester lived just long enough to witness the destructive intentions of a second Universities' Commission. A regular attendant at the University sermon, he was at S. Mary's for the last time on the morning of November 21st—(the Sunday next before Advent), when the Dean of Chichester denounced the work of the Commission from the University pulpit, in a sermon which has since been published.<sup>3</sup>

Those who knew him most intimately, concur in witnessing to the meekness and gentleness with which Dr. Cotton encountered those recent Academical changes which yet were most abhorrent to his disposition, and offended every instinct of his nature. *Humility* was, perhaps, his characteristic personal grace. But it was the humility which results from the habitual realisation of God's presence. "His mind" (remarks one who was always with him) "was always engaged in prayer."

Few persons probably ever more literally fulfilled the Apostolic precept to "pray without ceasing." He was never known to open a letter without pausing to pray silently first. As each fresh undergraduate entered the hall at the terminal examination called "Collections," the Provost was observed to be silently offering up a special prayer for that individual. "I remember" (writes one of the society)<sup>4</sup> "in the only railway journey I ever made with him, being much impressed by his standing up in the carriage, and offering silent prayer before we

<sup>3</sup> 'The Disestablishment of Religion in Oxford, the betrayal of a sacred trust:—words of warning to

the University,'—Nov. 21, 1880, 2nd Edition, pp. 56.

<sup>4</sup> The Rev. Robert B. Wright.

started. This was in 1856." His servant remarked to one of the family that he had discovered the necessity of giving some intimation of his presence before opening the door of his master's library: so constantly did he find the Provost on his knees.

On one of his visits to Denchworth, the Vicar persuaded him to stop the night and preach for him next day:—

"It was on the same night, I remember as if it were yesterday, how, when he had retired to his room,—the partition being extremely thin,—I could not help overhearing portions of his earnest prayers for myself, my people, &c. I think he always prayed aloud. It was really a blessing to know such a man. I never expect to meet such another in this world."

I will but add for myself that the Provost of Worcester, more than any person I ever knew or read of, seemed to me to illustrate by his own habitual practice that announcement of the author of the sixth Psalm,—“But I give myself unto prayer.” In the original Hebrew it is only this,—“But I—*prayer*”: as if the Saint had said,—“But as for me,—*I will be all prayer.*”

He made a practice of reading the Bible completely through once every year: and would insist on the importance of never skipping a chapter (in Leviticus, for example); assigning as a reason, that there is always *something* in every chapter which no one can afford to let go unread. His favourite author was Leighton,—of whom he remarked to his daughter—“He is all CHRIST, CHRIST, CHRIST!” A little collection of extracts from the writings of the holy Bishop of Dunblane and Archbishop of Glasgow,<sup>5</sup> lent him by his friend the Rev. C.

<sup>5</sup> ‘*Spiritual Truths extracted from the Writings of Archbishop Leighton,*’ by the Rev. W. Wilson, D.D. London, 1852.

P. Golightly (who ministered tenderly to the Provost during the last few days of his life), was the last book in his hands. He had reached page 48, and *there* had left a marker. *That* page is headed "Resurrection to Life."

*Guilelessness* is sure to be a prominent feature of such a temperament as that before us. Dr. Cotton believed everybody who came to him with a tale. He was simply incorrigible. The beggars outside the doors of Continental churches,—(for he delighted, but I believe chiefly for his daughter's sake, in foreign travel),—preyed upon him to an alarming extent. His companion watched him and endeavoured to protect him, but in vain. Cotton would contrive to get her safe *inside* the heavy mattress-like hanging before the door, and then submitted himself to be fleeced.

It should have been earlier mentioned that, on becoming Provost of Worcester, he married<sup>6</sup> Charlotte Bouverie, daughter of the Hon. Philip Bouverie (who assumed the name of Pusey,) and Lady Lucy his wife. Mrs. Cotton was therefore sister of Dr. Pusey, of Christ Church. She survived her husband three years,—dying 2nd July 1883, aged 76. An only daughter,—Amelia Lucy, on whom he simply doted,—was the sole fruit of their union. He always called her 'Amy.' To *him*, there was evidently music in the name. It was for ever on his lips. After the Worcester 'gaudy,' his post-prandial speech invariably contained some affectionate mention of his daughter.

In 'Amy's' company, the Provost visited many parts of the Continent. "He once spent two months with me at my place in Norway,"—(writes the Rev. Rowland

<sup>6</sup> At S. George's, Hanover Square,—27th June, 1839.

Muckleston, fellow of Worcester College:—"where, though no fisherman himself, he enjoyed watching others engaged in the sport." His own 'Amy' especially; who "could hook and kill a twenty-pound salmon as well as the best fisherman of the country."

This young lady joined the Church of Rome in 1878. Those who knew Dr. Cotton best, were best aware how serious a grief this must needs prove to the devoted Parent. He was wounded in the tenderest part. But—(as she told me)—not one word of reproach ever escaped his lips. He loved his "Amy" with undiminished tenderness to the last: playfully assuring her before his death,—“I always keep your letters.” It is believed that the evidence her act afforded of spiritual earnestness,—the token that "Amy" was prepared to do anything for CHRIST's sake,—made the blow endurable which must else have crushed him.

I am indebted to a friend who adorns the University of Durham<sup>7</sup> for a few memoranda concerning Dr. Cotton which will be perused with interest:—

"First,—It will surprise some to be told that there was a time (say between 1820 and 1830) when he was considered, along with Dr. Ogilvie, to be one of the best preachers at S. Mary's, among the residents. This is stated on the authority of Dr. Lightfoot, the venerable Rector of Exeter College; who said that he has known these two preachers influence the audience to tears. As Cotton had a bad voice and a delivery naturally unattractive, such an effect can only have been produced, (apart from the attending influences of the HOLY SPIRIT, which we are sure he would earnestly pray for), by his deep seriousness and by his evident conviction of the realities about which he was preaching. The first University Sermon I ever heard, was from him,—on some

<sup>7</sup> The Rev. A. S. Farrar, D.D., Canon of Durham, and Professor of Divinity.

text in the Psalms on the 'peace' which attends on the holiness implied in 'the fear of the LORD.' It was a morning Sermon and S. Mary's was full. (In those days indeed the University Sermons were well attended, no matter who preached.) Though the discourse was not one of much power, I well remember the solemn attention with which it was listened to, and the serious and impressive delivery of the preacher.

"A second circumstance worth noting was stated to me by himself; viz. that the two books on Divinity which had most impressed him, were Miller's Bampton Lectures for 1817, (on '*The adaptation of Holy Scripture to the real state of Human Nature*'); and Dr. Chalmers' '*Astronomical Discourses*.' He frequently alluded to these two subjects, embodying certain points of them in the sermons which he preached in the Chapel of his College; and he urged (though unsuccessfully) at least three of his friends to base courses of Bampton Lectures on them.

"A third trait is of a less solemn character. Let it be thought to be of the earth, earthy. It nevertheless brings out *the man*, and shows the strong sense of duty which marked his view of life. A clergyman, whose daughter, (an heiress,) had married a naval officer, a distant relation of Dr. Cotton, called on him a few months after the daughter's marriage. Cotton immediately asked him about his daughter. The clergyman looking sad, he interrupted,—'Surely, she is not ill or dead?' 'No,' replied the other, 'but her husband is ordered off for foreign service.' Cotton, nearly 80 years of age, kindled instantly,—half indignation, half laughter,—and exclaimed, 'What in the world would you have him do, except go on service? Would you wish him to be a land-lubber, kicking his heels about Portsmouth or Plymouth?' The clergyman himself told me the anecdote, adding,—'It was a rebuke, befitting the nephew of Combermere.' If Cotton had been a cavalry officer instead of a Clergyman, he would have gained repute in the army for dash and energy. But his name would (we may hope) have been registered also in that long roll of godly soldiers which begins with Cornelius



the Centurion and (at present) ends with the martyr of Khartoum."

Another friend,—for many years Fellow and Tutor of Worcester College,—on being invited to sketch the Provost's character, writes thus interestingly concerning him :—

"Not to dwell on the prevailing aspect of his character, with which you are already well acquainted, let me remind you that,—most holy man as he was,—there was nothing morose or sombre about the Provost's seriousness. He had much wit and humour, and appreciated both in others. Then, in his early days he was noted for being a fearless rider. I have heard it whispered that, in his rides from Oxford to Denchworth, he did not by any means always stick to the high road, but occasionally went 'across country.' This habit obtained for him the soubriquet of '*hard-riding Dick*,'—the name of a Border rider mentioned in *Marmion*, playfully transferred to Cotton, I believe by John Miller of his own College. When he became Provost, although as Fellow and Tutor he had long been in the receipt of a good income, he possessed, I believe, nothing. So profuse had been his liberality, that he had given everything away."<sup>8</sup>

"As regards myself personally," (writes another, and more recent, Fellow of the same society,) "I may mention that the Provost was quite like a Father to me. He distinguished me above the other Fellows of the College at a certain period, for two reasons which he himself gave me:—(1), He looked upon me (whether rightly or wrongly I may not say,) as a good Churchman, and appointed me Chaplain and Divinity Lecturer; and (2), He considered me a good Conservative. Also (I think) he liked me because it had so happened that I was the last Fellow elected under the *old system*, (i. e. remaining a Scholar until a Fellowship became vacant for me). So that, when I was Fellow, one or two of my

<sup>8</sup> From the Rev. Rowland Muckleston, Rector of Dinedor, Hereford.

seniors being radicals, and my juniors having come from other Colleges, and not being ordained, he appointed me Tutor also,—although I did not take a high class in Classics, my forte being Mathematics and Science. He however told me plainly that he appointed me *Tutor* for the express purpose of having one who would take charge of a certain number of the men and try to be a pattern of a ‘Conservative Churchman,’ and likely to help them. He was always my ideal of a *Christian gentleman*; and his goodness to me, as to others, was uniform.”<sup>9</sup>

Such details are interesting as illustrative of the man’s character; and for that reason seem to have a claim to be admitted here. . . . The Provost’s gentlemanly instincts never forsook him. An Officer of the Oxford Militia (hoaxed by his brother Officers) once presented himself, uninvited, to dinner. The Provost gave him a hospitable reception, and studiously abstained from un-deceiving his guest. This anecdote does not stand alone.

Throughout his long life, Dr. Cotton had enjoyed a singular measure of health and vigour. He remarked to one of his Fellows (whom he visited in time of sickness) that he was scarcely conscious of having ever suffered pain, and had never been ill but once. His bodily powers did not forsake him to the last. He presided at the annual College meeting (St. Andrew’s Day, 1880,) and sat through it; entertaining his Fellows at dinner in the evening. Next day (December 1st), he assisted at the College audit. On the Sunday evening previous (November 28), he had preached in Worcester College Chapel, (according to his own invariable practice), a sermon preparatory to the administration of the LORD’S Supper on the ensuing Sunday;—an administration at which (to his great sorrow) he was prevented (for the

<sup>9</sup> From the Rev. C. H. Tomlinson,—Hoggeston Rectory, Oct. 26, 1886.

second time in his life) by sickness, from being present. The day before, (Saturday morning, 4th December,) on returning from the College Chapel, he complained of faintness;—and did not again cross the threshold of his lodgings. His intimate friend, Rev. C. P. Golightly, was ministering to him assiduously; but there seemed no immediate reason for alarm.

On the Wednesday evening (8th December 1880), while at dinner with his wife and daughter, he was observed suddenly to become pale and silent. Up to that instant he had been talking cheerfully. He was evidently wholly unconscious that the moment for his departure had arrived. He gasped for breath once or twice,—glided from his chair,—sunk upon the floor, and expired. It was found, on approaching him, that life was already extinct.

Thus, suddenly, but not unpreparedly,—“full of days,” (for he had already seen his eighty-sixth birthday), and within the walls where he had resided continuously as Scholar, Fellow, Provost, for 68 years,—departed RICHARD LYNCH COTTON, D.D. It was *translation* rather than “death:” literally was it a “*tarrying* until” his Master “*came*.” . . . On entering the College Hall, just before the Provost’s funeral,—“A *very good* man” (remarked Bonamy Price with emphasis to Canon Bright of Christ Church) “has passed away: a true Christian, a man of prayer, who lived in his Bible.” “It is” (replied the other) “a real *Euthanasia*.” “That is the very phrase” (rejoined Bonamy Price) “which I was going to apply to his death.” . . . On the very day of his departure, his physician had urged him not to say family prayers. No, he could not give up *that*: he should not sleep if he did not say them. “Well then, at least read them sitting.” No, he must kneel: he could not endure to sit while praying.

And those evening prayers with his family he never lived to read—in either position.<sup>1</sup>

It is unfair to speak of Dr. Cotton as one of a school; to class him with the (so called) “Evangelical” section of the Clergy, and to represent him as a party man. He was a good Churchman,—faithful, humble, devout, earnest. No better proof of his large-heartedness could be appealed to than his generous encouragement of the project for transforming the Chapel of Worcester College, (which in my time [1842–6] was certainly the very coldest and correctest of classical structures), into the most gorgeous and ornate specimen of its class in Oxford. He was *above* the littleness which would have marred an endeavour on the part of the Society, which, at all events, was very nobly meant. But there is no denying that Cotton viewed the ‘Tractarian’ movement with undisguised alarm. I cannot recall without a smile the *bewildered* expression of his face when, on taking leave of the society at the Easter of 1846, I paid him a visit of respect and affection, and thanked him for many acts of kindness: “especially, Mr. Provost, am I grateful to you for not having altered the dinner-hour on Sundays, so that my friends and I enjoyed to the last the benefit of hearing Mr. Newman’s sermons at S. Mary’s.” Nor may it be denied that Cotton was *claimed* by a party to which he did not really belong. There hung in his hall a dreary Missionary Map of the World. Wilson of C. C. C., taking men to matriculate [1855], remarked,—“Mr. Vice-Chancellor, I was not aware that *coal* was so widely spread over the world, as the black on that map shows.” “No, no,”—rejoined the Provost: “*heathen*

<sup>1</sup> From Canon Bright, — who adds:—“Dr. Cotton years ago impressed on me the fact that the Pro-

fessorship of Ecclesiastical History is also a *Professorship of the study of the ancient Fathers.*”

*darkness—heathen darkness.*” . . . This is the true version of a story which (like most University stories) has been grossly travestied in the repetition.<sup>2</sup>

Sincerely attached to the religion of his fathers, he zealously promoted the erection of the “Martyrs’ Memorial:” for, least of all, was there in him anything of the sectarian spirit which displayed itself in those who kept aloof from that expression of loyalty to the Reformed Church of England. Truly Catholic-minded and wondrously large-hearted, if he did but recognise in any one earnestness and reality of service, he was prepared to overlook all else. Proof of all this is at hand, but indeed it has been furnished already. He gave to every undergraduate when he first called upon him, a copy of Bp. Wilson ‘*on the LORD’S Supper.*’—When at Rome, he was duly presented to the Pope and kissed the hand of “his holiness.”

Followed by “troops of friends,”—(for every chief resident of the University attended his funeral,)—Dr. Cotton was conveyed to his last resting-place in Holywell Cemetery on Tuesday, 14th Dec., 1880. The former part of the Burial Office was read in the college chapel by the Rev. C. H. O. Daniel, assisted by the Dean of Chichester: and, on reaching the grave, the latter, assisted by the Rev. C. P. Golightly, concluded the service. The undergraduates of Worcester were joined by many non-resident graduate members of the College,—not a few of whom came up from distant parts of the country to show this last mark of respect to their venerated chief. No one in Oxford was more universally loved or more heartily and deservedly revered than Dr. Cotton.

<sup>2</sup> From the Rev. C. H. O. Daniel, Fellow and Tutor of Worcester.

May I be forgiven if I conclude this brief Memoir of one who was very dear indeed to me, by appending some verses written upwards of thirty years ago, entitled "WORCESTER COLLEGE"?<sup>3</sup> I do this, not so much because of the poetical reference to "our Provost" which those lines contain, as because in the scene which they endeavour to pourtray and the personages which they seek to commemorate, Dr. Cotton had been for so long a period the central figure. Not least, let me add, because it is a solace to me to associate my memory with the name of a College within whose walls I passed the three happiest years of my life:—from whose members I never experienced anything but loving-kindness;—and from which [1842–6] I derived benefits which I can only characterize as priceless. '*Floreat Vigornia!*'

So, last in order, first in my regard,  
 Dear Worcester! every well-known nook of thine  
 I've trod in thought; and now, behold, I stand  
 Here on thy threshold ready to depart.  
 I stand, but turn. *Who* turns not where he loves?  
 Ah, let me leave in token of my love  
 These flowers upon thy forehead! So they shine  
 One evening, I'm content: I know thou'lt keep  
 The dead leaves for my sake when I am gone.

Blest be the year, the month, the day, the hour,  
 When first we met! Ev'n now, the contrast strange  
 Haunts me, between thy most unpromising front  
 And what I found within:—a terraced height  
 Crowned by tall structures of a classic mould,  
 On this side; and on that, a row of small

<sup>3</sup> These verses were written to accompany some '*Historical Notices of the Colleges of Oxford*,'—of which

Worcester was the last founded, although, as a place of learning, it is among the oldest of the Colleges.



Irregular antique tenements, with quaint shields  
 Bossing each doorway. Wide between the twain,  
 Guiltless of daisies, spread an emerald lawn,  
 Severing as 'twere the old world from the new,—  
 The present from the past: and there were flowers  
 (So bright and young beside those old grey walls!)  
 Which humanized the scene, as children do,  
 With touch of fresher nature. All beyond,  
 The eye roved free, for there the garden rose,—  
 Rose in a sweet confusion of green boughs;  
 And all was quiet, quiet as the grave.

Well, 'twas a happy time, those three swift years  
 I spent within thy walls: a happier time  
 In all my span of life I not remember.  
 And now, because 'tis hived where nothing more  
 Can harm or change it, much less take away,  
 Oft up and down the gallery of those days  
 I walk, and muse of this thing and of that,  
 And pause before each picture of the past.

Our Provost, might I paint him, was a man  
 Of wondrous grave aspect: of stature small,  
 Yet full of Christian dignity; so full  
 Of human kindness, that a child could pick  
 The lock upon his heart. 'Twas sport to watch,  
 When chased by beggars near the College wall,  
 (Some mother of a fabulous brood of bairns,)  
 How soon he'd strike his colours to the foe...  
 Ever the first in Chapel: at his prayers  
 A homily to inattentive hearts:  
 The College loved, revered him, to a man.

Then, would you know our Tutors, each was great,  
 But in his several way. What excellent gifts

Were Muckleston's!—(*my* Tutor he; well skilled  
 In dialectic; grand in all the moods  
 From 'Barbara' on).<sup>4</sup> And Thomas,<sup>5</sup>—even now  
 I seem to catch the full majestic tide  
 Of his large knowledge, various, apt, and clear,  
 Which brought fertility where'er it flowed.  
 How would he handle those old classic themes  
 Till in our hands the lifeless pages grew  
 Instinct with beauty, yielding purple flowers!  
 But Richard Greswell<sup>6</sup> was my special friend:  
 To get whose living image, see you join  
 To childlike guilelessness a sage's wit,  
 Truth like a woman's, bounty like a king's,  
 And then you'll know the man. . . . Yet incomplete  
 Were any portrait-gallery of that time  
 Which kept no corner for James Bullock's face.<sup>7</sup>  
 Kind-hearted Bullock! whose quick-flashing wit,  
 Harmless as lightning in the summer dark,  
 For ever kept high-table in a roar.

And sure am I that Mirth was never slow  
 To come where *we* were sitting. But how changed,

<sup>4</sup> See above, p. 83, note.

<sup>5</sup> The Rev. George Fuller Thomas,  
 M.A. His connexion with the Col-  
 lege, the charm of his character,

and the date of his death, are thus  
 commemorated on a marble slab  
 which meets the eye of one ascending  
 the Library stairs:—

NOLITE • OBLIVISCI • VIGORNIENSES  
 VIRI • REVERENDI • GEORGII • FULLER • THOMAS • A.M.  
 HVJVS • COLLEGII • OLIM • SCHOLARIS  
 QVI • PRAECIPIENDI • MVNERE • INTRA • HAS • AEDES  
 PER • XXIV • ANNOS • QVAM • FELICISSIME • FVNCTVS  
 DECESSIT • DIE • XXVIII • JVLII • A.S. • MDCCCLXVIII  
 VIR • ERAT • SIMPLEX • SINCERVS • PIVS  
 INGENIO • EXCVLTO • DOCTRINA • EXIMIA • MODESTIA • INSIGNI  
 VIXIT • OMNIBVS • CARVS • LXVIII • ANNOS  
 AVE • ANIMA • DVLCIS

<sup>6</sup> See the next Memoir.

<sup>7</sup> Late Fellow of Worcester.

Good lack! how changed is everything since then!  
 New figures fill our places in the Hall:  
 Unheard-of names are writ above our doors:  
 Men stare to meet me in the garden walk,  
 As if I were a stranger. Am I then  
 Forgot already, like a foot-print left  
 Last night upon the sand? . . . So come and go  
 The generations here, as summer birds  
 Which build and twitter underneath the eaves,  
 And straight are lost for ever. All my friends  
 Are scattered from me: and no broken chain,—  
 No blossom-laden bough in time of wind,—  
 No heaven of stars at blush of early dawn,—  
 Is left more bare of ornament than I.

Did we not hold such converse, when, last June,  
 We paced thy garden-walk between the yews,  
 And roved the mountain-valley near thy home,  
 Dear Hensley?<sup>8</sup> Did we not,—what time the moon  
 Slept on Penarran's side,—count o'er the names  
 Of friends departed; noting with amaze  
 What havoc in our ranks ten years had wrought?  
 We spoke of each: of Skeffington,<sup>9</sup> who seemed  
 Too full of life to die,—Akers,<sup>1</sup> too full  
 Of goodness long to live: of many more

<sup>8</sup> The Rev. Alfred Hensley, Cotgrave, Notts: once Curate of Kerry, Montgomeryshire.

<sup>9</sup> The Hon. Henry Robert Skeffington died at Rome, 17th February, 1846, aged 22 years, and sleeps in the English Cemetery there. He was a young man of exceeding piety and extraordinary literary promise. His younger sister in 1848 published a volume of his poetry,—full of genius and lofty aspiration. She

styled it,—‘*A Testimony.*’

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Aretas Akers (of Malling Abbey, Kent,)—sometime Curate of Fletching in Sussex, and of Smeeton Westerby, (a hamlet of Kibworth) in Leicestershire,—died of consumption, on the 19th August, 1856, aged 31. Into a few years of ministerial earnestness and activity, he seemed to compress the labours of a long life. *Τελειωθεὶς ἐν ὀλίγῳ ἐπλήρωσε χρόνους μακροῦς.*

Grown Husbands, Fathers, Widowers; while of some  
We had no news, and wondered how they fared . . .  
Meanwhile, the Mule went sparkling on its way  
Beside us, babbling, bubbling: and you said,—  
“The Mule comes trickling down from yonder hill:  
Finds the Mahelly: the Mahelly finds  
The Severn; and the Severn finds the sea.  
All find the sea at last! A little while  
Parted asunder,—but a little while,—  
And then all find the sea.” . . . Whereon we took  
Our journey home in silence, and sat down  
To watch the slumbers of thy motherless babe.

No more! The day hath dwindled into dusk.  
An hundred solemn throbs of sound, and one,  
Have changed the dusk of evening into dark.  
And, for that night is fitting time for prayer,  
Be this my prayer for Worcester,—That her sons  
May love her only half as well as I,  
And all prove twice as worthy. . . So, good-night!  
Tapers are gleaming in the casements: rays  
Of glory streak the lawn: there come and go  
Shadows, and laughing voices, and stray notes  
Of ‘Annie Laurie,’ which one resolute soul  
Wrings out in puffs from a refractory horn.  
The servants hurry past me: only Joe,  
(*Who* knows not old Joe Preston?) wondering why  
I stare so hard at what I know so well,  
Pauses; and fraught with viands, bread and beer,  
Quoth he to me,—‘Good-night, sir!’ I to him,  
And to dear Worcester, pass the word,—‘Good-night!’

Oriel, *June*, 1857.

## (VII). RICHARD GRESWELL:

### *THE FAITHFUL STEWARD.*

[A. D. 1800—1881.]

NONE of the older members of Worcester College will have noticed in the papers, a few years since, the record of the death of the Rev. Richard Greswell without experiencing a pang of affectionate regret. Constrained, not so much by reason of his age as of his increasing infirmities, to withdraw from social gatherings in Oxford, he had been for the last few years of his life regarded by men of a younger generation almost as a tradition of the past. But in the account of older men,—men who have carried with them into the provinces the pleasant memories of their College days, (“hived in their bosoms like the bag o’ the bee”),—his name will awaken none but living images of intellectual activity and untiring benevolence; dashed, it may be, with playful recollections of such childlike simplicity of character and utter guilelessness of disposition as are seldom met with now-a-days. Some few too there must needs be, (though their number is growing rapidly less and less), who, at the mention of RICHARD GRESWELL, will secretly kindle with generous emotion towards one of the noblest names which adorns the Church’s annals: the name of a great public benefactor, who moved through life indeed without one token of public appreciation, but whose

reward will most assuredly not be forgotten in that Day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed. I will but add in the way of preface, that at Oxford, where so many marked diversities of character are apparent, *this* friend ever seemed to me, more than any of his fellows, to stand apart,—to stand alone.

Richard, fourth son of the Rev. William Parr Greswell [1766—1854], was born at Denton, in Lancashire, of which his father was perpetual Curate, July 22, 1800. Like his brothers, he received his early education under his Father's roof and at his Father's hands. His Mother was Anne Hague [1766—1841]. William Parr Greswell was a man of great acquirement and of solid learning. A considerable author, too, he was, as the subjoined enumeration of his works proves.<sup>1</sup> But his greatest work by far was authorship of another kind. It may be questioned whether another instance could be found of a Father, who (beginning life as he did with a miserable pittance of 50*l.* a year) could yet boast of having trained and sent up to the University, (after in part educating,) five sons, every one of whom achieved high honours, and obtained a Fellowship—viz., at Balliol, at Corpus, at Oriel, at Brasenose, and at Worcester respectively. The thing has been made in a manner *impossible* under the altered conditions of Oxford.

The subject of the present Memoir,—(I owe the information to his brother Clement, sometime Fellow of Oriel,—the youngest and last surviving of the seven<sup>2</sup>),—“was

<sup>1</sup> I know of the following:—‘*Memoirs of Angelus Politianus*,’ &c., 1801,—‘*Annals of Parisian Typography*,’ 1818,—‘*Monastery of S. Werburgh: a Poem*,’ 1823,—‘*View*

*of the Early Parisian Greek Press*’ (Two vols.), 1833.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Haemer, (eldest son), [1795—1819], at a very early age, succeeded his uncle, Rev. John



not in early life intended for the University. The bent of his mind was mathematical and mechanical. He was born with a genius for this kind of intellectual eminence; and would in all probability have realised a mighty fortune, had his Father carried out his first intention,—which was to place him in the counting-house of one of the millionaire cotton-masters in his vicinity.” He changed his plans about Richard, when his two elder brothers, William and Edward, gained their honours at Oxford, and determined to send Richard there also. For this purpose, the last named had to resume his classical studies, which for some time previously he had laid aside.

It is thought that what determined the choice of Worcester College for Richard Greswell, was that, just at the time when his elder brother, Edward (Fellow of C.C.C.), obtained his double-first class, there happened to be a scholarship election at Worcester on a foundation open to sons of Clergymen. Richard was advised to stand for it,—and thus got on the foundation, June 1st, 1818. His tutor was the Rev. John Miller, author of some famous ‘Bampton Lectures,’—one of those excellent men whose memorial survives in an imperishable page, though his name is half, or quite forgotten by the present generation.

Greswell, as Master of Chetham Hospital school.—(2) William [1796–1876], fellow of Balliol, rector of Kilve.—(3) Edward [1797–1869], fellow of C.C.C.—(4) Richard [1800–1881], fellow of Worcester.—(5) Charles [1802–44], a physician.—(6) Francis Hague [1803–30], fellow of B.N.C.—(7) Clement [1809–1882], fellow of Oriel, rector of Tortworth. There were also two daughters.

Two of these brothers, William and Edward, for the five years im-

mediately preceding their removal to Oxford, were educated at Manchester School, where they were favourite pupils of the Rev. Jeremiah Smith. His son, the Rev. I. Finch Smith, (who edited for the ‘Chetham Society’ the ‘*Register*’ of the School with Notices of the more distinguished scholars,) has given a biographical sketch of William and Edward Greswell, in vol. iii. pp. 77–82. [I find that ‘Chetham’ is now written ‘*Cheetham*.’]

Singularly enough, a letter of his (dated 'Bockleton, near Tenbury, May 17, 1822'), addressed to Richard Greswell's father, comes to light at this instant; and describes the graces and the goodness of the young man who had at that instant achieved the summit of his ambition,—the attainment, namely, of a double-first class. In the same list, by the way, appear the names of Bp. Denison and Dr. Pusey. The author of the '*Christian Year*' was one of Richard's examiners. "His perseverance, modesty, and *dutifulness*,—uniformly exemplary throughout his course,"—had so impressed John Miller in his favour, that he could not withhold a glowing tribute in the young man's praise.

Richard Greswell was at once (viz. in 1822) appointed 'assistant Tutor' of his College, and in the ensuing year, full Tutor,—an office which he retained for thirty years. In June, 1824, he was elected Fellow of the Society, and was made 'Dean' in 1825.<sup>3</sup>

His great and varied learning made his lectures truly valuable to those who sincerely desired to profit by them; while his childlike simplicity of character was what chiefly struck the idler sort. No one has borne more striking testimony to his profound erudition, and real skill as a teacher, than an unknown correspondent of the '*Guardian*' newspaper,<sup>4</sup> who writes as follows:—

"When I entered Oxford, I did not know one proposition of Euclid from another. Mr. Greswell had the irksome duty of preparing candidates for '*Little-go*.' His intimate knowledge of the Greek text of Euclid, his

<sup>3</sup> Also in 1832-3. The years of his Bursarship (1826, 1833-4) he made memorable to the College. He became B.A. in 1822,—M.A. in

1825,—B.D. in 1836.

<sup>4</sup> *Guardian*, Aug. 24th, 1881. The communication is signed X. Y. May I know the writer's name?

power of illustrating any given proposition, were such as to enchant any one fond of real Science. No man known to me could have given a better critical edition of Euclid. The work has not yet been done.

“Similarly, in Theology. I remember on one occasion, after a lecture in the Ethics, to have asked him for guidance as to the bearing of the doctrine of original Sin on the principles set forth by Aristotle. He gave me in few words a sketch. The basis was broader than that of Pearson,—the summit, I think, was higher; and I well remember that, when I went up for Orders, Bishop Denison recognised the work of my teacher. At any rate he thought proper to make inquiry.—I wish Mr. Greswell had published notes on the ‘*Ethics*’ and ‘*Rhetoric*.’ His thoughts were of singular value.

“So, years after, I was somewhat disturbed as to the teaching of the School of Alexandria. I am not speaking of it as depicted in fashionable novels and by Gibbon. I had obtained most of the works which had been accepted as worthy of prizes by the French authorities. But I needed further light, and Mr. Greswell pointed out to my notice the work of Görres, on ‘*Mystik*.’ I feel sure that he could have added something which seems wanting in Cardinal Newman’s ‘*Grammar of Assent*.’ Mr. Greswell’s mathematical power always seemed to me to lead him to argue, in technical language, ‘up to the limit.’ I felt compelled to bow before him. I may be wrong, but I very much doubt whether the present system of setting algebraical puzzles will bring out all the definite, sharp, clear results of the older School,—I mean in the training of younger minds.

“Again. In Moral guidance I had, when in trouble, to apply to Mr. Greswell. Years ago, I had applied for a post for which I fancied myself fit. I had naturally asked for testimonials. I received favourable replies: from one authority, most certainly, a most friendly letter. I failed, and when my testimonials were returned I found a letter marked ‘*private*,’ which astounded me. My friends advised action in a court of law, but I placed

the matter in the hands of Mr. Greswell. How any man could have written the letter to me, and also the letter marked 'private,' was incomprehensible. Mr. Greswell begged me to give up the letter, and I did so. He was right.

"It will always be a matter of bitter regret to me that I could not seek and obtain the privilege of standing bareheaded at the grave of one to whom I owe so very much."

Such then was Richard Greswell as a Tutor of Worcester College.

His first achievement on becoming Bursar of the society (viz. in 1826, and again in 1833-4.) was to set about transforming what, until then, had been a dreary swamp into a College garden. This he did at his own expense, devoting the emoluments of his Bursarship to that object. Worcester College Gardens,—one of the pleasantest haunts in Oxford,—are, in fact, the creation of the subject of this memoir,—an abiding monument of his liberality, taste, and inventive genius.

In 1836, (April 5th, at S. Mary Magdalen Church, Oxford,) he was united to Joana Julia, youngest daughter of the Rev. James Armitriding [1750-1832], rector of Steeple-Aston, Oxfordshire, for two-and-forty years. This lady brought him a good fortune. It sufficed in fact for all the requirements of modest housekeeping: so that he was enabled, with characteristic liberality, to bestow on charitable objects the proceeds of his Tutorship. The secret of his ability to be bountiful,—(and Richard Greswell was even munificent),—was, that both he and his admirable wife lived most unostentatiously. The personal expenses of either were inconsiderable. They were one in spirit and disposition, and *that* to

a rare degree. Mrs. Greswell died in 1875: having shown herself a truly loving, helpful Wife,—a most devoted and judicious Mother.

The dates above written,—1834 and 1836,—remind me to mention that Richard was a hearty adherent of what used to be called the ‘Tractarian’ party; though, like the man with whom he was most intimate, most completely at one in Oxford, (the Rev. William Palmer, author of the ‘*Origines Liturgicæ*’), he would have nothing to do with the movement when it ceased to be Anglican. Of large sympathies and true Catholic instincts, he reckoned among his personal friends many whose views were totally opposed to those cherished by himself, alike in Religion and Politics. Only with the unbelieving School would he never make any terms whatever. He abhorred the dishonesty which seeks to destroy what it has solemnly pledged itself to maintain and uphold.

Greswell’s grandest achievement was the setting on foot, and bringing to a triumphant issue, the large voluntary subscription on behalf of National Christian Education, which was enterprised upwards of forty years ago. In the middle of June 1843, it had become evident that Sir James Graham would be under the necessity of withdrawing his scheme of Education, which was only just tolerated by the Church, and had been loudly repudiated by the unanimous voice of the Dissenters. The matter was urgent in the highest degree: the want was of the most serious kind; and the moment was critical. *Then* it was that Richard Greswell came nobly to the front,—inaugurating the movement by himself giving 1,000*l.*, and by his letters obtaining a similar sum from Sir Robert Peel, her Majesty the Queen, Mrs.

Lawrence of Studley Park, the Dukes of Northumberland and Portland, and Mr. A. Beresford Hope. For Greswell addressed all that was noblest and wealthiest in the land, and where it was practicable, wrote long argumentative letters, which were attended by the happiest results. His own (publicly avowed) subscription of 250*l.* became a precedent which all the Bishops followed,—the two Archbishops and the Bishop of London giving 500*l.* each. In the end, the National Society entered the field with a capital of 250,000*l.* Thus, by the spontaneous and independent exertions of individual Churchmen, and through the agency of the ‘National Society,’ was achieved what a Whig Government first, and a Tory Government afterwards, had not been able to accomplish; viz. the laying of the foundations of the great work of National Education. By this effort the Nonconformist bodies were shamed into a similar movement, and eventually raised a very large sum. “The entire movement was due to the zeal and to the munificence of one man,—our friend Richard Greswell. But ‘*tulit alter honores.*’ When it was found to be a success, the Heads of Houses took up the undertaking, and, of course, reaped all the credit.”<sup>5</sup>

I had written thus far *meo Marte*, when,—yielding to a happy impulse,—I determined to entreat my ancient friend, the Rev. William Palmer of Worcester College, to send me his own impressions on the foregoing subject. Well aware of the intimacy and deep-rooted affection which had ever subsisted between himself and the subject of the present memoir, I added that I should be glad of a few words concerning R. G.’s character,—if he was disposed to furnish me with such help. The re-

<sup>5</sup> From Dr. Greenhill.



sponse which my importunity elicited shall be laid before the reader in full. It is prefaced by a reflexion on "the utter hollowness of human fame. We know not the benefactors of our race. Their good actions are buried in oblivion,—never to be known until they are proclaimed at the last Day." William Palmer,—(writing from 'Malvern, Aug. 15th, 1881,')—proceeds:—

"It is not upon the private side of Mr. Greswell's character that I propose to linger;—*that* aspect of his life which was known only in private circles. I shall dwell exclusively upon circumstances which have always appeared to me so completely to overshadow all the rest of his personal history, as to constitute its main, and most remarkable feature,—in comparison of which every thing else is of no importance. I allude to the services he rendered to the Church of England.

"Those services are so entirely unknown, that probably few will comprehend my meaning. They were private services. They relate to a state of things which has in many respects passed away; but they constitute a chapter in the secret history of the Church which will not be without its interest as showing the hidden springs which sometimes underlie great movements. The circumstances referred to took place about 46 years since.<sup>6</sup> Unable to verify dates by reference to authorities, I trust that any slight inadvertencies will be excused.

"Attention has lately been directed to the encouraging fact, that, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts made in recent years to supersede Christian Education by means of Secular Schools, the Church has been able to sustain her educational system; and that a majority of the rising generation still prefers her instruction to that of Sectarians, or of Secularists. That the Church of England has been enabled to bring about this great result, and thus to occupy a position which, even in these days of unsettled principles, secures for her some

<sup>6</sup> This was written in 1881. See below, page 103, note (7).

consideration from 'the powers that be,'—is, I venture to say, essentially due to the exertions of Mr. Greswell.

"The time referred to was in the reign of King William IV, some few years after the passing of the Act for '*Catholic Emancipation*,'—and its sequel, the '*Reform Bill*.' It is needless to dwell on these crises in the affairs of Church and State; the consequences whereof, predicted in vain by their opponents, have not yet run their course. The State had broken its alliance with the Church, and placed itself under the control of the Papacy, and of influences animated by a deadly hostility to the Church. The sister Church in Ireland had been plundered, and its bishoprics swept away. The Bishops of England had received from the Minister of the day the ominous notice 'to set their houses in order.' Attacks, aiming at the destruction of the Church of England, were in every session of Parliament unceasing.

"One great object of the revolutionary party had long been to destroy the Schools of the Church of England, and establish some National system of Education dissociated from Christianity. Even the '*British School Society*,' instituted by Liberalism, because it retained the Bible in its Schools, was too Christian for these reformers, now known as Secularists. Their agitation at length bore fruit, and the Government passed a measure,—the origin of the present Department of Government,—by which provision was made by the State for the erection of Schools, and for their maintenance, subject to certain conditions, such as the substantial character of buildings, their dimensions, &c.; and the admission of 'Government Inspectors.'

"The Church of England had long perceived the objects of the Secularists; and the efforts in past years of the Clergy and Laity, and especially of the '*National Society for the Education of the Children of the Poor in the principles of the National Church*,' had been very great; but those efforts confessedly fell short of the educational wants of the country, which demanded funds which

mere voluntary subscriptions could not sufficiently provide.

“In fact, to meet fully the exigencies of the case, and educate the people of England at the expense of the State (as the Secularists wanted to do) would have demanded sums so vast, that no Government could dare to encounter the financial responsibility. When the Education Act was passed, the Government was compelled to rely to a great degree upon the Voluntary principle, and did not venture to do more than subsidize Schools erected and maintained by private exertions; and so it happened that the State aid was offered indiscriminately to Schools of all, or of no denominations, in proportion to the sums voluntarily subscribed for their erection, or support. *The principle of preference for an Established Church was thus abandoned*: all sects were placed on an equality [with the Church]. Secularism and Dissent thus obtained a recognition of their principle; but they did not for some time understand what was involved in this impartial distribution of the State funds; and they probably never would have done so,—had not Mr. Greswell been then living.

“It was (I think) in 1834 that this Legislation took place, or early in 1835; and what follows may be placed I presume in 1835-6. I cannot at this distance of time, and having no means of correction at hand, speak positively as to dates,<sup>7</sup> but the circumstances of the time I shall not easily forget.

“Upon the passing of the Government Bill for Education

<sup>7</sup> Out of affection and respect for the writer, I leave his letter as I find it. And indeed the *political events* to which he refers may well belong to the years 1834-6: but it is proved (by a printed letter of Richard Greswell's which lies before me) that certain details given above, at pp. 99-100, (and which I derived entirely from that letter,) are correct. The large sums first mentioned were

subscribed in 1843,—during the reign therefore of her Majesty Queen Victoria.

The misgiving as to *the date* of the incident, twice expressed by the writer, (above at p. 101 and here,) is very noticeable. His graphic picture of Greswell's share in the business remains wholly unaffected by the difference between “46” (and 38) “years since.”

at the instance of the advocates of change, the friends of the Church were in great doubts as to what might be its effect upon Church Education. They could not calculate what influences might be brought into the field against it, or what funds might be at their disposal. The subject was so wide, that it needed the deepest thought and the most comprehensive views to determine what was to be done under the circumstances. The Church generally was uneasy and depressed at the prospect of a formidable competition; and regretted to see in the Government measure a further severing of the alliance which had so long subsisted between Church and State. No one proposed any mode of remedying the apprehended evils, or of averting them.

“It was at this important crisis that a single individual, unknown to the world,—without fortune, influence, connexions,—suddenly came to the front, and became the saviour of the cause of Church Education in England. RICHARD GRESWELL was then 35 years of age,—in the full vigour of his powers mental and bodily;—with a will, an energy, a perseverance, combined with a vigour of intellect, a soundness and solidity of judgment, and a warmth of zeal, such as I have never known elsewhere, combined with a humility, modesty, and utter unselfishness, such as his. He was at this time nothing more than a Fellow and Tutor in Worcester College, Oxford;—one of the few mathematicians and scientific men in the University;—and whose distinction in the Schools was well remembered. He was the son of a venerable and excellent Clergyman, and most accomplished scholar, who had managed, upon a miserable benefice, to educate five sons so admirably that each as he entered the University became foremost in the Schools, and was elected Fellow of his College. Of these sons, Edward, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, will occupy a high place amongst the great scholars and writers of his University. Richard Greswell was, at the period referred to, almost unknown out of Oxford.

“At that time he called upon me, (with whom he had laboured before in the cause of the Church,) in order

to confer upon a subject with which his whole soul was full, to the exclusion of all others,—*the recent Act for National Education*. He spoke with his usual energy upon the deep importance of the crisis, and of the imperative necessity of being prepared to meet it. The question was,—Whether the whole rising population should be trained in principles adverse to the Church of England and even to Christianity itself: ‘but’ (he said) ‘the Act providentially comprised a provision, the importance of which no one had perceived, but in which he was convinced lay the security and preservation of the Church Educational System, and the overthrow of the attempts which were being made to ruin it.’ He then explained the provision by which State grants were proportioned to private exertions, without distinction between denominations. ‘Consequently’ (he said) ‘the Church of England cannot be prevented from receiving her full share of the State subsidies; and it depends upon herself,—upon the exertions of her members,—whether she shall or shall not retain the Education of the rising generation: and if the Church should be apathetic and indifferent at this crisis, every thing would be lost.’ But he expressed with the utmost confidence his assurance that such would *not* be the issue. Still, it was of the last importance that not a moment should be lost. There ought to be no hesitation on the part of the Church in availing herself fully of the opportunity which thus was opened for her. Nothing could be more suicidal than to reject the subsidies offered by the State on the ground that they were not given in the way which Churchmen would consider to be consistent with right principle.

“In a day or two he was with me again, to communicate the thoughts which then filled his every moment. He came to say that seeing no movement anywhere in the direction needed, but an indisposition even to accept the Government grants; and generally a total absence of definite views about the course to be taken, he had resolved to try whether a single individual like himself could not do something towards initiating the exertions



which had become imperatively necessary. He then detailed his plan, which was of so bold a character, that it caused astonishment to the hearer. He spoke with confidence about obtaining the support of the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel: of the Archbishop of Canterbury: of other great personages; and of inducing them to subscribe great sums of money to the cause of Church Education; and thus to set on foot a National Subscription,—on so mighty a scale, that the Church would be enabled by its means to obtain a great proportion of the Government subsidies, and thus to retain to the full her influence over the rising generation. Perhaps almost any one who had heard the plans detailed with a vehemence which is indescribable, would have concluded that the whole scheme was chimerical and absurd. Here was a young man, quite unknown to the world, without rank, fame, or connexions, proposing to himself to make the heads of the Church and State come forward with great sums for the promotion of a plan suggested by a private graduate of Oxford! I must say that I felt far from sanguine as to his success.

“In another day or two he brought me his letter to Sir Robert Peel, to whom he was personally wholly unknown. It was very long, and was written with the utmost ability and the soundest judgment. The Minister was appealed to upon principles and considerations carefully adapted to his known views and purposes. The views of the writer were exhibited in perfect harmony with those of the Government. The object was stated to be that of completely and effectually carrying out the intentions of the Legislature, and at the same time of strengthening the Established Church, of which the Minister was known to be a supporter on principle. In fine, a strong appeal was made to him personally, as an attached member of the Church of England, to place himself at the head of the Movement, and to set on foot an adequate subscription by himself contributing not less than 1000*l.*, as an example to others. The writer mentioned that he had himself subscribed a similar sum.

“A few days passed during which we awaited with



great anxiety the reply of the Minister to this bold application. It came very speedily, and Mr. Greswell appeared with the letter in his hand, and with a countenance beaming with delight. The answer was everything that could have been wished. It expressed entire approbation of the object, to which the Minister subscribed the sum of 1000*l.*, as had been requested; and the entire proposal and plan received his patronage and support.

“Mr. Greswell had applied in the first instance to Sir Robert Peel, in the expectation that his patronage would be the means of inducing many others to follow his example. He instantly set to work. His next application was to the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Howley); and he placed the subject in such a light in his letter, (which also announced Sir Robert Peel’s and his own subscriptions of 1000*l.*,) that the Archbishop consented to patronize the undertaking, and to give a similar sum.

“Thereupon, the indefatigable promoter of the plan wrote again to Sir Robert Peel stating the concurrence of the Primate, and entreating him to bring the whole case before the King, (William IV,) and obtain his Majesty’s patronage to the undertaking. Mr. Greswell’s application was again successful. The King<sup>8</sup> became patron of the undertaking, with a subscription of 1000*l.* The fund was now £4000, from four subscribers. Greswell instantly proceeded in his work. He was anxious that the scheme should obtain, at the commencement, the support of the Liberal as well as of the Conservative party; and having some slight and remote pretext for appealing to the Marquess of Westminster, then one of the leading nobles of the Liberal party, he wrote an admirable letter to the Marquess, which I read. It was eminently calculated to produce the desired effect. This letter also was completely successful. On learning the support which the scheme had received, the Marquess gave a similar subscription of 1000*l.*

“The matter had by this time assumed such a form that

<sup>8</sup> See above,—p. 103, note (7).

success was assured. The indefatigable zeal of Greswell found fresh motives for exertion every day. I soon lost sight of the details of the great undertaking in which he was engaged; but from time to time he showed me lists of new subscriptions of the most munificent amount from all classes and parties. By his exertions in private correspondence the fund rapidly rose to 10,000*l.*, 20,000*l.*, 30,000*l.*, 40,000*l.*, and upwards, before any advertisements appeared.

“When this large sum had been raised, he considered it necessary that a powerful Committee should head the appeal to the Nation. It was formed. It consisted of a great array of nobles, politicians of various parties, dignitaries of the Church, and eminent men. Greswell himself appeared merely as a subscriber: no allusion was made to his exertions; and the world knew nothing more about him. The subscription was thenceforward increased by public advertisement. It was completely successful. It rolled on from 50,000*l.* to 100,000*l.*; then to 150,000*l.* At last it reached a quarter of a million. How much more, I know not.

“The effect of the Movement thus initiated by one humble member of the Church of England was momentous. The great funds thus collected were applied in aid of the Educational exertions of the Church. I believe they were distributed through the medium of the ‘*National Society for the Education of the poor in the principles of the Established Church*,’ — which suddenly found itself in the possession of great funds, or aided by them. Thus, Church Education received a prodigious stimulus. The Church of England was at once enabled to come forward with great sums in addition to all previous subscriptions and local aids, which fully corresponded with her needs, and made her an applicant on a vast scale for the educational subsidies of the State. In the course of a very few years, between the great central fund which had been raised, the local exertions stimulated by grants from it, and the government aid, *a million, or a million and-a-half, of money was expended*

on Church Schools, and an enormous increase in the Church Educational System took place. Mr. Greswell beheld with gratitude the immense results of his well-directed exertions,—carried out and perfected by thousands and tens of thousands who had never heard his name. Satisfied with the result, he never again alluded to the impulse he had given to the Church's cause; and when reminded of it in after years by the friend who had witnessed his exertions, he showed himself disinclined to speak on the subject.

“There was one result which had not been anticipated. The Church, by this great effort, was enabled to distance all competition. The opponents of Religion, and the leaders of political Dissent, were alike taken by surprise. They endeavoured, but in vain, to raise funds of corresponding magnitude. Their efforts bore no proportion to those of the Church of England. In the course of a few years, when the result came to be perceived, they became loud in their complaints that the Church had obtained nine-tenths of the Government Education grants,—that the Education Act had merely gone to increase the influence of the Established Church. Their complaints showed,—either that the Church was far more liberally inclined than its opponents;—or else that its members must be vastly more numerous. Either way, the facts of the case were unfavourable to the opponents of the Church of England. Nevertheless, by dint of agitation and complaint, the Secularists and Voluntaries at length succeeded in forcing upon the Government what was intended to be fatal to Church of England Education, but which resulted in the ‘*School Board*’ system, which still left the Schools of the Church in receipt of Government subsidies. Even this measure, which gave ‘School Boards’ the power of taxing the people, with the object of excluding Religion from Schools, has not as yet been able to subvert the great work achieved by Richard Greswell. The Church still educates above half of the rising generation; nor have her efforts been lessened amidst all the discouragements and difficulties experienced from

the action of the Temporal Government on many occasions."

So far, my friend the Rev. William Palmer.<sup>9</sup> I shall not be blamed for having exhibited his interesting narrative without either abridgment or mutilation. The foregoing statement of unknown or forgotten facts will be recognised as an important Ecclesiastical document when the time shall come for writing the recent History of the Church of England.

Next to refounding the '*National Society*' ('*for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church*,')—

"Probably the two most important public matters in which Mr. Greswell took part, were the establishment of the '*New Museum*' at Oxford, (of which he was almost the founder, though it afterwards passed into other hands); and the *first* election of Mr. Gladstone to represent the University.

"In 1847," (proceeds my correspondent,<sup>1</sup>) "you were still a B.A.; but you must remember how unpromising Mr. Gladstone's Committee appeared at first sight, consisting almost entirely of junior M.A.'s, without a single dignitary to give us either moral or ornamental support. I think Richard Greswell was the only B.D. among us, (for James Mozley at that time was but M.A., I believe), and I was the only Doctor. However, by zeal and hard work the election was won; and then, at the last moment,

<sup>9</sup> This truly great Divine,—whose precious writings have so largely benefited our Church, and left an indelible impress on her history,—was born on the 14th February, 1803, and entered into rest on the 7th Sept. 1885,—aged 82 years and 7 months. He sleeps in the Churchyard of Sandford near Oxford, be-

side one whose dying request it was that she should be described on the memorial stone which marks her resting-place, as—"*Mother to the Rev. William Palmer.*"

<sup>1</sup> W. A. Greenhill, M.D., (formerly of Oxford,) writing from Hastings, Aug. 9, 1881. I am indebted to this friend for many valuable notices.

another person (the Rector of Exeter College) formally proposed Mr. Gladstone in the theatre. I was sorry that our friend had not the honour of doing this, as he had been the active Chairman throughout, and it was at his house in Beaumont Street<sup>2</sup> that the meetings of the Committee had been held. When Mr. Gladstone came to Oxford after the election, he was not received at his own College, but stayed with Richard Greswell,—who invited his triumphant working Committee to meet him at dinner. Of that dinner-party I think I must be almost the only survivor.”

Yes, every Oxford resident of sufficient standing must preserve a lively recollection of Greswell’s enthusiasm on behalf of Mr. Gladstone,—whom, by the way, with the politeness of a past generation, he never mentioned without prefixing ‘Mr.’ to his name. The cause amounted in Greswell to a passion. He retained the Chairmanship of his Oxford Committee until the member for Oxford University forsook his principles and reversed his policy. And though, in the final contest of 1865, Greswell resigned his prominent post, he never withdrew from his friend his support; nor his confidence, until he saw him leagued with the enemies of the Church,—an entirely altered man. What would Richard Greswell have said had he lived to see the same statesman in close alliance with the enemies of Law and social Order? leagued with a faction whose avowed object is the disintegration of the British Empire? . . . But we must now turn our eyes in a different direction.

“The parish of Denton-cum-Haughton” (writes Clement Greswell), “*nostrae incunabula gentis*, was, when my Father entered on the incumbency, one of the rudest and most uncivilised in that part of England. It was bestowed upon him by the patron, the then Lord Grey

<sup>2</sup> No. 21,—now numbered ‘24.’

de Wilton, in whose household my Father had held the office of Tutor to his only Son. This pupil of his, a most promising boy, died at a very early age. In my Father's time the living was only a perpetual Curacy. When he commenced his ministry it was worth, I believe, only 50*l.* per annum."

The Rev. William Parr Greswell found Denton Chapel most inconveniently pervious to the elements,—the wind having freely displaced the slates from the roof. The consequence was, that throughout the winter vast accumulations of snow in "the cceckloft" used to bring the ceiling down upon the heads of the wondering congregation in time of thaw. Corn might have been winnowed within the sacred edifice,—so freely did the winds of heaven find ingress. The incumbent, with a zeal worthy of better days, removed the horizontal ceiling, (rightly judging that it could not have formed part of the original design), and set about encasing the old walls,—externally with cement; internally, with lath-and-plaster. The vibration caused by these primitive attempts at Church restoration, caused the disengagement of sundry coats of white-wash; whereby, to the astonishment of the natives, was revealed the entire history of Lazarus and *Dives* on the walls.<sup>3</sup> . . . The reader is reminded that he is listening to a retrospect of at least 90 years, for these events belong to the last decade of the former century. William Parr Greswell, the first resident incumbent at Denton, educated the sons of most of the neighbouring gentry: possessed a remarkable library; and was only gathered to his fathers at the age of 89, in 1854.

In 1849, the united Townships of Denton and Haughton, which from time immemorial had been an important

<sup>3</sup> '*Historical Records of Denton and Haughton*,'—by Samuel Hadfield, [1855], (12mo. pp. 16).



centre of the felt and beaver-hat manufacture,—were reduced to a state of ruin by the invention of the silk hat. This revolution in taste (for silk hats were generally adopted) was the cause that upwards of a thousand families were suddenly deprived of their means of subsistence.<sup>4</sup> With a population of 8000, there was but Church accommodation for 300 persons,—no part of which was free and unappropriated. To secure for this forlorn district an additional Church, Schools, and a second resident Clergyman, Richard Greswell made strenuous exertions; nor did he rest until he had achieved his holy purpose.

“The parishes” (wrote his brother Clement in 1881) “now constitute two separate and independent rectories, S. Lawrence and Christ Church respectively: the first, worth upwards of 300*l.*; the other, 250*l.* My father was able, through the influence of friends, to get an increase of the living from Queen Anne’s Bounty, but the great benefactor to the parish was my brother Richard himself. It was by his exertions chiefly that the new Church, styled Christ Church, was built and provided with a parsonage, Schools, and an endowment such as I have mentioned. The original Church, (or rather Chapel, as it was styled,) of S. Lawrence, is a great curiosity, being a remarkable specimen of the black-and-white striped style of building not uncommon in the counties of Chester and Lancaster.<sup>5</sup> Under Richard’s auspices this too was restored and considerably enlarged to meet the requirements of an increased population, without

<sup>4</sup> “The felt-hat trade reached its greatest prosperity about the year 1840, when not less than 24000 were manufactured weekly in Denton and Haughton.”—A minute and curious account of the hat manufacture is given at pp. 10–13 of Booker’s work cited in the next ensuing note (5).

<sup>5</sup> See the frontispiece to the Rev. John Booker’s *History of the ancient Chapel of Denton in Manchester Parish*,—printed for the Cheetham Society, 1855, (pp. 146). The account of the Chapel is at pp. 41–62:—of W. Parr Greswell, at p. 109:—of Richard Greswell, at p. 124.

affecting or destroying the peculiar style of its architecture. He built also a Rectory for the incumbent of this portion of the original parish,—endeared to himself by his Father's incumbency of S. Lawrence since 1791. I cannot specify how much of the money required for these expensive improvements he drew from his own private means, but the sum was certainly very considerable. Indeed, I think I may say that he devoted *all* the income of his Fellowship and College offices to these and similar pious and charitable undertakings."

From a printed correspondence which lies before me, it appears that the date of the many good works above referred to, was 1849-50.

Enough has been said to show that it was quite a mistake when a local paper, (in an otherwise correct notice of Richard Greswell), described his Father as a man "possessed of large private means." From that learned Father,—the incumbent of a very poor perpetual curacy, with a family of seven sons and two daughters,—it is needless to remark that Richard inherited absolutely nothing; except, indeed, an unblemished name (surely, a priceless inheritance!) and the purest traditions of a virtuous northern home. But in truth he was throughout life singularly unselfish in money matters. Whatever came to him by inheritance or bequest from his own,—as distinct from his wife's relations,—he invariably handed over to such of his brothers as had larger families than himself; a very 'Proculius,' in the character of his generosity. It is right to state that his brother Edward shared his spirit and disposition in this respect.

The erection of Denton church, of which Sir Gilbert Scott was the architect, was quite an event in that district of Lancashire,—being the first really ecclesiastical-looking edifice which had been seen in that part of

England. Richard Greswell was its true founder. But, administering largely, as has been described, to the spiritual wants of the place of his birth; was only one of the many outlets for his benevolence.

Mr. Greswell was one of the founders of the '*Ashmolean Club*' and '*Ashmolean Society*.' The subject is merely of local interest; yet, as illustrating Oxford life in the earlier part of the present century, the following record (contributed by a learned friend) seems to be worth preserving:—

"I think it was in 1824, that, a discussion having arisen among the few men in Oxford who at that time cared for Natural History,—as to whether *Sand-Martins* burrow in the winter and hybernate, or whether they migrate,—a small party was organized one winter's day to walk to Cumnor, in order to explore a sand-pit, (now I believe covered,) which used to be a notorious haunt of Sand-Martins. It lay between Cumnor village and the firs on the top of the down, called 'Cumnor Hurst.' In this party was Dr. Kidd, Dr. Daubeny, and (I think) Clutterbuck—late of Long Wittenham, then an undergraduate.<sup>6</sup> The Naturalists dug: found no Sand-Martins in the warren; and returned, convinced of the truth of the migration theory. Being late for Hall,—(dinner in those days was at 4 p.m.),—they repaired to a coffee-house looking down Broad Street, at the corner of Holywell,—the interesting structure, designed by Vanburgh, which has been recently demolished to make way for the '*Indian Institute*.' The evening passed so pleasantly that it was determined to repeat the supper once a Term, and to connect it somehow with Natural Science. Supper was soon exchanged for dinner at one another's rooms, once—and ultimately three times—a Term. The 'scientific' men in Oxford could at that period be counted on your fingers. Their studies lay apart from the curriculum of the University. They were regarded somewhat as

<sup>6</sup> The name of this friend will recur in the Memoir of Bp. Jacobson.

*dilettanti*, and kept their 'Science' to themselves. Richard Greswell (though not one of the original sand-martin hunters) was early asked to join; and he remained a member of the Club to his life's end. (Only one other such Club then existed in Oxford,—a very small one,—of College Tutors, who dined together once a month, to confer about educational work). Owing to the fact that the scientific Professors were few, some members of the Club were elected on account of their great eminence and sympathy with scientific inquiries, without being specially employed on these subjects. Greswell was in fact one of these outsiders (as it were); but it need hardly be remarked that such men imparted to the Club (as they did to Oxford generally) that largeness of culture and breadth of sympathy with various branches of knowledge which characterised the graduates of that time who read for double honours. This is necessarily disappearing as knowledge becomes specialized, and originality of mind is exercised in tracking old principles into new applications, instead of employing itself in ascending to large generalities. Greswell's sympathy was wide and his reading great. But he showed no tolerance towards such new theories as those of Darwin; which trespass either on the sphere of Revelation, or on the principles of Natural Religion and spiritual existence.

"The foregoing remarks only touch a few superficial points of Greswell's character. They have no reference to that which gained him general respect even from opponents,—his entire conscientiousness; his unfailing generosity; his grand spirit of self-sacrifice; *that* courteous kindness which never forsook him to the last.' <sup>7</sup>

In conferring great public benefits he was observed through his life to find his own especial gratification. He made at his private expense the handsome walk and avenue of trees which now encircles 'Port Meadow.' But

<sup>7</sup> From Canon Farrar, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Durham.

he did more than plant, and beautify, and girdle round with walks. In the first instance, he *drained* 'Port Meadow,'—which henceforth, instead of being wet and swampy for nine months in the year, and dry for three, became perfectly firm and dry for nine months (from the end of March, namely, until the end of December), and probably wet (because liable to be flooded) for the other three months of the year. Thus, by an outlay of 550*l.*, he materially increased the salubrity of that part of Oxford, as well as added largely to the value of those 400 reclaimed acres. These improvements were effected in 1865. It should be added,—though I am sorry to write down so heavy an indictment,—that his work was regarded with apathy or indifference by those whom it was chiefly designed to benefit.

While on this subject, let room be found for the record of Greswell's burning interest in promoting the '*Central African Mission*,' and the schemes for putting down the slave trade on the Eastern coast of Africa. "He was *always*" (writes a common friend<sup>8</sup>) "occupied in some important undertaking for the public good." His private charities also were really countless, and (like all who have studied in the same Divine school with himself,) he rejoiced supremely in doing such acts *in secret*. One of those lesser acts of munificence has only lately, quite by accident, come to my knowledge; which I will here set down.

A graduate of Worcester College,—(a young man of small means, who had been toiling on behalf of the most sacred of home ties,)—was at last tempted to exchange his work in Oxford for a position elsewhere,—which however involved considerable pecuniary risk.

<sup>8</sup> The Rev. Rowland Muckleston. See above, pp. 83, 90, &c.

The circumstances of the case were neither unknown to Greswell, nor unappreciated by him,—as the following note which reached the young man's hands in the very nick of time, sufficiently proves :

“Dear Mr. ———, Will you accept from me the accompanying cheque for 100*l.* to aid you in your proposed undertaking? Your sincere friend,

“RICHARD GRESWELL.”

It remains to sketch in outline the very beautiful character of the man, concerning whom so many details have been narrated. And were a hundred persons invited to do this, it is thought that not one would omit to specify his childlike simplicity and *guilelessness* of character. It was, in fact, the first, if not the last thing which struck those who had frequent intercourse with him. The friend quoted at foot of p. 117, who had also been Greswell's pupil, writes,—“His chief characteristics were great and varied learning, boundless benevolence, and a childlike simplicity. His great erudition,—if the truth must be told,—was sometimes even an impediment to the efficiency of his lectures.” . . . All will remember his shy, nervous manner. In my undergraduate days [1843–5], he good-naturedly lodged me, by assigning to me the two rooms in the rear of his own lecture-room,—viz. the three windows in the centre of the new buildings, first floor. One night, he entered my quarters with the benevolent intention of instructing me how I might obtain the deputy-librarianship of the College; but I never saw his face. Looking intently at the books on my shelves, (which he kept *stabbing* with his forefinger),—speaking in a tremulous voice, and resolutely turning his back upon me,—he did me what really was a considerable favour with as much hesitation and



apparent distress as if he had come to me as a suppliant and was going away disappointed. "I want you to come and meet *Oldfield*<sup>9</sup> at breakfast to-morrow *morning*,"—(so ran the monologue, the words in italics being considerably emphasized,)—"and you must talk to him about *books*, and about *Authors*, as you did about Lord Bacon and the Elizabethan poets when you dined with us *yesterday*," &c. &c. &c. . . . He was the sincerest of characters. "For myself,"—(writes the eminent Divine already largely quoted, between whom and Richard Greswell subsisted the closest intimacy),<sup>1</sup>—

"I lose in him the most steadfast of friends; the most patient, the most true, the most just: a man who has entered into all my thoughts and actions for fifty-four years!—more than any other man, who was bound to me by the affection which began with my admirable Mother, and was transferred to unworthy me."<sup>2</sup>

Similar expressions of ardent personal love and admiration are found in every one of the many letters which his death has elicited, and caused to be sent me. But every one bears emphatic tribute also to his great erudition, his intellectual power, his vast attainments. He was exceedingly modest, notwithstanding, and diffident of himself to a fault. His simple, child-like piety (resembling that of Dr. Cotton, Provost of Worcester,) impressed us as undergraduates deeply. It was more persuasive than any homily,—more useful than a thousand precepts. Both men were *always* to be seen in their places in the College Chapel; and on Sundays their familiar forms were *never* missing at S. Mary's.

Richard Greswell was not an author, like his brothers

<sup>9</sup> Edmund Oldfield, esq., Fellow and Librarian of Worcester College.

<sup>1</sup> Rev. William Palmer. See pp. 101–10, *supra*.

<sup>2</sup> See above,—p. 110, note (9).

William and Edward.<sup>3</sup> With the exception of a paper ‘*On Education in the Principles of Art*,’ read before the Ashmolean Society, December 4th, 1843 (pp. 32), and a ‘*Memorial on the (proposed) Oxford University Lecture-rooms, Library, Museums*,’ &c. (May, 1853, pp. 20), he is not known to have published anything; though he may well have been an occasional contributor to Church Reviews. There also lies before me a very interesting Speech of his (partly delivered) at a public meeting in Manchester, (May 23rd, 1860), in behalf of the Universities’ Mission to Central Africa (pp. 16). Richard Greswell’s ‘*Works*’ however will assuredly outlast the productions of many a more prolific brain. . . . Neither did he, at any time of his life, hold a cure of souls. I never heard him preach. I cannot even *imagine* him in the pulpit, so painfully nervous would he have been. But where is the preacher who has more faithfully published the Gospel, or more effectually illustrated its Beatitudes in his daily life?

He removed in 1854 from Beaumont street to S. Giles’s (No. 39),—and there passed the remainder of his life. It was in that house that he died. His declining years were watched over,—*nursed* rather,—with affectionate assiduity by his two daughters, whose education he had himself superintended, and of whose attainments and graces he was not without reason proud. The elder is in

<sup>3</sup> William wrote (1836) a ‘*Commentary on the Burial Service*,’ in two vols.; also a work on the ‘*Mosaic Ritual*.’—Edward published (1834) an ‘*Exposition of the Parables*,’ in five vols.; ‘*Harmonia Evangelica*:’ ‘*Dissertations on the Principles, &c., of a Harmony*,’ in four vols.: ‘*Fasti Catholici et Origines*

*Kalendariae*:’ ‘*Origines Kalendariae Italicae*:’ ‘*Three Witnesses and Threefold Cord: a Reply to Colenso*;’ and other learned works. He declined the presidentship of Corpus in order to devote himself exclusively to his literary labours; and sleeps in the College cloister.—See above, p. 94, note (2).

fact one of England's learned ladies, being an excellent Greek and Hebrew scholar. Many a time has her father told me with honest joy which book of the *Æneid*, or of the *Iliad*, 'Julia had finished that morning.' In 1873, Miss Joana Julia Greswell published a '*Grammatical Analysis of the Hebrew Psalter*,' which has been much commended by learned men. Dr. Pusey praised it. Helen Margaret, her sister, was Mr. Greswell's only other child.

Full of years and of good works, and sustained to the last by an unclouded hope,—though his powers of mind greatly failed him during his latest years,—Richard Greswell entered into rest, as one falling asleep, on his birthday,—(22nd July, 1881),—having fulfilled exactly eighty-one years. He rests in the same grave with his wife, in the churchyard of S. Mary Magdalene, Oxford, within a few paces of the Martyrs' Memorial. Of himself, the abiding memorials in Oxford are many; memorials, which will keep his memory fresh and green for many a long year amid the scenes with which he was so familiar, and which he himself loved so well. But his grandest monument,—the monument which will outlive every other,—is the service he rendered to the cause of *the Christian Education of CHRIST'S Poor*. . . . If there ever was a "faithful Steward" of his opportunities of service, *that* man was RICHARD GRESWELL.

## (VIII). HENRY OCTAVIUS COXE:

*THE LARGE-HEARTED LIBRARIAN.*

(A. D. 1811—1881.)

THAT was a precious link with the Oxford of the past which was severed by the removal of the REV. HENRY OCTAVIUS COXE, Bodley's Librarian, and Rector of Wytham,—who entered into rest on Friday, the 8th July 1881, when he had very nearly accomplished his seventieth year. He was at the time of his death perhaps the most generally known and universally beloved character in Oxford; and may be declared to have carried with him to his grave a larger amount of hearty personal goodwill, and sincere regret, than any of his recent contemporaries.

“Some there are in every age whose blessed office it seems to be, rather to impart tone and colouring to the circle in which they move, than to influence the historical facts of their time. They are to society what sunshine is to a landscape or expression to the human face. Remove them, in thought, from the scene in which they play their part, and the facts are observed to survive unaltered; but *that* nameless grace which beautifies existence,—that secret charm which imparts to the daily intercourse all its sweetness,—has fled.”

The subject of the ensuing sketch aptly illustrates the truth of the foregoing remark, suggested by his character to an accomplished gentlewoman who knew him well and

appreciated him greatly. He was pre-eminently one of the class of men referred to.

The chief incidents in Mr. Coxe's uneventful career were faithfully recorded in the brief notices of him which appeared in the newspapers immediately after his decease; but those who loved him best were heard to desiderate a fuller mention and more detail. He was born on the 20th September 1811, in the Vicarage house of Bucklebury, seven miles east of Newbury,—in a lovely part of Berkshire therefore, and in a village which abounds in picturesque historical associations. Bucklebury-house, the residence of Lord Bolingbroke at the time of his attainder, was frequented by Swift<sup>1</sup> and other wits of the period. The village rejoices in an ample common, and the finest avenue of oaks in the county,—supposed to commemorate Queen Anne's visit to Bucklebury.

The Rev. Richard Coxe [1753–1819],—father of Henry Octavius,—boasted descent from Protector Somerset; and inherited a tradition that he belonged to the same family with Richard Coxe, bishop of Ely [1554–81]. His son might therefore have claimed 'founder's kin' at All Souls and at Queen's. His immediate ancestors had resided for 200 years at Ardington in Berkshire. He was Vicar of Bucklebury-cum-Marlestone from 1788 to Michaelmas 1818. An old gentleman who yet survives in those parts, (son of the Vicar of an adjoining parish), remembers going over, as a boy, in Richard

<sup>1</sup> "Mr. Secretary [St. John] was a perfect gentleman at Buckleberry. He smoked tobacco with one or two neighbours,—inquired after the wheat in such a field,—went to

visit his hounds and knew all their names. He and his lady saw me to my chamber, just in the country fashion."—'*Journal to Stella*,' (Aug. 4, 1711),—*Works*, ii. 316.

Coxe's time, to witness '*back-swording*' and other similar exercises, at what was called 'Chapel-row revel.' The neighbouring gentry met at the Vicarage, in order to accompany the Vicar to see the sport.—Richard was twice married. By his second wife, Susan, one of the five co-heiresses of Holled Smith, esq. of Normanton Hall, Leicestershire, he had eleven children, of whom the subject of the present memoir was the youngest,—being the eighth son ("Octavius"). Three of his elder brothers died in India, the eldest, Holled, being the father of Major-General Holled Coxe. Of the rest, only Richard calls for notice. He was a fellow of Worcester College, became Canon of Durham and Archdeacon of Lindisfarne, and was the father of the Rev. Seymour Coxe, Vicar of Stamfordham, Newcastle-on-Tyne.<sup>2</sup> Henry Octavius survived all his brothers and sisters.

He was sent to Westminster School, under Dr. Goodenough. The Rev. Henry Bull of Lathbury,—who for a brief period was Second Master,—remembers him as "a boy of good conduct, bright and popular, and keeping a good place in the form." He left the school at the age of fourteen in order to read with his elder brother, the Rev. Richard C. Coxe, who was at that time a Curate at Dover. While under that roof, he acquired a great love for the sea and for sea-going people, which never forsook him. He would, long after, recount with great enjoyment old stories of boatmen and smugglers, and cherished memories of rash expeditions in open boats. He had learned to row at Westminster. But he made good proficiency with his books,—for he ran "a tie"

<sup>2</sup> To whom,—(as well as to the Rev. T. W. Watts, Vicar of Bucklebury,)—I am indebted for many of these early details.



with Bonamy Price for a scholarship on first coming up to the University.

From his brother's at Dover he proceeded to Oxford,—matriculated, Nov. 19, 1829,—and in January of the ensuing year, became a resident commoner of Worcester College. There he read steadily for honours, and would have obtained them, but for a severe fall (through a trap-door), which forced him to abandon all hopes of distinction in the class-list. By consequence, Coxe is remembered by his undergraduate contemporaries chiefly as a consummate oarsman. It is related of him that on one occasion,—(he was rowing No. 7 in his College boat the night after it had sustained a bump),—stroke having broken his oar at starting, Coxe took up the stroke, and with seven oars succeeded in bumping in turn the boat which had bumped them on the previous night. He was eventually chosen to row in the University eight, but in that year the race was put off. To return, however, from the river to the College.

Those strong bookish instincts which, when fully developed, make a man a first-rate Librarian,—the passionate love and solicitude, the appreciative judgment and skill, the refined and scholarlike taste and tact,—are apt at an early period of life to give promise of what is to follow. While yet an undergraduate of Worcester College, Mr. Coxe received the offer of work in the Manuscript department of the British Museum. This he accepted: transferred himself in consequence to London in 1832, and only took an ordinary pass at Oxford,—graduating as B.A. in the following year.<sup>3</sup> Singular to relate, the early career of his elder son,

<sup>3</sup> May 30th, 1833 :—M.A., May 5th, 1836.

William Henry, in this respect closely resembled his own. (Having gained the Boden Sanskrit Scholarship, the young man accepted a place in the Assyrian department of the British Museum before taking his degree at Balliol.) Let me however proceed in order.

In the British Museum it was that Henry Octavius Coxe laid the foundations of that extensive and varied acquaintance with the literature of Books which, for many years before his death, he enjoyed in perfection; as well as of that accurate palæographical knowledge for which he afterwards became so conspicuous. Every one has heard the story of his detection of certain of the forgeries of Simonides.<sup>4</sup> But it has not fallen to the lot of many to carry to him more than one sacred codex with the request that he would assign its probable date. The modesty with which Mr. Coxe gave his opinion on such occasions, and the good nature with which he would sometimes (if he had before him one who was very much in earnest in the inquiry) be at the pains to produce the considerations on which he based his judgment,—were scarcely more striking than the skill and curious knowledge which he displayed. Certain *dated* codices were immediately sent for,—(“Bring me ‘*Canonici*’ *this* and ‘*Clarke*’ *that*!”),—the characteristic forms of the letters and style of the writing were minutely discussed and insisted on; and you were at last dismissed with,—“That’s why I shouldn’t place it higher than the twelfth century, my dear boy!” (The ‘*dear boy*’ being probably—like himself—a matured youth between fifty and sixty years of age.)

At the close of his six years’ apprenticeship at the

<sup>4</sup> See ‘*Gentleman’s Magazine*,’ Oct. —p. 593. . . . The incident referred to belongs to Sept. 1853.

British Museum (1832-8), Mr. Coxe returned to Oxford, and became associated as under-Librarian with Dr. Bandinel at the Bodleian. In the same year (1838) he accepted the curacy of Culham; and in the April of the ensuing year, married Charlotte Esther, second daughter of General Sir Hilgrove Turner, private secretary to George IV, and sometime Governor of Bermuda and Jersey.<sup>5</sup> By this lady he had five children, of whom only two survive (1888),—Hilgrove, now vicar of Pyrton, near Tetsworth; and Susan Esther, who was married in 1870 to the Rev. John Wordsworth,—eldest son of the late learned and pious Bishop of Lincoln. Coxe's daughter Susan is therefore the wife of the present Bishop of Salisbury.<sup>6</sup> Henceforth, with a single short break, Mr. Coxe resided continuously in Oxford; and many years after told his son that "for the first thirty years of his work in Bodley, he never took the whole six weeks' holiday allowed by the Library." In truth, his love of the place was so great that, (as his daughter expresses it), "he never was happy away from it." Parochial work in the meantime amounted to a passion with him; and the interchange of occupation which a Curacy affords, supplied him all his life with ample variety, as well as enjoyment of the purest and most congenial kind.

Culham, however, was by no means Mr. Coxe's first introduction to pastoral work. While in London, he had been for two years Curate to his brother Richard at Archbishop Tenison's Chapel.—"On resigning this

<sup>5</sup> He was a man of considerable learning in antiquities: brought the Rosetta stone from Egypt; and was keeper of the King's prints.

<sup>6</sup> His other two daughters (Mag-

dalen [1841-4] and Charlotte Frances [1844-55]) sleep in the Churchyard of S. Mary Magdalene, Oxford. The son, mentioned above, William Henry, is again noticed at p. 147.

Curacy, he became (in 1836) assistant Curate of S. Matthew's, Spring Gardens, of which Dr. Tomlinson (afterwards Bp. of Gibraltar) was then the Incumbent. A large district in the parish of S. Martin's-in-the-Fields, (of which, Sir Henry Dukinfield was at that time Vicar), extending from Scotland-yard to the Adelphi,—comprising the south side of the Strand, and extending down to the River,—was assigned to him, with a population of 3000. Dark, narrow streets, crowded and unhealthy courts and alleys, (now happily for the most part removed), which were occupied by some of the lowest characters in London,—formed the greater portion of this district. And here it was that, through genuine zeal for his Master's service and a sincere love of souls, he devoted his evenings, and his spare time from the manuscript room of the British Museum, in visiting the occupants of every house from cellar to garret;—at first, with some difficulty, but ere long winning his way, gaining confidence, and making a lasting impression on some of the most hardened men and women. These used often to speak of him in grateful and affectionate terms to one who is now living, and who succeeded him in his successful work." . . . I am indebted for the foregoing particulars to the late excellent Canon John Richard Errington, Coxe's one dearly loved friend through life,—his contemporary and very intimate friend at Worcester College, as well as his successor in 1839 at Spring Gardens' Chapel. He adds,—“I never met with any one who combined so much acute learning, sound judgment, and persevering diligence, with so charming a manner, such delightful humour and playfulness, as H. O. C.”<sup>7</sup>

Having held Culham for ten years (1838–1848), Mr.

<sup>7</sup> July 29th and Aug. 6th, 1881.

Coxe was in succession Curate of Tubney, where his teaching was greatly appreciated, for seven years (1848–1855),—and of Yarnton, for one (1855);—after which, he accepted the curacy, and at the end of thirteen years (1868) was presented by the Earl of Abingdon to the rectory, of Wytham, which he held till the period of his death,—namely, for five-and-twenty years. He was ‘select Preacher’ before the University in 1842.

In the modest parsonage of Wytham, Mr. Coxe passed some of his happiest hours. Truly congenial to him was the care of his little parish, and truly exemplary was he in discharging the duties of his cure. One of his many attached friends (the Rev. John Rigaud) writing to me from Oxford, exclaims:—“How often has one seen him,—(as I go about the streets now, I think of him in this spot or in that),—hurrying off in the November fog after four o’clock to get on his horse, and go to visit the sick in his little village!” . . . Yes, he rarely missed a day: always having some case of sickness on hand,—in his own parish or elsewhere; and, as a rule, mounting his horse directly Bodley closed. Every one knew him. The very Arabs of the gutter loved him. His kindness to one such ragged urchin,—(the child inhabited a back street near the Station, and was without a friend in the world),—procured for him the street *soubriquet* of “George’s man.” “Here comes *George’s man!*” shouted the rest, at sight of the familiar figure of the genial horseman on his punctual way to Wytham after Bodley hours. It was just the thing to delight Coxe!

On the death of Dr. Bandinel in 1860, Henry Octavius Coxe became supreme in Bodley; where his greatest achievement was the new general Catalogue, (of which

two copies have been constructed), contained in 723 folio volumes, and comprising all the printed works in the library, except those in Hebrew and other Oriental languages. This undertaking, it took from 1859 to 1880 to complete. Slips were written in triplicate; of which *one* is mounted in either of the two copies of the Catalogue,—the third being reserved for the *Subject* Catalogue now in the course of formation. The general Catalogue is alphabetical, by *Authors'* names. . . . But a survey of the enumeration of his Works which is given at foot of the present page,<sup>8</sup> will remind the reader that Mr. Coxe was himself a very considerable Author as well as Editor. By the way, the original MS. of the Norman French metrical life of the Black Prince (No. 2

<sup>8</sup> 1. '*Rogeri de Wendover Chronica, sive flores historiarum cum appendice.*' Ed. H. O. Coxe, for the English Historical Society. Five Vols. 1841-44. Lond., 8vo.

2. '*The Black Prince.*' An Historical Poem, written in French by Chandos Herald, with a Translation and Notes by the Rev. H. O. Coxe, —for the Roxburghe Club. 1842. Lond., 4to.

3. '*Poema quod dicitur Vox Clamantis, necnon Chronica tripartita, auctore Joanne Gower,*' nunc primum edidit H. O. Coxe,—for the Roxburghe Club. 1850. 4to.

4. '*The Apocalypse of St. John the Divine.*' Represented by figures reproduced in fac-simile from a MS. in the Bodleian Library,—for the Roxburghe Club. 1876. 4to.

5. '*Catalogi Codicum Manucriptorum Bibliothecae Bodleianae pars prima, recensioem Codicum Graecorum continens.*' Confecit H. O. Coxe. Oxon, 1853. 4to.

6. '*Idem: partis secundae fasci-*

*culus primus [Codicum Laudianorum Latinorum et Miscellaneorum catalogus].'* Confecit H. O. Coxe. Oxon, 1858. 4to.

7. '*Idem: pars tertia, Codices Graecos et Latinos Canonicianos complectens.*' Confecit H. O. Coxe. Oxon, 1854. 4to.

8. '*Catalogus Codicum MSS. qui in Collegiis Aulisque Oxoniensibus hodie adservantur.*' Confecit H. O. Coxe. 2 Partes. Oxon, 1852. 4to.

9. '*Report to her Majesty's Government on the Greek Manuscripts yet remaining in Libraries of the Levant.*' By H. O. Coxe. London, 1858. 8vo.

10. '*Forms of Bidding Prayer, with Introduction and Notes.*' By H. O. Coxe. Oxf., 1840. 12mo.

11. '*Yet there is Room.*' A Sermon (on S. Luke xiv. 22). By H. O. Coxe. Oxf., 1873. 8vo.

12. Besides the foregoing, Mr. Coxe produced several Reports for the Curators, on subjects connected with the Library.



in the subjoined list) is preserved in the Library of Worcester College.<sup>9</sup> Its concluding lines constitute the inscription so exquisitely executed in bronze on the Black Prince's tomb in Canterbury Cathedral,—of which inscription 'Chandos Herald' is therefore ascertained to have been the author.

But specially deserving of attention in the same list are Nos. 5 to 8, which will for ever remain a worthy monument of Mr. Coxe's learning, scholarship, and literary ability. "His Catalogues of the MSS. in the College Libraries" (writes his son-in-law) "were made under great difficulties. He would begin at six in the morning, in cold rooms, so as not to trench on Bodley hours,—during which he scrupulously abstained from doing any of his own work." In connexion with this statement it also deserves to be recorded that "he resolutely adhered to his determination not to become a 'collector,'—in order that the Library might enjoy his

<sup>9</sup> In 1883 appeared an edition of this Poem "*with an English Translation and Notes, by Francisque Michel.*" "I have reconstituted," (says this gentleman), "a critical text which I maintain to be exact in form to the original." (*pref.* p. xix.) There exists but one passage (of 28 lines) where the trustworthiness of M. Michel's 'reconstituted' production may be tested, viz. the inscription on the Black Prince's monument in Canterbury Cathedral,—which is also recited in the Black Prince's Will. The result of collation here is fatal to M. Michel's contention. For '*tous*' (in the first line) he invents '*vous*'; and into the second line he thrusts '*mien*' without warrant. The worst of it is, that he gives his reader no in-

timation where he departs from the MS. which he professes to edit. Coxe, on the contrary, made it his business to print the poem *verbatim* and *literatim* as he found it.

In M. Michel's 'Translation,' some few corrections appear; but he omits to mention that,—with these exceptions,—he has *silently appropriated the whole of Mr. Coxe's work.* Who would believe that M. Michel has further adopted *the whole of Mr. Coxe's 'Preface and Notes,'*—publishing them as if they were his own? I forbear to offer any comment on all this.

For whatever is interesting in the present note, I am indebted to the courtesy and intelligence of T. W. Jackson, esq., Fellow and senior Tutor of Worcester College.

undivided solicitude and interest. He had hardly a scarce or valuable book of his own purchasing."

"The only one of his books" (proceeds my informant) "on which I saw him myself at work was the illuminated XIIth century Apocalypse in Bodley, which he edited for the Roxburghe Club (No. 4). The lithographs were done by a man who went under the name of 'Harry Sandars,' and died in Oxford a short time ago, when it was found that 'Sandars' was not his real name. Mr. Coxe, during our Italian tour, made constant search after MSS. of the same kind, but found nothing really like it. He used to believe it to be an English book."—About No. 9, a few remarks shall be added in the words of a contemporary:—

"The best known of Mr. Coxe's labours is his Report to the Government on the Greek manuscripts in the libraries of the Levant, which has just been reissued by the Stationery office. Mr. Coxe was despatched to the East by a classical Chancellor of the Exchequer (Sir G. C. Lewis), for the purpose of ascertaining if there were any Greek manuscripts in existence which might promote the study of Greek literature, and of purchasing those which their owners might be willing to sell. In the libraries of the patriarchs at Cairo and Jerusalem he found about 200 manuscripts, many of which he would gladly have secured; but the heads of the Convents would not entertain the idea for a moment. The greatest treasure which he met with was a copy of the Book of Job, of extreme antiquity, preserved in the monastery of S. John at Patmos. Three of its custodians remained with him whilst he examined it, and 'no money would tempt them to part with' their chief possession. He was anxious to see the Seraglio Library at Constantinople, but the official routine was so slow that the necessary permission characteristically arrived on the day fixed for his departure."

His work was in the end cut short by fever before

he could inspect the monasteries of Mount Athos or of Thessaly. Concerning the places he visited, he has furnished us with some interesting details in his 'Report' of 35 pages,—which well deserve perusal. Mr. Coxe found the librarian of the Bodleian peculiarly unpopular at St. John's Convent, Patmos; from whose library Dr. E. D. Clarke [1769–1822] had obtained the famous early dated copy [A.D. 896] of Plato's dialogues. "The authorities" (he relates) "were well acquainted with, and all deplored, the loss they had sustained in their Plato, and know perfectly well where it is now deposited."—(p. 27.)

Vastly different would have been the result of this mission to the Monasteries of the Levant, had it been undertaken thirty or forty years earlier. All honour to the Chancellor of the Exchequer who lent himself to so noble an endeavour to rescue from ruin the precious remains of antiquity which to this hour must needs be lying *perdus* in the monastic libraries of the East!

Returned to Oxford, Mr. Coxe devoted himself to the duties of his office with unflagging zeal and ability. "I never enter the Library" (he once said to a friend) "without looking at the portrait of Bodley,"—(the portrait which faces you as you go into the 'Arts' end of the Library, where the Catalogue is),—"and resolving to do nothing which would have offended Sir Thomas." The proposal to convert the Bodleian into a lending Library, (which is sure to crop up every now and then, and to find some noisy advocate),—Coxe always scornfully rejected as a grievous wrong to the institution, a violation of the Founder's will, and sure to prove an unmingled evil. His attention to visitors, his discriminating *kindness* rather, was remarkable. I shall not

easily forget his manner of exhibiting some of the historical curiosities of the library to Miss Yonge,—nor will that accomplished lady have forgotten it either. I had the good fortune to be standing by, and to be permitted to join their party. I foresaw that he would show her some of the choicest treasures in that matchless collection, and in his choicest way,—and so he did. It was a great treat.

With the officials of the Bodleian, Coxe was thoroughly popular. There was in him no affectation of dignity. His welcome to the ‘janitor’ was as cordial as to any one. He had no *suspicious* ways: assumed that all beneath him were doing what they ought, though he could be playfully sarcastic with them on occasion, if he found any off their duty. He loved a *trusty* man supremely,—and a Christian. There was in him a real power of governing and guiding a great institution; his intellectual supremacy keeping him first in all matters requiring head-work, and giving him a right to the authority conferred on him by his office. To Oxford men visiting the library he was simply delightful. In the words of an ancient resident in Oxford (Archdeacon Palmer):—“It will not be easy to get so good a librarian as Coxe, though his successor may grow to be as good: *as loveable* a librarian it is out of the question to expect.”

A thoughtful friend<sup>1</sup> remarks concerning him as follows:—

“Coxe’s predecessor, Dr. Bandinel, had assiduously watched sales and studied catalogues, English and Foreign; and had brought up the Library in the matter of printed books to a high standard. Coxe, when appointed Bodley’s Librarian, saw that two things were needed: first, to make the Library more accessible;

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Canon A. S. Farrar, D.D.

secondly, to procure that a careful inventory should be made, preparatory to a general Catalogue, of all the contents of the Library,—MS. papers as well as pamphlets. He set himself to achieve these objects, and lived to see them nearly effected. He had often watched hard-working College (or Private) Tutors come to the Bodleian at the end of their day's Lectures, to use the one or two remaining hours while it was open for study. He felt that a Reading-room ought to be opened in the evening for the use of such men; and he was the means of obtaining the (then) 'Radcliffe Library' for the purpose. It became the '*Camera*,'—which is open till late at night, and whither printed books may be conveyed from the Bodleian Library, for the use of readers, when Bodley is closed.

"The second object was also in part effected. Catalogues were wholly or nearly completed, which enable a student to discover what materials the Library possesses having reference to any particular subject.

"Coxe was always working,—over-working. Yet he always had a kindly temper in spite of being bored. He was in this respect the ideal of a Librarian. This was chiefly due to his truly Christian spirit of charity; but it was due in part to natural good-temper, and *that* which is always its accompaniment, (perhaps its cause as well as its effect), a sense of humour,—the power to suggest and enjoy a joke. On my going to consult him on some literary point one afternoon, he sighed and said,—'My dear Farrar,'—(he always opened his vocative with 'my dear' in this way,)—'I am so tired. I have lost two hours this morning, through a visit of old—' (a noted archæologist, a country Clergyman, then in Oxford for his holiday, and always rather a *dilettante*). 'He brought his wife and a friend; and asked me to show them our coins.' [The Bodleian coins are seldom seen. They live upstairs in a cupboard of the Bodleian Gallery.] When he got sight of the Roman *as*, he took it up, and fixing his bright eyes on his friend, exclaimed 'Yes, this is a real *As*; this *is* an *As*.' What a pity, I thought to myself, that he could not see that there were *two*,—not

one,—and so have had the sense to set me free without consuming my time in Library hours.”

It may seem a strange thing<sup>2</sup> to declare concerning one, the business of whose life it was to be occupied with details,—bibliographical, historical, antiquarian,—that his mind was *essentially poetic* in its quality. Yet would those who knew him best be foremost to recognise this feature in Mr. Coxe’s mental constitution. His was that rare gift, (a sure token of kinship with high genius), which, in surveying the most prosaic and unpromising subject-matter, fastens instinctively on the points of contact between it and a sublimer life. Those who have enjoyed the real privilege of hearing Mr. Coxe discuss minute points of historical detail, or have been introduced by him to some of the rarer treasures of the Bodleian, will bear witness to the living interest which such subjects acquired in his hands. How would he kindle while he recited Lord Clarendon’s written resignation of the Chancellorship of the University! With what dramatic zest would he read out the scraps of paper (carefully preserved by Clarendon) which used to pass between himself and his Royal master across the Council-table! (By the way, *those* were among the choice things with which he entertained Miss Yonge). His running commentary on each fresh document was quite delightful.—I am reminded here of a slight but characteristic incident, illustrative of this side of Coxe’s character. We were talking—(it must have been somewhere about 1863-4)—of Cureton’s tasteless, and worse than tasteless,

<sup>2</sup> The foregoing, and the next ensuing paragraph, are due in the main to the accomplished pen of a lady who had a singular appreciation of the excellences of the subject of the

present memoir. They seem to me far too interesting to be withheld. I have ventured freely to weave into them some recollections of my own. See below, p. 143, note (6).



renderings from the Syriac,—alike of the Gospels, and of the Syriac abridgment of the Ignatian Epistles. Coxe's features beamed with merriment as he reached from the table a copy of the fourth edition of Jacobson's '*Patres*,' and (drawing me near to him) whispered,—“Now, only see how quietly the dear old fellow has *gibbeted* him!” So saying, he opened the volume at random, and chuckling with laughter, read aloud specimen after specimen of execrable English transferred with all solemnity to the foot-notes, as the contributions of ‘Curetonus’ to men's appreciation of primitive Patristic lore.<sup>3</sup>

But, in fact, his whole life was one continual exhibition of the same faculty of quick, intuitive perception, combined with fine, overflowing sympathy. It mattered not *what* came under those eyes, at once so keen and so kindly: now, animated with voiceless tenderness and irrepressible humour; now, kindling with lofty sentiment and holy indignation. He discerned therein at once, as if by intuition, whatsoever things are true, are honest, are just, are pure, are lovely, are of good report. Whether it was book, picture, or manuscript; landscape, face, or trait of character; shy undergraduate in his first term, dignified “Head,” or little ragamuffin in the streets:—or again, whether it was an aged parishioner broken with suffering, an advanced modern Professor, or a poor servant-girl just confirmed;—his method was still the same. He saw at a glance, felt after and found, what was noble and true, to be loved, or at least to be respected and honoured in each. Hence, I suppose, it was that men who had rejected all other spiritual ministrations have been known to be grateful for *his*. Those would

<sup>3</sup> *E. g.* pp. 341-2: 346-7: 382, &c. &c.

listen gratefully to *him* who would not tolerate the visit of any other clergyman.

As a mimic and a story-teller, he had few rivals: his mimicry, so good-natured and so droll,—his stories, so original and so racy! . . . You should have heard him describe the dinner-party which old Dr. Frowd of Corpus took it into his head (at the end of forty years) to give to the undergraduate sons of his own *quondam* college friends; having—as he flattered himself—sufficiently identified the young men by discovering undergraduates *bearing the same surnames* in the Oxford Calendar. The invitations were all accepted: the evening and the men arrived. But O, the preposterous result! The guests had no manner of acquaintance with one another,—stood in no manner of relation to their host; who yet insisted on recognizing the features of the friends of his youth in these, their imaginary descendants. . . . There was an irresistible drollery in Coxe's manner which there is really no describing. Sitting opposite to me at a large dinner-party (where all knew each other passing well), he overheard me talking to my neighbour about 'John Evelyn.' "Why do you call him '*Evelyn*'?" he exclaimed sternly across the table. I thought,—(so ran the defence),—that I had always heard the word so pronounced. "Humph!" (drily),—"That shows the kind of company *you* keep."

But (remarks the friend whose words I was before quoting) I very much question whether any, with powers like his, have had less to reproach themselves with, in their cooler moments. His mind seemed incapable, in fact, of either unkindness, profanity, or coarseness. The sense of humour in him was always controlled as

much by a sense of beauty, (to no form of which was he indifferent), as by the natural piety of his disposition. Those who were with him on his first,—and as it proved his only,—journey into Italy (1876), will not easily forget the keenness of his delight, whether at the beauties of the Alps in the double purity and freshness of early Spring and early morning,—at the works of the great Venetian, Florentine, and Sienese masters,—or, (in his own special department,) the treasures of the libraries and churches. All the party were struck with the contrast between the *blasé* superficial traveller, sick of “the Continent” at five-and-twenty, — and the keen and intelligent enjoyment, the ever-youthful freshness, of such a mind as his. They visited Vercelli, Verona, Venice, Ravenna, Bologna, Florence, Siena, Genoa, &c. Mr. Coxe used to speak of Italy afterwards as “the greatest pleasure of his life.” After his daughter’s marriage, he made a short excursion almost every year (1871 to 1880) with her and her husband,—three times visiting the Continent with them, and always bringing back a harvest of pleasant memories for *them* as well as for himself.

What made him so very attractive and delightful a companion was the rare combination which he invariably exhibited,—exhibited to the last,—of humour and even *boyish* playfulness of disposition with manly judgment, sterling good sense, and solid attainment. A friend of other days,<sup>4</sup> who took work in the Bodleian latterly, and therefore to some extent regarded H. O. C. as his chief,—notices this, while responding freshly to the first draft of the present Memoir:—

“Mr. Coxe’s brightness and readiness, his playfulness,

<sup>4</sup> The Rev. William Bliss.

(how good it is to be a boy at 50!) added to his kindness,—made Bodley what I do not think it can be again. Some of his droll sayings come back to me. (How many of them are forgotten!) Turning over the pages of a manuscript of uncertain date,—‘Why, any one who knows a cow from a cabbage, can tell that *this* is between 1317 and 1335’.... At sight of one, who shall be nameless, pacing through the library,—‘Here comes So-and-so, full of misdirected energy!’.... And how he hated, but bore with, people who talked at the top of their throat!”

He was certainly wondrous playful. I scarcely ever heard him call anybody,—certainly he never called *me*,—by my proper name; but always by a laughable mispronunciation of it coined by Johnson, the late Radcliffe Observer; between whom and Coxe, by the way, there subsisted a very hearty friendship. They were in several respects men of kindred natures: devout,—affectionate,—sincere; playful exceedingly, but withal profound in their respective departments. Their chief point of contact was their love,—but it amounted to a *passion*,—for the Fine Arts; and, with Manuel Johnson, a superb missal or psalter was not a mere toy,—but an historical monument and an instrument of education. (This is a digression made inevitable by the mention of a cherished name.) It was of Coxe’s *boyish* playfulness that I was speaking. Aware that the Rev. George Hext of Corpus was one of his intimates, I wrote to tell him what I was about, and to ask if he had anything to say on the subject. He replied as follows:—

“Dear Harry Coxe I saw more of, first and last, and on all sides, than perhaps any man in Oxford. Your mention of my bed-room window (facing your own) reminds me how Coxe, when he was on duty at C. C. C., came every morning to my rooms, shouting up the stair-case, ‘*Ju-li-ah! Be-loo-chee!*’—his reproduction of a strange

muffin boy's cry, which perhaps you may remember for years under your window. (What it meant, I never knew.) Then he would lug me out of my bed-room, and we went to chapel together every morning.

"You know what he was in Bodley and in Common-rooms. I have seen him equally at home with Berkshire shepherds and keepers, at Lockinge and Betterton,—where he would be charmingly jolly amidst old associations of his boyish days. Since I left Oxford, not long indeed before his last illness, he visited Prince Leopold at Boyton Manor in this neighbourhood. Returning thence after a delightful evening, and driving myself in a dense fog, I missed my way; and next morning innocently told him of my adventures when I met him by the cover side.

"Enough for Coxe. He wrote a chaffing poem of some 25 stanzas at my expense; and the Prince, alarmed lest I should be offended, sent a friend to warn me of what was coming,—which gave me the chance of a whole afternoon to write a poetical counterblast, recording Harry's short-comings in the hunting-field: and just when he, at breakfast next morning, was 'wondering how old *Hextasy*' (as he always called me) 'would like his post-bag,' the post-bag gave the answer,—and much fun it made for the whole party. . . . I loved him dearly, and his portrait is looking at me now as I write."<sup>5</sup>

Not a few Oxford men who glance over these lines, while they recognise with a smile the graphic truthfulness of what has last been written, will be impatient to find it added that the inveterate joyousness of Mr. Coxe's disposition was nevertheless something all apart from frivolity; had nothing in it of real lightness. If provoked thereto ever so slightly, he would rise in an instant from something mirthful,—something absurdly droll,—to the gravest expression of lofty sentiment;—

<sup>5</sup> 'Steeple Langford, Bath,'—April 25th, 1887.

or he would show himself in the highest degree appreciative of the excellence and worth of the common acquaintance (yours and his) whom, a moment before, he had been convulsing you by (half-unconsciously) mimicking; or, if he detected—(and he was wondrous quick in such matters)—that sorrow was weighing down the heart of the friend who addressed him, his sympathy would gush forth at once, and prove very deep and earnest, as well as very strong. “He was in sympathy unmatched” (writes a common intimate); “I may truly say that, in joy or sorrow, for many years past, he showed himself such *to me*.” “Exquisite was the tact” (writes the most discriminating of my correspondents) “with which he would approach those in any sorrow or trouble.” A friend once carried to him, carefully bound together, certain fugitive papers of his departed Father, with a request that the slender volume might find a resting-place in Bodley. A few words of natural piety accompanied the transaction, to which Coxe, with glistening eyes, instantly responded. “O yes,”—(putting his arm round the other’s neck,)—“*you* wish this little book to be cherished. I *quite* understand. I will see to it. Leave it to *me*.” . . . Such ready sympathy was very touching. This characteristic it was, in truth, which made him so excellent a parish priest. He was known to the British public, and to learned men visiting Oxford, as “Coxe of the Bodleian;” but as *Coxe of Wytham* he will at least as long, and even more affectionately, be remembered.

“Coxe!” (I once said to him in Bodley,)—“I am going to give a lecture ‘on Epitaphs.’ Tell me of some striking epitaph.” Taking up a pencil from the table, he instantly wrote as follows. (The lines had caught his



eye on the tomb-stone of an infant in Eglingham Church-yard, Northumberland):—

“When the Archangel’s trump doth blow,  
And souls to bodies join,—  
Thousands will wish their life below  
Had been as brief as mine.”

“Nature had done much for him, but grace did more. The personal Religion of the man it was,—the lingering of the dew of the morning,—which kept him so fresh and green. Such a character would else have been spoiled by popularity. The humour would have degenerated into caustic wit,—the courtesies, into mere worldliness,—the sense of beauty, into æsthetic selfishness. The one only safeguard of a disposition exposed to so many and such various temptations, was clearly the love of GOD. It was *this* which harmonized his character: preserved him from running into extremes; saved him from secularity: kept his faculties fresh and youthful. He really loved all GOD’S works, because he loved their Author.

“Though singularly free from ‘Clericalism,’ he was not easily to be surpassed as a faithful and self-sacrificing parish-priest. Though beloved by men of all religious schools, and possibly by some who had little credit given them for being religious at all, he remained to the last a heartily attached, orthodox Churchman.”

So far an accomplished gentlewoman,—a near connexion of his by marriage,—who, with the peculiar tact of her sex, fully appreciated Henry Coxe.<sup>6</sup>

Without a particle of ostentation, the subject of this Memoir was a truly earnest Christian, a very faithful man. The Head-master of one of our great public schools wrote to me in 1881,—

“In confirmation of what you have said of his deep

<sup>6</sup> I am indebted to the same distinguished Lady (E. W.) for paragraphs in pages 122-3, 136, 142.

but unobtrusive religion, I may mention how impressed I once was when I went to consult him about a step I was intending to take. He listened with the kindest sympathy, and gave me the soundest advice: then, as I left, he said in his own way,—‘Before you settle, first on your knees, my dear boy! on your knees!’ . . . The last time I saw him was at the Bodleian; when, placing my small girl on his knee, he showed her such of his treasures as he thought would most interest her, with a flow of fun and anecdote and knowledge that quite captivated the child.”

Another friend, (writing from the Manor house, Wardington, near Banbury), relates that Mr. Coxe “once came over here, for the day, with his wife,—arriving quite early in the forenoon of Sept. 21st. He was standing talking in my garden, when he heard the Church bell, and asked *why* it rang? On being told that there was Service, because of the Saint’s day,—‘I should like to go,’ (he at once exclaimed), ‘*it is my birthday.*’ By the by,—Coxe’s birthday was the 20th September. How is this to be explained?”<sup>7</sup>

He was no partisan in ecclesiastical matters:—held aloof from general University questions:—did not mix himself up with parties and politics. There was in this something of dread of injuring the interests of “old Bodley.” Something there also was of constitutional abhorrence of strife. But chiefly, as I prefer to think, it was because he saw and loved the good in all; and tried, for his own part, to breathe a purer atmosphere. He was wondrous charitable, reserving his honest scorn for undisguised unfaithfulness, with which he would make *no*

<sup>7</sup> From George Loveday, esq. (Aug. 11th, 1881). Coxe’s birthday was certainly the 20th,—his son-in-law’s birthday was on the morrow.

Ever after his daughter’s marriage, Coxe kept the two days as one: asking playfully “*Which* day was his,—*which*, Johnny’s?”

terms. I am reminded of an anecdote which is in every way characteristic of the man. It was shortly after the publication of '*Essays and Reviews*,' that Jowett, meeting Coxe, inquired,—“Have you read my Essay?”—“No, my dear Jowett,” (was the prompt reply). “We are good friends now; but I know that if I were to read *that* Essay, I should have to cut you. So I *haven't* read it, and—*don't mean to.*”

Certain practices of his which have become known to me, there is no reason why I should conceal. He never (as far as possible) dined out on Saturday,—in order to be free to prepare himself for Sunday. His regular daily practice was to pray when he went to dress for dinner. At all times he seemed to realise the immediate presence of GOD, even when in the highest spirits. His daughter recalls with affectionate gratitude the religious flavour which he contrived to impart to their Sunday evenings when little children: remembers his tenderly checking in them any approach to irreverence: particularises as an instance of his solicitude on this head his “never letting us say ‘this *blessed* day’ in sport.” A more tender and devoted parent never lived. He simply doted on *all* his children. When “Suse” was ill, you had only to look into Coxe’s face to know what the doctor’s report had been that morning. I think indeed I never knew a man in whom the home affections were so manifestly supreme. It is pleasant to be able to add that I never knew a case in which the children more dutifully and entirely reciprocated their father’s tenderness.

As for his aspect, his portrait by Watts, painted within a very few years of Coxe’s death, is on the whole a not

unfaithful *general* rendering of the man. Sitting back in his library-chair on his return from the Convocation house, and requested by a photographer to "sit very still for a minute," it is somewhat thus that Coxe might have looked. But one desiderates the living sentiment of a face which abounded in changeful expression,—and those features, which were so full of character and refinement, are scarcely exhibited by the painter with the wished-for delicacy and detail.

"The painful malady" (writes his son-in-law) "which occasioned his death, began about ten years before. We hastened home in February, 1879, hearing he was very ill, and were never afterwards entirely free from anxiety on his account." There was in him indeed a buoyancy of spirit,—an elasticity of temperament and an inveterate hopefulness of disposition,—which contributed not a little to the prolongation of his career. The closing scene came on the 8th of July 1881, when he was within two months of accomplishing the appointed span of human life. He ended his days at Northgate,—a house on the Banbury road, at the Northern extremity of S. Giles's, standing in what is still an ample garden. This property, which had been for half-a-century the *ultima Thule* of Oxford, has long since been absorbed into the suburbs of the city. Coxe had desired it as a residence ever since his undergraduate days. He possessed, but can scarcely be said to have enjoyed it, for a year exactly. In July, 1880, he had bought the place, and was just moving into it at Michaelmas from his former residence in Beaumont Street,—(No. 17, which until 1859 was numbered '14'),—when he was taken ill under his son-in-law's roof. At the end of November he moved into his new house, and again had a relapse. But he got through the winter

fairly well:—much enjoyed his new home and his garden:—was even able, till within three weeks of his death, to go for the middle of the day to Bodley. Still, it was a period of suffering,—the beginning of the end. It was perceived that during this winter's illness his constant thought was of his Mother. Her portrait hung in his room. . . . “He died,”—(so ends the record),—“between 8 and 9 in the morning of Friday, July 8th 1881, after about two days of severe suffering: perfectly conscious throughout, and full of love even when his depression was greatest.”

He sleeps in the peaceful little churchyard of Wytham, by the side of “Willie,”—(the eldest of his five children [1840-69]),—and was followed to the grave (on the Tuesday after his death) by an unusually large assemblage of attached members of the University and other sorrowing friends, besides the whole of the Bodleian staff. . . . “I wish you could have been present at the last scene at Wytham on the 12th!”—wrote his ancient friend Errington, addressing me, a few days after. (I happened to be personally unknown to him; for of course I *was* there.)

Very characteristic was that gathering at his funeral. Men of widely different pursuits, and men who represented extreme and conflicting schools of thought, were there;—men like-minded, and men the most diverse from himself;—men revered for their piety, and men whose writings attest that they are scarcely believers in Revelation:—all were there, and all looked sorrowful. But, as was remarked by his nephew who stood by his grave,—“the tribute *he* would have liked best was the bearing of his humble parishioners. Nearly all the

women were in mourning, and most of them were dissolved in tears.”<sup>8</sup>

The void which the loss of Henry Octavius Coxe occasions in Oxford is simply irreparable. Very sad too is the reflection that, when such an one as he is removed from among the living, there departs—if there does not perish—with him an amount of rare attainment, of precious and peculiar learning, (resulting from personal observation and the experience of half-a-century of thoughtful, studious life), of which *nothing* can be retained for the benefit of the coming generation; while only the pleasant memory of it survives with his sorrowing family,—his intimates and his personal friends.

<sup>8</sup> Gen. Holled Coxe, (Boxgrove, Guildford), in a letter to Rev. J. Rigaud (July 1885).



(IX). HENRY LONGUEVILLE  
MANSEL:

THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER.

[A. D. 1820—1871.]

IT is not often that men who achieve for themselves great literary distinction are able to lay claim as well to ancient and honourable descent. HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL sprang from a family of high repute, which had held possessions in the north of Buckinghamshire and in the adjacent extremity of Bedfordshire, ever since the time of William the Norman. The family tradition is, that Philip le Mansel (*i.e.* a native of the province of Maine),—from whom all the Maunsells, Mansells, or Mansels are descended,—accompanied William into England.<sup>1</sup> Be that as it may, a grant in fee of land in Turvey from ‘Paganus de Alneto’ (who certainly came over with the Conqueror) to ‘Ricardus Mansell’ is the first document in that rarest of family histories,—Halstead’s ‘*Succinct Genealogies*.’<sup>2</sup> Eustace le Mordaunt (a direct ancestor of the

<sup>1</sup> ‘*Historical and Genealogical account of the ancient family of Maunsell, Mansell, Mansel*,’ by William W. Mansell, (privately printed) 1850,—p. iii and p. 17.

<sup>2</sup> 1685,—p. 5. It was compiled by Henry, Earl of Peterborough, with

the aid of his chaplain the Rev. Richard Rands, rector of Turvey; and gives,—besides the Mordaunt annals,—the history of the most illustrious of the families with which the Mordaunts had intermarried. ‘Halstead’ is a feigned name.

Earls of Peterborough), Richard de Ardres, and Saher le Mansell, are related to have married the three co-heiresses of William de Alneto, Lord of Turvey, about A.D. 1190.<sup>3</sup> Saher was of Chicheley in Buckinghamshire.<sup>4</sup> His descendant, 'William (son of Sampson le Mansell of Turvey,)' in 1287 sold all his possessions in Chicheley<sup>5</sup> to William le Mordaunt,—who (in 1297) imparked his wood of '*Manselsgrove*' with the rest of his lands in Turvey.<sup>6</sup> The locality, which retains its ancient name to this day, probably indicates the site of the ancient homestead of the Mansels. They resided continuously at Chicheley for at least fourteen generations, viz. till the lifetime of John Maunsell in 1622; whose cousin Samuel became possessed by marriage of an estate at Cosgrove in Northamptonshire, where the family went to settle, and where they have continued to reside ever since. Cosgrove Hall, formerly the residence of the Longuevilles, was devised to Samuel's great-grandson,—John, youngest son of the Rev. Christopher Mansel,—in 1741.

John entered the army in early life, attained the rank of Major-General, being Colonel of the 3rd Dragoon Guards; and in the Duke of York's campaign in Flanders in 1794, had the command of a brigade of heavy cavalry. He fell gloriously at the battle of Coteau, 25th April. Directed by General Otto to attack the

<sup>3</sup> See the Pedigree in Harvey's '*History of the Hundred of Willey*,'—p. 186-7.

<sup>4</sup> Baker's '*Northamptonshire*,'—vol. ii. p. 131.

<sup>5</sup> See the deed in Halstead's work already quoted,—p. 456.

<sup>6</sup> The deed is given in Halstead,—p. 457.—The family history quoted

above, in note (1),—at page 45, makes this William the son of John Mansell [1220-1265],—the celebrated favourite of Henry III and Lord Chancellor of England. This must be an error. Lord Chancellor Mansell, however, was at all events one of the family.

enemy in flank, after some manœuvres he came up with the French in the valley of Cawdry, charged, and completely defeated them. He then rushed at the head of his brigade against a battery of fourteen pieces of cannon, placed on an eminence behind a deep ravine, into which many of the front rank fell. He passed the ravine, and at the head of a considerable body of his men charged the cannon with inconceivable intrepidity and complete success. His heroic conduct decided the day; but at the mouth of this battery, General Mansel, after having had three horses killed under him, received his death-wound. One grape-shot entered his chin, fracturing his spine and coming out between his shoulders, while another broke his arm to splinters. His eldest son and aide-de-camp, Capt. Mansel, rushed to his father's aid, but was wounded and taken prisoner. On the 26th, the General was buried in a redoubt at the head of the camp with all military honours. The corpse was escorted by a brigade of cavalry, and received by the whole line under arms. Six generals (Abercrombie, Dundas, Harcourt, Garth, and Fox,) supported the pall, and the Duke of York, the Stadtholder, the hereditary Prince of Orange, and all the officers of the army, attended the funeral. The spectacle was described at the time as 'awful and magnificent.' Some sixty years later, on the occasion of the heroic Balaclava charge, Lord Ellenborough said in the House of Lords,—

'I know not the instance, although it may exist, in which cavalry has before charged the cavalry, infantry, and artillery belonging to a powerful army in position. I have never heard of such a thing, and I do not believe it has existed.'

General Mansel's grandson instantly supplied the '*Times*' newspaper with the details of the foregoing far more

splendid achievement; whereby 1500 of the British cavalry gained a complete victory over 22,000 French in sight of their *corps de réserve* consisting of 5000 men and 20 pieces of cannon.<sup>7</sup> History does not furnish a parallel instance of valour.

General Mansel left four sons. John Christopher the eldest, who has been mentioned already, retired from the army with the rank of Major, and resided at Cosgrove Hall till he died. His health had been seriously impaired by wounds received in action. Robert, the second son, entered the Royal Navy, attained the rank of Admiral, and commanded H.M.'s brig *Penguin*, 18 guns. She was attacked by three French ships which gave her chase. A brisk action lasting three hours followed, in which the brig gained the advantage:—

‘We had the misfortune’ (wrote one of the Officers on board) ‘to lose our foretopmast, which fell in such a direction that the whole foreyard became useless. This, together with the disabled state of our rigging, and our sails all cut to pieces and on fire, made the brig quite ungovernable. Captain Mansel, just on the crash of the topmast, took hold of the hand of the next man to him. The whole crew followed his example. It was a moment of awful silence. Not a word was spoken: but we all knew that it meant *to stand by each other to the last, and never strike*. Three cheers to our brave Captain followed. But our enemy had got enough of it. Taking advantage of a dark night and our disabled condition, they made off.’

George, the third son, was Captain in the 25th Light Dragoons and died on his passage from India in 1808.—Henry Longueville Mansel, the General's youngest son (born in 1783), became Rector of Cosgrove, and was the

<sup>7</sup> See a letter in the ‘*Times*’ of Jan. 26th, 1855, signed ‘H. L. M.’: quoting from the ‘*Evening Mail*’ of May 14th, 1794.

father of the Metaphysician and Divine to be commemorated in the ensuing pages.

Educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, he is related to have been a man of fine abilities and singular moral worth; whose conscientious discharge of his ministerial duties, unselfish character, and delightful manners, endeared him to all the country round. He was the trusted friend and adviser of all. Living during the troubled period of the bread riots, he conducted most of the magisterial business in his neighbourhood, which at that time devolved chiefly on the Clergy. 'Well, Harry,' (said his neighbour, the Rev. Lorraine Smith,) 'I don't understand much about these things, but where *you* lead *I* will follow.' (They two, with the Squire, had alone taken the oaths under the new King.) He built the Rectory-house, and resided there (1810-35),—taking the spiritual oversight of the parish, while his elder brother (John Christopher) resided at the Hall.

In the Rectory of Cosgrove then,—a pleasant Northamptonshire village, surrounded by rural scenery of the genuine English type,—HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL was born on the 6th of October, 1820. He was the fourth of eight children,<sup>8</sup> all born in the same house,—two sons (of whom he was the elder) and six daughters, one of whom died in infancy. His Mother, Maria Margaret, was the only daughter of Admiral Sir Robert Moorsom,

<sup>8</sup> Marianne (Mrs. Weight):—Eleanor Maria (Mrs. Gates):—Catharine Margaret (Mrs. Mansel):—H. L. M.:—Antonia Isabella (b. and d. in 1822):—Clarissa (Mrs. Searle):—Robert Stanley (1826-1881, leaving issue):—Hen-

rietta. The last-named accomplished lady died at Bedford, Aug. 19th, 1885. Her excellent memory and intellectual appreciation of her brother Henry, enabled her to render me great service in compiling the present memoir.

K.C.B.,<sup>9</sup> who commanded the *Revenge* in the battle of Trafalgar, and was specially commended for his bravery in action. Thus deriving his being from heroic ancestry on either side, the subject of the present Memoir might have been expected to add lustre to the annals of his country's Army or Navy: but his triumphs were destined to be won in other fields. The warfare to which he consecrated his powers was intellectual,—a perpetual conflict on behalf of God's Truth with the growing infidelity of the age. His Mother (who survived him, for she lived till 1877, by which time she had attained the age of 83,) is described as a woman of great strength of character,—clearness of understanding,—quickness of judgment. She was the very pattern of a Clergyman's wife: a pattern Mother too, she was. The extraordinary memory, firm will, and strong affections, for which the future Dean of St. Paul's was distinguished, were characteristic of both his parents,—but especially of his Mother.

From the Rector of Cosgrove, (who would sometimes ask his wife if the matter of his Sermons could be more plainly put to the simple village folk), Henry obtained his first lessons in the use of language as a reflection of the thoughts. He learned from his Father (he said) 'never to use a word of two syllables where a word of one would do.' Let it be added that he derived from the same source a far more exalted estimate of the Pastoral Office,—inherited a far loftier standard of ministerial responsibility,—than prevailed among our provincial Clergy during the first quarter of the present century.

<sup>9</sup> He was secretary to Lord Mulgrave, Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, and subsequently Port-Admiral at Chatham.



The home of Henry's early boyhood was a singularly bright and happy one. Strange, that careful inquiry should succeed in eliciting so little, on occasions like the present! But so it is, that the materials out of which childhood weaves its mysterious bliss, are ever slight and impalpable. The incident remembered with most satisfaction is '*the Siege of Troy*.' This consisted in attacking and defending a stack of fagots in the Rectory-yard. Imagination supplied the accessories. The children severally personated the chief characters of the '*Iliad*.' Henry was Achilles. The siege was at last discontinued, because Eleanor (Mrs. Gates) objected to being dragged by the heels round the walls of Troy: while Clara (Mrs. Searle, a heroine, but within reasonable bounds,) declined parting with her tresses in order to supply the besieged with bow-strings. It is remembered besides that 'when we "came down to dessert," each was expected to say something by heart. This strengthened our memories. Henry used to distinguish himself on those occasions.'

With the village of Cosgrove, and with the Rectory-house in which the first sixteen years of his life had been spent, were linked to the last all Henry Mansel's tenderest memories. He clung to the surroundings of his father's 'modest mansion' with indescribable affection. What wonder? Nothing in after life makes up for the vanished sweetness of the home of other days: and in his case, the domestic hearth must have been peculiarly joyous. To Cosgrove he was observed ever to return with a kind of passionate fondness. No change in fact was so eagerly anticipated, or proved so refreshing to his spirits, as the occasional resort thither. The very atmosphere of the place was exhilarating and

delicious to him. Was it that the beech-trees freshened the air, and that the abundant violets made it sweet? On approaching Cosgrove, weariness seemed driven from his countenance, as he recognized a face long familiar, or passed some object full of childish associations. Some happy remark would generally follow. Writing in 1855, he expressed himself as follows:—

‘Now, after the lapse of twenty years, I scarcely have a dream of vivid interest in which the scene is not laid in that spot.’ (He then adds:—) ‘It is curious how in sleep, when the personal activity and self-consciousness which connect us mainly with the present are lulled to rest, the mind almost invariably goes back to those days and scenes of childhood when the imagination was more vivid and the judgment less mature. It seems as if the imaginative faculties, which are apt to grow duller with advancing years, strive when predominant to draw fresh supplies of vigour from the foundation of their early strength; and as if that form of consciousness, which no impossibilities startle and in which no anachronisms are detected, links itself by natural affinity with that period of the waking life in which reality and its laws are least present to us, and the dreams of Fairyland most vivid.’

The reminiscences of Henry’s earliest years which linger on in the family, though few and slight, are characteristic. The child’s thoughtfulness used to strike every one. On being presented by his Mother with a little wheelbarrow, instead of playing with it in the manner of other children, he was observed to turn it upside down,—to seat himself upon it,—and to keep twirling the wheel, lost in a kind of reverie. He always wanted to know the reason *why* everything was:—used to pull his toys to pieces to see how they were put together:—cut out the head of his drum in order to discover what it was that made the sound. One of his earliest as well

as of his latest characteristics was his slowness to speak on any subject until he had fully mastered it: but having weighed any question and arrived at his own conclusions, he would maintain and defend his position with a power rarely met with in a much older person. His mind once made up, he rarely changed his opinion. Quick, thoughtful, and observant, he frequently surprised the family by the reasoning powers he displayed. It has been said of him that 'he was born a Metaphysician'; and traits are remembered of his tenderest years which illustrate and confirm that saying. In maturer life, he frequently referred to the problem which almost in his infancy used to puzzle and trouble him. Before he was old enough to put his thoughts into language, he would lie on the ground, (which he was fond of doing), and perplex himself with the question,—'*My hand: my foot.* But what is *me?*' His Mother once heard him soliloquizing in that way.

On a certain occasion, while reading Miss Edgeworth's child's book, 'Frank,' he raised the question—Whether the story was true? A suitable answer was returned which appeared to him satisfactory. Presently came a passage—'Frank was going to say &c. &c. but he forgot.' 'Now' (exclaimed little Mansel) 'I know it cannot be true: for how could *they* know what Frank was going to say, if *he* forgot?' . . . It is needless to add concerning such a child that he gave extraordinary promise. An appreciative aged neighbour, (Rev. W. Hellings of Potterspury,—familiarily designated 'the Vicar of Wakefield'), used to say, 'I am afraid I shall be dead before that boy is old enough for me to teach him Hebrew.'

The power of retaining what he had once heard or read, he enjoyed through life in an extraordinary degree:

and this faculty developed itself very early. In fact, his retentive memory—(he derived it chiefly from his Mother)—was perhaps his most remarkable endowment. When too young to be taught, he would often pick up portions of the lessons his Sisters were learning, which enabled him to supply the passage wanted, if, when repeating their lessons to their Mother, (as the custom was,) the girls were sometimes at fault. This created the more surprise because, apparently, he had been engrossed by his toys on the floor.

It was his Father's custom to catechize the children of the parish in the Church on Sunday afternoons. When Henry was three years old he insisted on standing up and repeating the Church Catechism with the rest. He had picked it up by ear. Accordingly, he was mounted on a form. On one such occasion,—‘How many Commandments are there?’ inquired the Rector of his infant son. ‘Ten,’ replied the child; immediately adding (to the surprise and discomfiture of the Catechist), ‘*Which be they?*’

At the age of eight, having been taught till then by his Father, he was sent to a preparatory school kept by the Rev. John Collins of East Farndon in Northamptonshire; where he was long remembered for his passionate love of books and omnivorous taste for reading. But he preferred history to fable, and works of a solid character generally to what is called ‘light literature.’ In this respect,—Would it be true, or not, to say that ‘the child is father to the man’? In his maturer years he was certainly a great reader of fiction, and possessed a larger collection of Fairy tales than perhaps any other person. It was here that he had his first and only fight; the cause being disrespectful language on the part of

one of the boys concerning the Church and sacred subjects. These, throughout his life, might never be approached in his presence without reverence. With Mr. Collins, Henry remained for two years.<sup>1</sup>

The choice of a school of higher pretensions had long been a matter of anxious consideration with Henry's parents. The father's predilections were naturally in favour of Eton, but to this certain obstacles presented themselves. At the same juncture, one of those coincidences which men call 'accidents' determined at once which should be Henry's school, University, and College. Between the Rev. Philip Wynter, (who was by this time President of S. John's), and the inmates of Cosgrove Rectory, a warm friendship had sprung up in bygone years,—when Wynter had held the Curacy of Hardingstone in the same county. Himself educated at Merchant Taylors' School, and ardently attached to that foundation,—'from my connexion with which' (he wrote) 'all my prosperity and comfort in life under Providence have been derived,'<sup>2</sup>—Wynter had not failed to urge the advantages it affords to youths intended for the University. Ultimately, through his friendly intervention, the offer came of a presentation to that School. It was accepted, and Henry was at once placed in the House of the Rev. J. W. Bellamy, then Head-master. He entered on this new phase of existence on the 29th Sept., 1830, and speedily distinguished himself by his assiduity and application, as well as became liked for his amiability of character.

<sup>1</sup> In a letter dated 17th Sept. 1830, Mr. Collins laments that 'tomorrow morning' he shall cease to enjoy 'the pleasure of instructing

so clever and sensible a boy.'

<sup>2</sup> Letter to the Rector of Cosgrove,—14th June 1830.

Even at this early period his power of abstraction was remarked as extraordinary. No matter what might be going on in the boarders' room, it seemed as if nothing was able to divert his attention from his actual object of study. At the same time his popularity secured him from molestation by those many annoyances which school-boys are apt to practise on their fellows so occupied. 'Such a quiet lad!' (Mrs. Bellamy used to say of him:)—'I believe the boys might jump over his head while he is with his books, for aught *he* would care, so that they did not molest *him*.' By the way, it is noted by some who were his school intimates at this time, that, as a boy, he was irascible and even violent. But his anger, (it is always added), was soon over. 'In later years' (writes the present President, Dr. Bellamy,) 'there seemed no remnant of such a temper.' And (what is remarkable) the members of his own family, from their experience of his unvarying sweetness at home, are wholly unable to credit that he can ever at any time have been subject to such gusts of passion. 'From first to last' (proceeds the same pen),

'I never knew any man who had such deep and almost romantic notions of the claims of friendship and gratitude. He never forgot any old schoolfellow, or any one to whom he had once become attracted. He was not, as you may suppose, very expert at games or given to them, but he did not decline them.'

At Cosgrove,—(it was no doubt one of the many silken threads which bound him to his home),—his Mother considerably provided him with a little room to himself, where he might pursue his studies without interruption. It adjoined the sitting-room, and his sisters recall with interest her solicitude that the conversation, for his sake, should be carried on in a somewhat subdued tone.



The years spent at Merchant Taylors' were a period of his life to which the future Dean of S. Paul's always looked back with great affection and interest. His regard for his old Master continued unabated to the last, and was heartily reciprocated. On achieving any honourable distinction, or obtaining any fresh accession of dignity, he always delighted to communicate the intelligence among the first to Mr. Bellamy,—the constant friend of his early years; confident of receiving from him a hearty response and words of sincerest sympathy. From time to time a little visit was planned, which was at least as gratifying to the Master as to the former pupil.

'In those days' (writes his friend Archd. Hessey, with reference to the period embraced by the years 1830-9),

'A constant intercourse was maintained between the College and the School, and great interest was felt in the particular boys who were likely to proceed to S. John's. Very early in his career, Mansel's repute reached us. Though comparatively low down in the school, he had been a writer in the *'School Magazine'* in 1832-3, and was generally spoken of as thoughtful and scholar-like beyond his years. As time went on we heard more and more of him.'

Here, certain reminiscences of Mansel as a schoolboy, from the pen of one of his school-fellows (the Rev. Leopold Bernays) will be perused with interest:—

'I did not know him intimately until the last two years of our school time together,—from the middle of 1837 to the June of 1839,—in which year we were both elected to Scholarships at S. John's. There was, during the greater part of that time, a close intimacy between our families, and I knew thoroughly all that was going on in his mind both at School and at College. We were

alike devoted to the reading of Poetry, and the composition of verses of our own: always comparing notes with one another, and mutually affording each other such help and criticism as we could. Mansel published a little volume of Poems when he was seventeen, of more than schoolboy merit, which made him a sort of school hero. And although he never took to writing poetry as a serious occupation, he had great power of expression, was an elegant versifier, and possessed very considerable humour, which superseded the somewhat severe tone of his earlier writings. . . . His literary tastes were even then remarkable. He spent all his pocket-money on books, and possessed quite a large library of the English Poets. He sought after all the less-known writers at every book-stall. I often assisted him in hunting for scarce volumes. He had such a wonderful memory, that we used to say of him at school that if all the English Poets were lost, Mansel would be able to reproduce them. He was always a great reader, and had few tastes to draw him off.<sup>3</sup> 'Already was he noted for the jocular epigrammatic power, which he retained through life. His classical work of all kinds he got through with much ease; and by consequence had so much time at his disposal, that those about him half thought he must be idle, until they were undeceived by finding that he knew what he had spent one hour upon, as well as they did what had cost them two.'<sup>4</sup>

It should also be recorded concerning this same early period of his life, (namely, when he was a boy of 16 or 17,) that he had already developed the same strong political predilections,—had already exhibited the same metaphysical tastes,—which characterized his maturer years. His school friends remember his eager youthful 'Toryism.' A little poem in 14 stanzas, entitled '*The Thought Meter*,' written at this time, remains a witness to his intellectual tendencies. It purports to be,

<sup>3</sup> Letter from Rev. Leopold J. Bernays, Rector of Stanmore,—Feb. 1874.

<sup>4</sup> From Archdeacon Hessey.

‘A vision of Earth’s nothingness  
And Mind’s infinity.’

and ends,

‘Thus shall each hand be withering,  
Thus shall each scroll be furl’d,  
That telleth of a *real* thing  
Within a *passing* world.’<sup>5</sup>

The poetical venture already spoken of, which is inscribed on its title-page—‘*The Demons of the Wind, and other Poems*, by Henry Longueville Mansel’<sup>6</sup>—extends to 120 pages, (of which the first 52 are occupied by ‘the Demons,’) and contains in all twenty-five short poetical essays of various degrees of merit. All however are promising, and show besides entire mastery of versification, much sweetness, tenderness, and even power. He was 18 years of age when this little volume, the first-fruits of the coming harvest, made its appearance, and to some limited extent must have made its author known.

Here it is necessary to go back two or three years, in order to relate that the current of Henry’s life which had flowed on so unruffled, was suddenly darkened by an event which at once broke up the home of his boyhood, and scattered the shining circle which till then had been the light of Cosgrove Rectory. His Father died somewhat unexpectedly in the March of 1835, aged 52 years. As soon as danger was apprehended, the boy was sent for from school. He at once travelled down by the

<sup>5</sup> These verses appeared in a literary effort of the friend of his boyhood, Rev. L. J. Bernays, by whom they are thus introduced:—‘The spirit and execution of this little poem agree so fully with my own notions on the subject, and are

so much better expressed than I could hope to express them, that I could not refrain from asking the Author’s permission to insert it among my own poems.’

<sup>6</sup> London, J. W. Southgate, 164 Strand, 1838.

Stony Stratford coach, which used to pass within two miles of the Rectory; and some can yet recall the anxious face with which (bag in hand) he was soon to be seen hastily traversing the little dip in the road about half a mile from his Father's door. But he arrived too late to behold alive the parent whom he loved so well.

This event it was that acquainted Henry with that sense of responsibility which for the first time makes life appear in a young man's eyes the grave reality which it is presently found to be. He was now in his fifteenth year. The desire to enter the Ministry henceforth predominated with him,—became the fixed object and purpose of his striving,—shaped his aims and regulated his studies. To his great satisfaction, it was arranged that his Mother should ultimately return to reside at Cosgrove,—a house in the village having been bequeathed expressly for her use. But, for the moment, having nominated a successor to the Rectory, Mrs. Mansel went to live at Cheltenham. Thence she removed to Buckingham,—and thence, in 1837, to the village of Emberton, in the same county. At the end of another year (viz. in 1838), she made London her residence, in order to afford a home to her two sons, the younger of whom (Robert Stanley) was now also entered at Merchant Taylors' School. Henry at once left Mr. Bellamy's for his mother's house, and continued to attend as a day scholar up to the period of his leaving the school in 1839. In 1842 Mrs. Mansel went back to Cosgrove, where she resided till her death. But this is again to anticipate.

The period of Henry's residence at Merchant Taylors' has been already touched upon. It was nothing else but a series of youthful successes. In 1838, he won the chief

prize for English Verse. At the close of the same year, a medal was founded by Sir Moses Montefiore for the encouragement of the study of Hebrew, which had always been cultivated in the school. Every voice suggested that 'Mansel' would be the one to carry off the new distinction; and win it he did, and easily. But he deserved his success, for (with his habitual ardour) he resorted to a Rabbi for assistance, and toiled hard at the language. The following anecdote, belonging to a subsequent period of his life, aptly indicates with what zeal the youth applied himself to this new problem; or rather, how far beneath the surface he suffered his inquiries to carry him. Referring to his '*eruditio prope-modum universa*,'<sup>7</sup> Archd. Hesse writes:—

"I will give you a curious instance. In Bythner's Hebrew Grammar, (which I was editing in 1853), occurred, in the Chapter *De Nomine*,—'Genitivus pluralis, reflexus super suum nominativum, singularem importat excellentiam,—*aiunt Colonienses in Hispanum*.' The meaning of the rule was clear enough, '*vanitas vanitatum*' being an instance of it. But what did the reference mean? I asked Dr. Pusey, who said he could not even guess. I then asked Mansel. He said at once,—'Depend upon it, the allusion is to the Doctors of Cologne, who controverted a grammatical rule laid down by Petrus Hispanus, as to the import of such phrases.' . . . I believe he was right."<sup>8</sup>

From Merchant Taylors', Henry Mansel went up for matriculation to S. John's as a Scholar (or Probationary Fellow) June 11th, 1839, having carried off not merely the Hebrew medal, but two (of the four) chief Classical prizes awarded that year,—those, namely, for Greek verse and for Latin verse.

<sup>7</sup> See below, p. 232, note (3).

<sup>8</sup> M. Neubauer of the Bodleian (to whom I referred the question)

confirms this view:—"It is the School of Cologne on Petrus Hispanus's *Logic*,—(not Grammar)."

‘Of the other two chief Prizes, that for Greek prose was awarded to F. H. Cox, afterwards Dean of Hobart Town, Tasmania; that for Latin prose, to Paul Parnell, who was elected to S. John’s at the same time with Mansel, and obtained the same honours at his B.A. Degree. Both of these were men of distinguished ability. The latter died early, while on his voyage out to assume the office of Crown Solicitor for the Perth District, Western Australia.’<sup>9</sup>

‘The addition of such a youth to our College society caused some sensation, and we were ready to “greet with present grace and great prediction”<sup>1</sup> one of whom we had heard so favourably. I remember looking at him with curiosity, and being much struck with his quiet thoughtful manner, and the good-humoured expression of his lower features which tempered the gravity of his massive brow.’<sup>2</sup>

Mansel’s connection with Oxford as a resident, which thus began by his becoming a Scholar of S. John’s

<sup>9</sup> Flushed with youthful indignation and excited spirits,—Paul Parnell was seen for the last time by many besides the present writer, leading a famous demonstration in the Sheldonian Theatre (at the *Encaenia* of 1843), against an unpopular Proctor.—‘I see you, Mr. Parnell!’—‘Yes, sir, and I see you,’ (shaking his fist at him), ‘and you must leave the Theatre.’—The disastrous consequences might have been foreseen,—but they were deplored by the whole University. The following sad inscription on a stained window, (S. John’s Church, Fitzroy Square,) is the only record I ever met with of the end of one whose abilities were of the very highest order;—whose moral worth won him the esteem and regard of all;—and who gave promise of a great and brilliant career:—*In*

*memory of Paul Parnell, B.C.L. Born 22nd Dec. 1820. Died Nov. 12th, 1852, once Fellow of S. John’s College, Oxford. Buried in the great deep, Nov. 12th, 1852.* Those words quite accidentally caught my eye, when I happened to be in the Church above named, and transported me back in thought some 20 years to the scene I began by describing. — Paul Parnell would have been a tower of strength to the Conservative cause had he lived. His eloquence and debating power at the Union (of which he was Treasurer in 1842) are still remembered at Oxford with admiration. . . . When Mansel casually mentioned Parnell’s name many years after, it was observed that his eyes instantly filled with tears.

<sup>1</sup> Macbeth, Act I. Scene 3.

<sup>2</sup> Letter from Archd. Hessey.



College in 1839, continued unbroken for a period of thirty years. Once only (namely in 1865) was he obliged to submit to a few months' absence, in consequence of excessive mental labour. Profoundly conscious from the beginning, that on his own exertions he would have to depend for his livelihood, he entered on his academical course with a degree of determination and an amount of industry which have seldom been equalled,—never surpassed. His thirst for knowledge, which increased with his proficiency, added intensity to the ardour of his pursuit. At the same time, the thoroughness of his character constrained him, in the matter of his studies, (as in all other things,) to put up with no superficial knowledge, but to master every subject completely. His former schoolfellow at Merchant Taylors', now his brother-scholar at S. John's, thus writes concerning Mansel at this period of his life:—

‘From the day that our College life began,’ (in the October Term of 1839), ‘he laid down for himself a course of reading, from which, as to hours and duration, he rarely if ever swerved. He rose very early. At first, he and I met before 6 in the morning: but my resolution soon failed; while he, if he made any change, rose earlier.’

It is related of him by one who was Fellow and Tutor of the College, that he was never absent from morning Chapel, and was constant in his attendance at Holy Communion. For a while, he rose to work at 4 o'clock, and it was only in consequence of urgent remonstrance,—(he was manifestly injuring his health, though he retired to rest early and seldom read in the evening,)—that he returned to the more reasonable hour of 6. He established at this time an alarum-clock,—of which the weight, in descending, pulled off his bed-

clothes and woke him. His Hebrew studies he was constrained for awhile to discontinue, and to defer until after his degree; considering, not unreasonably, that Classics and Mathematics,—(for he aspired to distinction in both,)—were enough to occupy his whole attention.

Let it not be supposed however that he shunned society. On the contrary. He entered into it with the keenest zest, and was the life of every company in which he was found. Full of anecdote, his ready wit and powers of repartee as well as of grave argument and sustained disputation, caused him to be much courted, whether for genial or for serious gatherings. But the thing he supremely enjoyed was a walk with some clever and studious friend, of about the same standing with himself. On such occasions, he would discuss what they had been lately reading, illustrating it to his companion's astonishment by an amount of knowledge,—how and when acquired, the other was at a loss even to imagine.

For the last two years of his academical career, Mansel read Logic and Moral Science privately with Hessey; who speedily made the discovery which so many Oxford 'coaches' have made before and since,—namely, that the greater had come for help to the less; that the Teacher was destined not unfrequently to be the learner; and that the (so-called) pupil was in reality fitter to occupy the Teacher's chair. He writes:—

'By the beginning of his third year of residence, he had gone over most of his books and subjects for the second time: had thoroughly mastered his Greek and Latin Poets, and delighted in supplying parallel passages from English sources. Herodotus, Thucydides, the first two Books of Xenophon's "*Hellenica*," with portions of Livy and Tacitus, he had at his fingers' ends.'—'His

memory,' (writes Mr. Bernays) 'which seemed to increase in power during his College career, was marvellous. We often amused ourselves by picking out very obscure personages and incidents, and testing his memory by them. He would tell us where each was mentioned, whether on the right or the left-hand page. This wonderful power undoubtedly stood him in good stead, and contributed much to his great success in taking his degree: but,—what is seldom the case,—he combined with this minuteness of recollection great generalizing power; could bring his facts to one focus and assign to each of them its due weight and proportion. Not discursive in his reading, he avoided a fault into which many fall at this period of their studies. He was fond of comparing ancient and modern governments; and not merely knew Dr. Arnold's or Niebuhr's theories, but was continually finding out fresh applications of them. His portfolio was full of essays and memoranda on the Polity, Finance, Migrations, domestic habits, of the nations of Antiquity: a map of every region,—a plan of every great battle,—an epitome of every speech—occurring in his books, together with genealogies of every dynasty. Among others, an elaborate paper upon the Roman numerals has been preserved. His classical composition gave evidence of great taste, and of singular facility of imitation of the best masters of style.'

What follows (from Archd. Hessey) is more interesting, and a vast deal more characteristic of the man:—

'He generally brought with him a list of enquiries on matters which had struck him, and about which he had to be satisfied before he could go on. It was indeed a striking peculiarity of his mind, that he was unable to proceed unless sure of his position. In the course of a lecture, I often perceived that his thoughts were not with mine. His air was troubled and his brow overcast. On such occasions, I stopped abruptly. He would then tell me that he was not convinced as to the grounds of a certain statement; or that such and such objections were weighing upon his mind. It was necessary to

recommence the argument. On his difficulties being removed, his attention returned, and we proceeded smoothly together. At other times I had to pause for a very different reason. A gleam of almost indescribable humour would pervade his face. There was something in his mind which must be uttered, pleasantly connected with the book before us; perhaps that part of Aristotle's "*Rhetoric*" which abounds with shrewd observations upon human motives and character. It turned out to be a felicitous parallel from Shakspeare, or from Bacon's colours of Good and Evil, or from "*Hudibras*," or even from Colenso, or Father Prout, or the "*Pickwick Papers*." This had struck him, and he was obliged to give vent to it,—to my very great amusement. But he could, the moment after, revert to the text before us, dismissing every thought of the digression.'

An ingenuous admission follows, the like of which has many a time fallen from those who have taught much in our Universities:—

'I often felt that I was learning more from him than I was able to impart, especially as the time of his Degree drew near. His difficulties, which were often of a most subtle and refined character, not unfrequently suggested lines of thought which I should otherwise scarcely have entered upon. And the ability which he displayed in his Essays, the clearness with which he laid down principles, the judiciousness of his divisions of the subject proposed, and the copious information which he brought to bear upon it,—convinced me daily that I was dealing with no ordinary man. His industry was scarcely conceivable. I have before me his interleaved copy of Aristotle's "*Ethics*," filled with materials gathered in his private reading. His analyses of Plato's "*Republic*," "*Laws*," and "*Theaetetus*,"—of Aristotle's "*Politics*," and of Butler's "*Analogy*,"—are still preserved. The labour which these analyses cost him must have been enormous, exhibiting as they do not merely acquaintance with the treatises of his authors, but acute discrimination of their

main drift, as compared with their excursive and incidental discussions.'

In the Easter term of 1843, Mansel was rewarded for his laborious undergraduateship with 'a double-first.' Some may require to have it explained to them that this, at the period referred to, was the highest attainable honour: viz. a place in the first Class as well for Mathematics as for Classics. The excellence of his papers at once decided his place in the Class-list by the unanimous suffrage of the Examiners: but it is related that his *vivâ voce* Examination somewhat disappointed the Undergraduates, who in those days used to throng the gallery benches when a man of extraordinary merit presented himself for examination. The reason of this is as interesting as it is characteristic.

The Examiner began by putting a question founded on an assumption which Mansel was convinced was false, and which accordingly he proceeded to combat. He declined to accept the false premiss, and to throw himself into the Examiner's train of reasoning. This was not what the Examiner wished for, or expected. The plain English of the matter is that he was incompetent to handle Mansel,—who (conscious of his superiority) insisted on holding his own. A protracted disputation was the consequence. *Which* of the parties was more to be blamed? The youth, who forgot that while he was undergoing his '*vivâ voce*' it was at his peril that he resolutely wrestled with his Examiner?—Or the Examiner, who, with the whole province of Moral and Mental Science before him, persisted in harping on his own one idea; instead of shifting his ground, and generously inviting his opponent to follow him into any other department of the ample realm, where the

other might have an opportunity of displaying his known skill and attainments? . . . Few Oxford men, it is thought, will hesitate as to their reply. Fewer still, it is further believed, on recalling their own hour of trial, will be slow to exclaim secretly,—‘It was not thus, certainly, that the Examiner, in *my* case, dealt with *me!*’ . . . Be that as it may, this passage of arms (for such it was) left little time for the examination in History and Poetry. But it was of no real consequence. Mansel’s place in the Class-list had been safe from the first.

Could he have carried out his own wishes immediately after taking his degree, in 1843, it is known that he would have at once surrendered himself wholly to the studies proper for the work of the Ministry, and in due course would have undertaken a parochial cure. But the death of his Father had imposed on him new duties and responsibilities.

The October term found him again in Oxford; where private pupils, from whom he found it difficult to disentangle himself, flocked to him. He speedily became a famous and successful Teacher. To decline the sphere of useful labour which thus, in a manner, forced itself upon him would have been unreasonable. Mansel, on the contrary, threw himself into it with characteristic ardour; and found his reward in the success which attended his labours, and in the intercourse to which it led with men of kindred pursuits and attainments. At the Christmas of 1844, he was nevertheless ordained Deacon; and at the Christmas of the following year Priest, by Dr. Richard Bagot, Bishop of Oxford. He had resolutely steered clear of the great mistake of suffering his pupils to take up all his time. But he had



done more: he had reserved the necessary leisure for preparing himself for what was to be the future business of his life. He also applied himself vigorously to the study of French and German, with a view to reading in the original books to which he had hitherto only had access through translations:—resumed the study of Hebrew, which he had abandoned for four years;—and acquainted himself with the best English Divinity, besides studying the Apostolical Fathers and Eusebius.

‘I have seen lately’ (writes Archd. Hessey) ‘his well-worn copy of Eusebius, filled with references and remarks which show how diligently he had studied it,—little imagining that he would ever be called to the Chair of Ecclesiastical History. It was part of his preparation for Holy Orders; the prospect of which he had from his early youth kept steadily before himself. He made it, besides, his daily practice to study a portion of the Old and of the New Testament.’

Such a course of reading as is sketched in the foregoing paragraph would have been in itself amply sufficient to tax to the utmost the energies of any ordinary student. Hebrew,—French,—German,—are words soon written; but *who* requires to be reminded of the tedious process by which alone familiarity with each language is to be acquired? Never however for a single day did Mansel withdraw himself from his chosen province of Moral and Mental Science: and he was at this time largely occupied besides with the work of Tuition. His reputation steadily increased. Pupils of a high order of ability resorted to him. He was presently recognized as the foremost Teacher of his time.

Of the pupils referred to, not a few have subsequently achieved for themselves honourable distinction. The most conspicuous name is that of one who adorned the

lustre of his birth by the acquisition of the highest University honours,—the Earl of Carnarvon. When it was resolved, in 1875, to publish Mansel's '*Lectures on the Gnostic Heresies*,' the Earl with generous sympathy contributed an introductory sketch of 'the Work, Life, and Character' of his friend,—the first page of which may well find place here. It is a pleasure to transcribe the graceful language in which he recalls the memory of his College days and of his intercourse (1853-4) with the subject of the present Memoir, who was at that time his private Tutor:—

'My first acquaintance with Dean Mansel was made twenty years ago<sup>3</sup> at the University,—when *he* had everything to give, and *I* had everything to receive. As I think of him, his likeness seems to rise before me. In one of those picturesque and old-world Colleges,—in rooms which, if I remember rightly, on one side looked upon the collegiate quadrangle with its sober and meditative architecture, and on the other caught the play of light and shade cast by trees almost as venerable, on the garden grass;—in one of those rooms, whose walls were built up to the ceiling with books, which, nevertheless, overflowed on the floor, and were piled in masses of disorderly order upon chairs and tables;—might have been seen sitting day after day the late Dean, then my private Tutor, and the most successful teacher of his time in the University. Young men are no bad judges of the capabilities of a teacher; and those who sought the highest honours of the University in the Class schools thought themselves fortunate to secure instruction such as he gave,—transparently lucid, accurate, and without stint, flowing on through the whole morning continuously, making the most complicated questions clear.

'But if, as chanced sometimes with me, they returned later as guests in the winter evening to the cheery and

<sup>3</sup> This was written in 1874-5.

old-fashioned hospitality of the Common Room, they might have seen the same man, the centre of conversation, full of anecdote and humour and wit, applying the resources of a prodigious memory and keen intellect to the genial intercourse of society.

‘The life of old Oxford has nearly passed away. New ideas are now accepted: old traditions almost cease to have a part in the existence of the place; the very studies have greatly changed, and—whether for good or evil—except for the grey walls which seem to upbraid the altered conditions of thought around them, Oxford bids fair to represent modern Liberalism, rather than the “Church and State” doctrines of the early part of the century. But of that earlier creed, which was one characteristic of the University, Dean Mansel was an eminent type. Looked up to and trusted by his friends, he was viewed by his opponents as worthy of their highest antagonism; and whilst he reflected the qualities which the lovers of an older system have delighted to honour, he freely expressed opinions which modern Reformers select for their strongest condemnation.

‘Such he was when I first knew him twenty years ago,—in the zenith of his teaching reputation, though on the point of withdrawing himself from it to a career even more worthy of his great abilities. . . . It was then that I formed an acquaintance which ripened into deep and sincere friendship: which grew closer and more varied as life went on: over which no shadow of variation ever passed; and which was abruptly snapped at the very time when it had become most highly prized.’<sup>4</sup>

While on this subject, the reader will peruse with interest the following modest record of the impressions retained by another of Mansel’s pupils,<sup>5</sup> of the benefit he derived from a very brief acquaintance with Mansel’s teaching about this same time:—

‘I gained greatly by those few weeks of his help; the

<sup>4</sup> *Introduction*, pp. v–vii.

<sup>5</sup> The Rev. John Earle, Fellow of Oriel, Professor of Anglo-Saxon.

more so, as I had got all my work up beforehand in my own way. From what I can remember, I would say that he handled metaphysical subjects with a wonderful ease. This appeared in him not by strong flights, but by always keeping where his pupil was; and taking, quite naturally, *his* point of view, even when that view was stupid or mistaken. He had also a beautiful uniformity of temper, which was all part of the same complete and calm possession both of himself and of his subject; and which made the force and rate of progress measured and deliberately slow at the time, but the result considerable in the ultimate total. I seem to remember even now my frequent surprise at the striking of the hour. What with the occasional interlude of an amusing illustration, and his strong mind bearing one along, the wheels of thought worked with so little friction, that there was no fatigue to measure the time by.'

Another friend contributes a sketch of the man as he was known (1842-54), and is still fondly remembered, by his contemporaries. It supplies some features scarcely brought out by other pens, and is sure to be perused with pleasure:—

'I first met Mansel in the year 1842, at the rooms of E. A. Freeman, the historian. He was still an Undergraduate,—in repute as a humourist, and aspirant to academic distinction. I remember, he struck me as a solid person, with a maturity of mental power beyond his years. Subsequently, when he had become one of the most eminent and successful private Tutors in the University, I was constantly in his company in the younger Common-room society of the day; where his geniality and flow of conversation, literary and jocose, made him a general favourite. We used to be astonished at his powers of memory, and his intimate acquaintance with the whole range of English literature, from Chaucer to Dickens. Poet or philosopher, novelist or chronicler,—he drew at will from all: and a quotation, with Mansel, was not a passage but a page.

‘In 1849 he contested the Chair of Logic with the late Professor Wall, and was largely supported. The election rests with Convocation. I was able to render him some aid in his canvass. This service he never forgot, and from that time our acquaintance passed into a friendship which continued without interruption until his death. In the various political and academic contests of the succeeding years, we were much together. To these I allude only for the purpose of mentioning one characteristic of him, viz. his extreme kindness and sweetness of disposition. In a period of controversy he opposed himself to parties and to principles,—never to persons. With all his epigrammatic power, I cannot recall a single ungenerous or ungentle expression towards any opponent.

‘One more phase in his character must be noticed,—his humbleness of mind. He was always ready to defer to others, and to weigh with patient attention the opinions even of those but little entitled to advance them. In no man could there be less of self-assertion. It was the same with him in conversation. He never talked for *effect*, or sought an audience for the wit he uttered. His most brilliant sayings were also the most unpremeditated.’<sup>6</sup>

In the interval between the date of taking his degree (Easter 1843), and 1855, the year of his marriage,—in addition to all his other work, Mansel’s pen was never idle. In 1847 appeared his little treatise ‘*On the Heads of Predicables*’ (pp. 60):—and in 1849, his ‘*Artis Logicae Rudimenta*,’—which, however, is nothing else but an enlarged and annotated edition of Aldrich’s ‘*Logic*.’ This production was received with much favour, as the want of such a work had been long felt. It reached a second edition in 1852,—a third in 1856,—a fourth in 1862. In the meantime he reviewed ‘*The Philosophy of Language*’

<sup>6</sup> From the Rev. E. T. Turner, Fellow of Brasenose, Registrar of the University.—January 3rd, 1874.



in the '*North British Review*' for Nov. 1850;—and in the ensuing year (May 1851), '*Recent Extensions of Formal Logic*.'<sup>7</sup> In 1851 he also published his '*Prolegomena Logica, a series of Psychological Essays introductory to the Science*.' It is in fact an enquiry into the Psychological character of Logical processes. Of this work a second edition appeared in 1860.

Lord John Russell's Commission, appointed (1850) 'to inquire into the State, Discipline, Studies, and Revenues, of the University of Oxford,' issued its Report in 1852. Mansel made this the occasion for his 'inimitable imitation' (as it has been wittily called) of Aristophanes,—'*Scenes from an unfinished Drama entitled PHRONTISTERION; or Oxford in the 19th Century*.' It is certainly the wittiest thing he ever wrote, and is too well known to require praise or comment. Very reasonably has it been included in the volume of Mansel's '*Letters, Lectures, and Reviews*,' edited by his friend Chandler in 1873, to which reference has been made already. The '*Phrontisterion*' stands last in the collection. In 1853 he addressed to Dr. Whewell a letter (dated April 12th) entitled '*The limits of Demonstrative Science considered*' (pp. 46):—and in the next year (1854) appeared his examination of Mr. Maurice's '*Theory of a Fixed State out of Time*,' in a letter to the friend of his boyhood, and late brother-fellow at S. John's, the Rev. Leopold J. Bernays. The pamphlet is entitled '*Man's Conception of Eternity*;' and, like the last-mentioned Letter, has been reprinted in the volume of '*Letters*,' &c., above mentioned. If I content myself with a bare enumeration of so many thoughtful productions of Mansel's pen, it is only because, first, the

<sup>7</sup> Both are reprinted in Mansel's '*Letters, Lectures, and Reviews*' (1873), pp. 3-35; 39-76.



prescribed limits of such a biographical sketch as the present forbid the introduction of details; and next, because a discussion of his multitudinous contributions to Philosophical and Mental Science is at *any* time possible. The object I chiefly set before myself is, to exhibit and place on record that living image of *the man*, which a few years hence will be irrecoverable.

But no main incident in Mansel's life may be omitted; and this is the proper place for recording that at the first election to the Hebdomadal Council (Oct. 24th, 1854), he was returned at the head of the poll for his division (that of members of Convocation), though he was the junior in respect of standing, and of age, of those elected. It was a remarkable compliment,—paid to him spontaneously by the University; and as such, he felt it deeply. The other five names were,—James B. Mozley, Dr. Lightfoot, Richard Michell, Osborne Gordon, and Charles Marriott,—‘who ran a tie with Mark Pattison, but was subsequently returned by a majority over him.’<sup>8</sup>

The year 1855 brought with it the happiest event of Mansel's life. He was united (August 16th) to Charlotte Augusta, third daughter of the late Daniel Taylor, esq., of Clapham Common, Surrey. A few thoughtful words of his own, written at this period, are sure to be read with pleasure. We are every one of us sufficiently philosophical to enter into the sentiments he so gracefully delivers, though we might find it difficult to

<sup>8</sup> From the Registrar of the University (the Rev. E. T. Turner, Fellow of B. N. C.), who adds:—“18 seats were filled up, 6 in each division of

‘Heads,’ ‘Professors,’ and ‘Members of Convocation.’ These, with the V. C. and Proctors, constitute the whole Council.”

express our meaning with the same tenderness, truth, and beauty:—

‘I have long since been aware that the reserved and meditative habits produced by a studious and solitary life are not favourable,—I do not say to the possession, but certainly to the exhibition,—of such qualities as are most attractive in winning attachment. No man, believe me, is more deeply to be pitied than one whose whole training is exclusively intellectual: who is practised, day by day, in laborious exertions of the thinking faculties, with no corresponding opportunities for the development of the feelings and affections, which were designed by GOD to bear their part in the formation of human character. Such training can but mar and mutilate the living soul of GOD’s Creation, to put in its place a lifeless and distorted image of Man’s fashioning; in parts overgrown and monstrous, in parts stunted and dried up . . . . There is but one remedy for this. The affections must be restored to their proper place in the everyday life, and suffered to find their daily food and nourishment in those relations which GOD has designed for their development. I say “but one remedy”; for even the religious feelings are, in their influence upon the heart, moulded and modified by the mental character . . . . When we see how GOD has graciously availed Himself of human affection as the type and symbol of our relations towards Him: how the love of a Father towards his children is sanctified as the image of GOD’s love to Man: how the Husband is bidden to love the Wife as CHRIST loved the Church:—we feel how much more fully and deeply these things speak to the heart of those whose human affections have been permitted to grow, and blossom, and bear fruit; who know how deep is their obligation of love and gratitude to that GOD who has given them so much to love on earth.’

Sentiments sweet and just,—sacred too,—as those which go before, gave blessed promise of the happiness with which he who penned them was prepared to invest

his home. All who came in contact with him felt this influence. Servants were attracted by it; and some who remained in his household throughout the period of his married life, could testify to the blessing of serving such a Master. Greatly was he beloved by them, as indeed he was by all those who came within the sphere of his personal attraction. Truly, it was a bright and a peaceful home,—‘every way pure and lovely,’ as one remarks who knew it best. His gentleness, cheerfulness, quiet playfulness,—above all, his consistently religious life,—imparted a nameless charm to the atmosphere of his daily existence. Quiet fun too there was in abundance, and not unfrequently sparkling sallies of wit; but *this* characteristic, though it was what chiefly impressed and fascinated strangers, is observed to be the feature which does *not* predominate in the memory of those who knew him most intimately,—loved him most dearly,—lived with him longest.

These, when questioned, tell by preference of his deep humility, ever esteeming others better than himself: of his instinctive reaching out after the World to come. It was his delight to dwell on the intellectual progress which is in reserve for the soul hereafter: the enlarged powers which Man’s future state will inevitably develop; and the prospect of having unfolded to him *then* so much of what he longs to know, but which at present is shrouded from his view,—shrouded in impenetrable mystery.

Mansel at the time of his marriage entirely gave up reading with private pupils. Retaining his Tutorship at S. John’s, he also now perforce relinquished residence in College for a home of his own in the ‘High Street.’ Should the day ever come,—(and it must be confessed that it is wondrous slow in coming),—when Englishmen

will take as much interest as the people of Italy take in preserving the memory of the abodes of their great men, it will be acceptable that I should here record that Mr. and Mrs. Mansel at first occupied the house numbered '87' in High Street. Eventually, No. 86 became part of the same residence, the two houses being indifferently numbered '87.'<sup>9</sup> It may be added that, at S. John's, Mansel first lived in rooms on the first floor of the middle staircase on the south side of the first 'Quad,'—facing the Chapel door. Next, he occupied the rooms on the first floor,—entering from the passage between the 'Quads'; which rooms look into *both* Quadrangles. After resigning his Fellowship, he lectured as Tutor in the ground-floor rooms in the south-west corner of the first 'Quad,'—looking upon the terrace.<sup>1</sup>

It should be stated that it was his election (May 17th, 1855) to the Readership in Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy in Magdalen College which made him feel at liberty to resign his Fellowship at S. John's, and to marry. The Prælector's stipend had been increased in the February of the same year from the old statutable payment to 250*l. per annum*. In 1859, he became the first 'Waynflete Professor' in the same department without election, thereby vacating his Prælectorship:<sup>2</sup> but it was not till the year 1862 that he began to receive the full Professorial stipend, namely, 600*l.* a year. In this place it may further be mentioned that on the ground of his being 'Waynflete Professor,' (under the Ordinance of 1860,) he was re-elected Professor-fellow of S. John's on the 8th April, 1864,—an event which afforded him the liveliest satisfaction.

<sup>9</sup> It is at present a warehouse for the sale of *objets de luxe*.

<sup>1</sup> From Dr. Bellamy, President

of S. John's College.

<sup>2</sup> In conformity with clause No. 10 of the College Ordinance of 1858.

In the beginning of the October term (Oct. 23rd, 1855), he delivered his inaugural Lecture as 'Reader in Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy,' in the ante-chapel of Magdalen College,<sup>3</sup> in conformity with the condition imposed by the founder of that Lecture: its title, '*Psychology, the Test of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy.*' It was immediately afterwards published.<sup>4</sup> Professor Earle writes,—

'I remember, though not the particulars, yet the general effect of that Lecture quite distinctly now. It was an assertion of the reality and necessity of Psychology as a study and as a Science; and it was stated in such strong, clear, good English, and lighted up with such apposite illustrations, that it made the hearer feel as if the subject were altogether quite easy and familiar,—plain sailing, in short. He certainly had a wonderful power of presenting metaphysical arguments in such a manner as to enable his hearers not only to follow, but to have, at least for the time, a participation with himself, and enjoyment of the train of high thought which he so powerfully manifested.'<sup>5</sup>

In the ensuing year (1856), and in the same locality,

<sup>3</sup> A laughable incident occurred on the occasion referred to. The ante-chapel of Magdalen is always dark, and that afternoon happened to be exceptionally murky. Mansel could not see to read his manuscript. The President (Dr. Bulley) ordered candles,—which came. But *where* to place them? Mundy (to his unutterable disgust),—was directed by the President *to hold the candles*. . . . Happily some other device was at last hit upon, or there is no knowing what might have been the consequences. [Mundy

was the College porter,—rather a great man in his own account, and quite a character.]

<sup>4</sup> Oxford: William Graham, High Street: Whittaker and Co., London, 1855, 8vo.—This inaugural Lecture has also been included (pp. 125-154) in the volume of Mansel's '*Letters, Lectures, and Reviews,*' edited by Professor Chandler in 1873.

<sup>5</sup> From the Rev. John Earle, Fellow of Oriel, Professor of Anglo-Saxon—dated 'Swanswick Rectory, Bath, Jan. 7th, 1874.'

Mansel delivered a second Lecture (May 20th), on '*The Philosophy of Kant*,' which was published at the time, and has since been reprinted in the volume so often referred to. He also wrote in 1857 the article entitled '*Metaphysics*' in the 8th edition of the '*Encyclopaedia Britannica*,' which appeared in 1862 as a treatise on '*Metaphysics, or the Philosophy of Consciousness, Phenomenal and Real*;'—and of which a second edition was called for in 1866. It has been declared by a competent judge to be "the best Manual on the subject in our language." In the same year (1857) he was appointed Bampton Lecturer for 1858. And now his hands were full of work indeed. The opportunity had at last presented itself for dealing a tremendous blow at the pretentious Deism of the day,—for exposing its essential imbecility, its revolting deformity,—and for practically reminding Oxford men of the half-forgotten lessons of their great teacher, Bp. Butler;—not to say, for achieving for himself a great reputation. So he girded himself up for the conflict for which he had been so long preparing, with a proud consciousness that his prowess would inevitably be crowned with success. Nor was he destined to be disappointed. In the ensuing Spring (viz. of 1858), he achieved a triumph seldom equalled and never surpassed by any Bampton Lecturer. 'From the pulpit of S. Mary's' (writes Lord Carnarvon),—

'He stepped at once into the foremost rank of modern Theological writers; and the classical Tutor, the Professor of Moral Philosophy, however eminent locally, became at once a power beyond the walls of the University. From this time he wielded an influence which he never lost; and which, had he lived, he would, I believe, have largely increased. But those Lectures were its origin. They passed through several editions;



were repeatedly reviewed and canvassed; and became almost a text-book in the schools of the University.'<sup>6</sup>

The interest which Mansel's delivery of his Bampton Lectures excited in Oxford was extraordinary: the strangest feature of the case being, that those compositions were so entirely 'over the heads' of most of those who nevertheless every Sunday morning flocked to S. Mary's to hear them. The Undergraduates' gallery, which accommodates about half the congregation at S. Mary's, was always entirely filled with attentive and enthusiastic listeners; but it may be questioned if one in a hundred was able to follow the preacher. The young men knew, of course, in a general kind of way, what the champion of Orthodoxy was about. He was, single-handed, contending a host of unbelievers,—some, with unpronounceable names and unintelligible theories; and sending them flying before him like dust before the wind. And *that* was quite enough for *them*. It was a kind of gladiatorial exhibition which they were invited to witness: the unequal odds against 'the British lion' adding greatly to the zest of the entertainment; especially as the noble animal was always observed to remain master of the field in the end. But, for the space of an hour, there was sure to be some desperate hard fighting, during which they knew that Mansel would have to hit both straight and hard: and *that* they liked. It was only necessary to look at their Champion to be sure that *he* also sincerely relished his occupation; and this completed their satisfaction. So long as he was encountering his opponents' reasoning, his massive brow, expressive features, and earnest manner suggested the image of nothing so much as resolute intellectual conflict, combined with conscious intellectual superiority. But the

<sup>6</sup> *Introduction*,—p. x.

turning-point was reached at last. He would suddenly erect his forefinger. This was the signal for the final decisive charge. Resistance from that moment was hopeless. Already were the enemy's ranks broken. It only remained to pursue the routed foe into some remote corner of Germany, and to pronounce the Benediction.

The object which Mansel set before himself in his '*Bampton Lectures*' was essentially that which Bp. Butler had in view when he wrote his immortal '*Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature*.' He exposes the worthlessness of the objections which have been urged against Christianity,—he does *not* undertake to prove that the Religion is true. He clears the ground for the production of the proper Evidences, and shows that Religion *may be* true notwithstanding the objections which have been brought against it. The exhibition in detail of the direct Evidences of Christianity he leaves to others. Mansel's method is to ascertain and assign '*the Limits of Religious Thought*.' He begins by proposing the question,—

'Does there exist in the human mind any direct faculty of religious knowledge, by which, in its speculative exercise, we are enabled to decide, independently of all external Revelation, what is the true nature of God, and the manner in which HE must manifest Himself to the world; and by which, in its critical exercise, we are entitled authoritatively to decide for, or against, the claims of any professed Revelation,—as containing a true, or a false, representation of the Divine Nature and Attributes?'

Mansel demonstrates (in his third Lecture) that no such faculty exists. His great achievement is the proof he furnishes (chiefly in that place) that 'the human mind inevitably, and by virtue of its essential constitu-

tion, finds itself involved in self-contradictions whenever it ventures on certain courses of speculation.' In the words of Canon Liddon (preaching on the morrow of the Dean's funeral,—Aug. 6th, 1871,)—

'He insists that Reason, when cross-questioned, is bound on her own terms and in her own interest to make room for Revelation. The constant effort of Reason, especially when engaged in making war on Revelation, is to claim to reign over the whole field of possible religious thought and faith;—to have a sentence, whether of countenance or of disapproval, to utter upon every proposition which, upon whatever authority, can come before her. It is this claim which Mansel disputes. . . . He shows by a subtle and vigorous analysis that the human mind cannot of itself attain to any positive conception of the nature of an Absolute and Infinite Being: that the very fundamental laws of our mental consciousness, when closely examined, prevent this.'<sup>7</sup>

But let us hear the Metaphysician's own account:—

'What then' (he asks) 'is the practical lesson which these Lectures are designed to teach concerning the right use of Reason in religious questions? and what are the just claims of a reasonable Faith, as distinguished from a blind credulity?

'In the first place, it is obvious that, if there is any object whatever of which the human mind is unable to form a clear and distinct conception, the inability equally disqualifies us for proving or for disproving a given doctrine, in all cases in which such a conception is an indispensable condition of the argument. If, for example, we can form no positive notion of the Nature of GOD as an Infinite Being, we are not entitled either to demonstrate the mystery of the Trinity as a necessary property of that Nature, or to reject it as necessarily inconsistent therewith. Such mysteries clearly belong, not to Reason, but to Faith; and the preliminary inquiry which distinguishes a reasonable from an unreasonable belief, must be directed,—not to the premisses by which the doctrine can be proved or disproved, as

reasonable or unreasonable, but—to the nature of the authority on which it rests, as revealed or unrevealed.’<sup>8</sup> (*Preface*, p. xi.)

The abandonment of the Philosophy of the Absolute inevitably conducts us to Mansel’s favourite (and undeniable) position, that the distinctive character of religious truths,—beginning with Man’s conception of GOD,—is ‘*regulative not speculative.*’ In other words, *not* the satisfaction of the intellect,—(for *that* indeed is demonstrably impossible,)—but the moulding of the affections, the instruction of the heart, the schooling of the will, has clearly been the object in view in the Revelation which GOD has made to us concerning Himself.

The problem of the Divine Morality, on which Deists hold themselves at liberty freely to dogmatize, inevitably comes in for discussion in the ‘*Bampton Lectures.*’ ‘The human mind’ (writes one) ‘is competent to sit in *moral* and *spiritual* judgment on a professed Revelation; and to decide, if the case seem to require it, in the following tone:—This doctrine attributes to GOD that which we should all call harsh, cruel, or unjust, in Man. It is therefore intrinsically inadmissible.’ One would have supposed that Butler’s famous observations on the same subject had by this time been sufficiently long before the world to prevent the risk of serious misapprehension when reproduced in different language by such an one as Henry Mansel. But the fact proves to be otherwise. He remarks in the way of explanation:—

‘It is a fact which experience forces upon us, and which it is useless, were it possible, to disguise,—that the representation of GOD after the model of the highest human morality which we are capable of conceiving, is not sufficient to account for all the phenomena exhibited

<sup>8</sup> In Butler’s words,—‘Objections *guished from objections against its* against Christianity, *as distin-* Evidence, are frivolous.’

by the course of His natural Providence. The infliction of physical suffering,—the permission of moral evil,—the adversity of the good,—the prosperity of the wicked,—the crimes of the guilty involving the misery of the innocent,—the tardy appearance and partial distribution of moral and religious knowledge in the world,—these are facts which, no doubt, are reconcilable, we know not how, with the infinite Goodness of GOD; but which certainly are not to be explained on the supposition that its sole and sufficient type is to be found in the finite goodness of Man. What right then has the philosopher to assume that a criterion which admits of so many exceptions in the facts of Nature, may be applied without qualification or exception to the statements of Revelation?—(*Preface*, pp. xiii, xiv.)

Mansel, in fact, has done for his own generation what Butler did for *his*: and this will someday be universally admitted. In the words of the late Arthur West Haddan,—

“We gladly recognise in Mr. Mansel’s work another Chapter of Bishop Butler’s great argument ably worked out,—a third Part of the Bishop’s immortal work. We find there an Analogy between the phenomena of Philosophy and Theology, applied with a masterly hand both to demolish philosophical objections to the latter, and to establish in both the true limits of the sphere of Reason in dealing with them.”<sup>9</sup>

The publication of these Lectures on ‘*the Limits of Religious Thought*’ produced an immense sensation,—not only in England, but also on the Continent and in America, where they were reprinted. Two editions were called for in 1858, and two more in 1859. A fifth edition appeared in 1867. The ferment they occasioned in the Theological as well as in the Philosophical world has not yet in fact wholly subsided. Their germ (as the Author states in his Preface) is contained in the great principle of Sir William Hamilton’s Philosophy,

<sup>9</sup> ‘*Remains*,’—p. 458.

viz. that '*the Unconditioned is incognisable and inconceivable*; its notion being only negative of the Conditioned, which last can alone be positively known or conceived.' To writers of the Deistical school the Lecturer's application of this principle to Religion,—his merciless exposure of Man's inability to conceive the Absolute and the Infinite,—proved exasperating in a high degree. It was indeed to have been expected that an argument based on the demonstrable impotence of Thought would arouse the jealousy of professed thinkers. Some were heard to declare that to deny to Man a knowledge of the Infinite is to make Revelation itself impossible, and to leave no room for Evidences on which Reason can be legitimately employed. Mansel replied,—

'The objection would be pertinent, if I had ever maintained that Revelation is or can be a direct manifestation of the Infinite Nature of GOD. But I have constantly asserted the very reverse. In Revelation, as in Natural Religion, GOD is represented under finite conceptions, adapted to finite minds; and the evidences on which the authority of Revelation rests are finite and comprehensible also.'—(*Preface*, pp. xvi-xvii.)

His assertion that Human Morality cannot, in its highest manifestation, be regarded as *a complete measure of the absolute goodness of GOD*, was denounced as 'destructive of healthful moral perception.' His claim that GOD, manifesting Himself to certain nations or individuals on particular occasions, might deliver to them particular precepts, requiring actions which would be immoral and vicious were it not for such precepts,—was repelled with horror and indignation. Upon this principle, (remarks one of his Critics) 'the deed which is criminal on earth may be praiseworthy in heaven,'—which, (as Mansel remarks), 'is to distort the whole



doctrine, and to beg the whole question.' It was freely urged against the Lecturer that his book was 'an attack on the Divine Morality:—but, (as Copleston shrewdly remarked on a similar occasion,) offence was evidently taken '*not so much from a jealousy for the honour of GOD, to which it pretends, as from a jealousy for the honour of Man.*' This, in fact, was the occasion of all the outcry.

There is nothing new or strange in the position, that the adequate idea of GOD is unattainable by the human mind as now constituted. It is even one of the axioms of Catholic Theology that GOD, in the perfection of His essential Nature, is by Man '*unknowable.*' GOD is infinite: but a finite being cannot comprehend infinity. By no finite intelligence, wherever found, can GOD be known *as He essentially is.*—'Canst thou by searching find out GOD?' . . . In Hooker's words,—'Our soundest knowledge is, to know that we know Him not as indeed He is, *neither can know Him.*' [E. P. I. ii. 2.] We do but attain to an imperfect knowledge of His Nature through the analogy between human things and things Divine. In other words, 'the knowledge which Man in this life can have of the Creator is not a knowledge of the Divine Nature *as it is in itself*: but only of that Nature as imperfectly represented through analogous qualities in the creature.'

To assert, on the other hand, that GOD, because '*unknowable,*' is *therefore* '*unrevealable;*'—to pretend (with the Agnostics) that by an eternal necessity in Reason, as a logical consequence of the *finitude* of human power, Man's reason is incapable of apprehending any alleged Revelation of GOD,—natural or supernatural;—is to invent an impossibility in order to meet the requirements of Agnosticism. That GOD hath been revealed

to Man in respect of those essential attributes of His which make Him unknowable,—is what no one pretends. It were a contradiction in terms to say so. But that GOD *is* revealable is certain,—for the sufficient reason that, in the Bible, *GOD is actually revealed*.

‘On the whole,’ writes Mansel in his Preface to the 4th Edition of his Lectures [Nov. 21st, 1859],—

‘I have no reason to complain of my Critics. With a few exceptions, the tone of their observations has been candid, liberal, and intelligent, and in some instances more favourable than I could have ventured to expect. An argument so abstruse, and in some respects so controversial, must almost inevitably call forth a considerable amount of opposition; and such criticism is at least useful in stimulating further inquiry, and in pointing out to an Author those among his statements which appear most to require explanation or defence.’—(p. 5.)

Although therefore he altered nothing in his Lectures, yet in a valuable and very interesting Preface, of nearly 40 pages, he explained several matters to which exception had been taken by one or other of his anonymous Critics,—meeting their various objections, and effectually disposing of them. He adds in a Postscript,—

‘It may perhaps be expected that I should say something in reply to the long and elaborate attack upon me which has recently been published under the sanction of the name and reputation of the Rev. F. D. Maurice. My reasons for declining to do so in this place, will, I think, be appreciated by those who are acquainted with Mr. Maurice’s book. The language in which Mr. Maurice’s remarks are conveyed, and the temper which they exhibit, are such as to place his work in a totally different class from the criticisms with which I have hitherto been dealing.’

Mansel refers such of his readers as desire to know more on this subject, to his own separate ‘*Examination of*

the Rev. F. D. Maurice's "*Strictures on the Bampton Lectures of 1858*," which appeared simultaneously in the form of a bulky pamphlet. That he should have bestowed so much labour on those 480 pages of vituperation,—which he himself characterized as 'a tissue of continuous misrepresentation, without a parallel in recent literature,'—may reasonably excite surprise. But he considered it due to Mr. Maurice's respected name and high character that he should be replied to, though he deemed his criticism damaging only to the reputation of the Critic himself. It is not needful to dwell further on this controversy. Severer chastisement than that which Mansel regretfully<sup>3</sup> administered to the Rev. F. D. Maurice, it would be hard to find in the annals of literary retribution. The sentence already pronounced upon the latter by a competent judge, (the Rev. James B. Mozley, D.D.) will be found at foot.<sup>4</sup>

At the end of two years (viz. in 1861) a very different antagonist entered the lists with the Bampton Lecturer. Mr. Goldwin Smith, (Regius Professor of Modern History) in a Postscript<sup>5</sup> to his '*Lectures on the Study of History*,'—(in which he had subscribed to the

<sup>3</sup> See the *Postscript*,—p. 102. . . . We know on unimpeachable authority that against Dean Mansel, Mr. Maurice "*had a special animosity*." See the Abp. of York's Letter in the '*Times*' (3 Feb. 1885),—reprinted in the '*Guardian*' (4 Feb.),—p. 196.

<sup>4</sup> "I do not envy you your task of reviewing Maurice in the '*Guardian*,' yet I have to do it in the '*Christian Remembrancer*.' It is a pity to see a man losing himself and becoming a ruin, from a

radical mistake of thinking himself a Philosopher. Some of the cut-up reviews did much good in this way. They put down a man at the outset. But Maurice has been petted and told he is a philosopher, till he naturally thinks he is one. And he has not a clear idea in his head. It is a reputation that, the instant it is touched, must go like a card-house." ('*Letters of the Rev. J. B. Mozley, D.D.*'—p. 222, Nov. 15, 1853, to Dean Church.)

<sup>5</sup> pp. 77-91.

doctrine of Clarke as to the *identity* of Human and Divine Justice),—took vehement exception to Mansel's conclusion that 'Human morality, even in its highest elevation, is not identical with, nor adequate to measure, the Absolute Morality of God.'<sup>6</sup> Because Mansel 'had asserted the *Absolute Nature* of GOD to be *inconceivable*,' the Professor charged him with having 'actually proved a *belief* in GOD to be *impossible*.' 'It is to blank materialism and empiricism that such reasonings inevitably lead. Morality, truth, GOD, are swept away.'<sup>7</sup> 'If' (he writes) 'GOD is "inconceivable," I fail to apprehend how we can believe in Him.'—Mansel replies:—

'The only apparent force in your reasoning is due to a confusion between the *conception* of the relative and the *belief* in the absolute. I conceive GOD under certain relations, every one of which is a "notion" analogous to the notions which we form of other objects. The terms, "Father," "Ruler," "Judge,"—"Good," "Wise," "Just,"—all represent notions derived in the first instance from human relations, and applied to GOD, not as exactly expressing the perfection of His absolute nature, but as expressing the nearest approach to it which we are capable of receiving.'—(pp. 84 and 36.)

Mansel had laid it down, that—'the conceptions which we are compelled to adopt as the guides of our thoughts and actions now, may indeed, in the light of a higher Intelligence, be but partial truth, but cannot be total falsehood.'—On which, Goldwin Smith asks,—'Why not *totally* false as well as *partly* false?'<sup>8</sup> But, (Mansel replies,)—

'Why "partly false" *at all*? Does the assertion that certain judgments are but partial *truths*, necessarily imply that they are partial *falsehoods*? When S. Paul says,—“We know in part, and we prophesy in part: but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is

<sup>6</sup> p. 77.<sup>7</sup> p. 84.<sup>8</sup> p. 80.

in part shall be done away,"—I cannot understand him otherwise than as asserting that the knowledge which guides us in this life is but partial truth: and that it will give place to a more complete truth hereafter.'—(p. 42.)

Mansel concludes:—

'Be the difference between us what it may, I cannot think that it is sufficient to justify the use of such expressions as "blank materialism and empiricism,"—"morality, truth, GOD, are swept away,"—"belief in GOD is proved to be impossible,"—"the Mephistophelic language of the Arch-Pantheist,"—and the like. Nor do I believe that you would have employed such language, had not your judgment been warped by a foregone conclusion, indicated in the body of your Lectures,—a conclusion which, I venture to think, is neither warranted by the records of History, nor by the facts of Human Nature.

'You have adopted a historical theory, which virtually divides the thinking part of the world into two classes, the friends and the enemies of Progress; the one embodying the good, the other the evil principle in the history of mankind: the one generous, the other selfish: the one representing "the moral instincts of Man pressing onwards, in obedience to his conscience, towards the further knowledge of Religious Truth;" the other "the defenders of ecclesiastical interests," endeavouring "to save their threatened dominion" by "the civil sword," or by "intellectual intrigue and the power of sophistry."<sup>9</sup> This is but a repetition of the old cry of Priestcraft,—a cry common among the demagogues of a former generation, but which I hardly expected to see revived by the philosophers of the present. It may serve a temporary purpose, in blackening the character of an opponent; but it will have no permanent effects in furthering the cause of Truth.'—(pp. 46-48.)

To Mansel's '*Letter to Prof. Goldwin Smith concerning the*

<sup>9</sup> pp. 60-61.

*Postscript to his Lectures on the study of History,*<sup>1</sup> the Professor replied first by a leaflet of 4 pages (28th May), and in the ensuing October by a slender volume.<sup>2</sup> Nothing material was thereby added to what Mr. Goldwin Smith had said already; but there is a vast deal more of the same vehement (and as we think, mistaken) dogmatism. We learn that the Professor has very little respect for the authority of those great thinkers of a past generation (*Bishops* mostly) with whom Mansel had been at the pains to show that he was himself in accord. The Professor trusts nevertheless that he is,

‘not wanting in respect for those who, by their eminent virtues, the cautious character of their theological convictions, and the coincidence of their political opinions with those of the First Minister, backed in many instances by assiduous and judicious solicitation, have been raised to the highest preferment in the English Church.’—(p. 23.)

But he considers that the authority of Butler ‘has weighed like an incubus on the University of Oxford,’—‘where, through the weak side of his system, he has become the unhappy parent of a pedagogue philosophy which is always rapping people on the knuckles with the ferule of “analogous difficulties,” instead of trying to solve the doubts and satisfying the moral instincts of mankind.’—(p. 75.)

We knew before that in the distinguished Professor’s account, “Coleridge is the greatest of English Divines”<sup>3</sup>:—

<sup>1</sup> pp. 50,—published 23rd May, 1861.

<sup>2</sup> ‘*Rational Religion, and the Rationalistic Objections of the Bampton Lectures for 1858,*’—1861, pp. 146.

<sup>3</sup> ‘*Study of History,*’—p. 5. For the satisfaction of those persons (if any there be) who cherish the same

exalted estimate of S. T. Coleridge [1772–1834] as a Divine, a letter of his is here subjoined. It was addressed to ‘Hugh James Rose, esq., Uckfield,’ and is dated ‘Mudiford, Ch. Ch.,—25th Sept. 1816,’—at which date the writer had attained the mature age of 44:—

“Should it please the Almighty



a *dictum*, by the way, which at once suggests the measure of his own Orthodoxy, and reveals the extent of his acquaintance with the resources of Anglican Divinity. Let me be permitted without offence to declare that the arrogance of Mr. Goldwin Smith's method, not to say the irreverence (I believe unintentional) of his tone, while it contrasts unfavourably with the grave dignity and pious earnestness of his opponent, altogether fails to conciliate acquiescence in his imperious decrees. In the discussion of subjects of such depth and difficulty as, (*first*), The absolute and essential nature of GOD, and whether or no it may be adequately conceived by Man: (*secondly*), The consequences of the Fall on the moral and intellectual constitution of a being originally created 'in the image of GOD,'<sup>4</sup>—and whether it be not reasonable to suspect that thereby *Man's estimate of the Divine Morality* became seriously impaired:—In the discussion of subjects profound and solemn as these, no progress will be made

to restore me to an adequate state of health, and prolong my years enough, my aspirations are toward the concentrating my powers in 3 Works. The First,—(for I am convinced that a true system of Philosophy [=the Science of Life] is *best* taught in Poetry, as well as most *safely*),—Seven Hymns, with a large preface, or prose commentary, to each:—1, to the Sun; 2, Moon; 3, Earth; 4, Air; 5, Water; 6, Fire; 7, God.

"The Second Work, 5 Treatises on the Logos, or communicative and communicable Intellect, in God and Man. 1, Λογος προπαιδευτικος, or *Organum vere organum*.—2, Λογος αρχιτεκτονικος, or the principles of the Dynamic or Constructive Philosophy, as opposed to the Me-

chanic.—3, Commentary in detail on the Gospel of S. John,—or Λογος θεανθρωπος. — 4, Λογος αγωνιστης. Biography and Critique on the Systems of Jordano Bruno, Behmen, and Spinoza.—5, Λογος αλογος, or the Sources and Consequences of Modern *Unicism*, absurdly called 'Unitarianism.'

"The Third, an Epic Poem on the Destruction of Jerusalem under Titus."

*That part of the magnum opus* of 'the greatest of English Divines' which was to have consisted of 'a Commentary in detail on the Gospel of S. John,'—together with the treatise on Bruno, Behmen and Spinoza,—would have been a curiosity.

<sup>4</sup> Gen. i. 26, 27. Consider the statements in Gen. v. 1, 3.

while sneers, taunts, and injurious innuendos are freely thrown out; as well as fatal inferences drawn from premisses which do not strictly warrant them.

Thus, it by no means follows that *Belief in God* is impossible because an *adequate Conception of God* is unattainable. Nor indeed would the same disastrous consequence follow, even if it were admitted that by Man's unassisted reason, *no conception at all* of GOD may be attained.—Again. It would not follow from the fact (*first*), That Adam's standard of morality *after* the Fall was not strictly identical with his standard of morality *before* the Fall; and (*secondly*), That the Human standard of morality at best can only be an imperfect image of the Divine;—that *therefore* there are 'three moralities' (p. 49).—Least of all may it be pretended, because GOD in the absolute perfection of His essential nature is by Man inconceivable, that *therefore* the Church may not warn her children against notions concerning the God-head which she knows to be erroneous. The Church Catholic, (Professor Goldwin Smith notwithstanding [p. 90-1]), will to the end of time confess before men and Angels that 'we worship one GOD in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity:—FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST:—alike uncreate, incomprehensible, and eternal:—ALMIGHTY, GOD, and LORD:—co-eternal and co-equal:—not three GODS but one GOD.' And yet the wisest of her sons will not hesitate to proclaim 'that *we know Him not as indeed He is, neither can know Him;*' for that 'His glory is inexplicable, His greatness above our capacity and reach.'<sup>5</sup>

The controversy between Mansel and his Critics on which I have thought it my duty to bestow so many words,

<sup>5</sup> Hooker, '*Eccl. Pol.*'—I. ii. 2.

was (I believe) productive of good. Mr. Goldwin Smith, a religious man as well as a very able writer, urged his objections to Mansel's philosophy with vigour and clearness. He would himself be the first to admit that the Bampton Lecturer met those objections with philosophical precision and the calmest lucidity of statement. From an attentive perusal of the entire controversy,—(which was closed by a Second Letter from Mansel to the Professor of Modern History,)—the thoughtful reader will understand a vast deal more about the matter in dispute than would have been possible from any amount of study of the '*Bampton Lectures*' alone.—Into Mansel's subsequent controversy with John Stuart Mill, I do not propose to enter. It would conduct us into an altogether foreign region. The doctrine of *Personality* is the central position of the Philosophy of the author of the Bampton Lectures,—as it is of that of Bishop Butler. In the words of an excellent Critic,—

"This is the *sine quâ non* of a truly philosophical system. There can be no Christian philosophy, nor any other true philosophy, without it. It is the crucial test. This Personality is part and parcel of the *Freedom of the Will*, which is a positive fact of our consciousness,—a Freedom of the Will under the conditions imposed by the Divine Being. Just as this is the fundamental position of Dean Mansel, so the foundation of Mr. Mill, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and most of those who have opposed or travestied our author, is *Necessity*. One, is the watchword of Belief,—the other, of Scepticism and Materialism in all their Protean forms. Indeed, the logical consequence of Necessity is, as Sir William Hamilton has pointed out, nothing more nor less than *Atheism*. It is the virtual denial of the spiritual element as existing at all in Man: the lowering of him to the level of a brute."<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> From an able article ('*Dean Mansel as a Christian Philosopher*') by Professor Burrows in the '*Church Quarterly*' [Oct. 1877,—p. 14]. See

I cannot, however, pass on until I have invited attention to the solemn words with which our 'Christian Philosopher' concludes the Preface to the first edition of his Bampton Lectures; the words with which in fact he takes leave of the entire subject. He has been speaking of Sir William Hamilton's celebrated article on the Philosophy of the Unconditioned.<sup>7</sup> 'But' (he adds),—

'If the best theoretical exposition of the limits of human thought is to be found in the writings of a Philosopher but recently removed from among us; it is in a work of more than a century old that we find the best instance of the acknowledgment of those limits in practice. *The Analogy of Religion, natural and revealed, to the constitution and course of Nature*, furnishes an example of a profound and searching philosophical spirit, combined with a just perception of the bounds within which all human philosophy must be confined, to which, in the whole range of similar investigations, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a parallel. The Author of that work has been justly described as "one to whose deep sayings no thoughtful mind was ever yet introduced for the first time, without acknowledging the period an epoch in its intellectual history";<sup>8</sup> and it may be added that the feeling of admiration thus excited will only be increased by a comparison of his writings with the pretentious failures of more ambitious thinkers. Connected as the present Author has been for many years with the studies of Oxford, of which those writings have long formed an important part, he feels that he would be wanting in his duty to the University to

Mansel's letter to Lord Carnarvon, below, at pp. 225-6.

<sup>7</sup> See above, pp. 189-90.—Mansel points out that Sir William's practical conclusion,—("We are thus taught the salutary lesson, that the capacity of Thought is not to be constituted into the measure of existence; and are warned from

recognising the domain of our Knowledge as necessarily coextensive with the horizon of our Faith,")—is identical with that which is constantly enforced throughout his Bampton Lectures.

<sup>8</sup> W. A. Butler, '*Letters on the Development of Christian Doctrine*,—p. 75.

which he owes so much, were he to hesitate to declare, at this time, his deep-rooted and increasing conviction, that *sound Religious Philosophy will flourish or fade within her walls, according as she perseveres, or neglects, to study the works and cultivate the spirit of her great son and teacher, BISHOP BUTLER.*'

As a matter of fact, Butler's immortal Work has, of late years, been elbowed out from the Oxford *curriculum*,—in favour of a system of teaching which leads directly to Unbelief, if it does not actually profess it. Whatever plea may be urged for this retrograde course, it may not at all events be pretended that it is because Butler's philosophy has become '*obsolete*,—(whether 'half' or wholly).<sup>9</sup> Never will Butler's '*Analogy*' become '*obsolete*' until objections to Revealed Religion have become obsolete also.—And now, to proceed.

It has been objected to Mansel that he fails to meet the wants of those in this age who are trying to find some intermediate philosophical position between the Gnostic (or Rationalistic) and the Agnostic extremes. It is only to be found, (Mansel would insist), in the

<sup>9</sup> The Rt. Hon. Joseph Napier, LL.D., in the Preface to his '*Lectures on Butler's Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature: delivered before the Members of the Dublin Young Men's Christian Association in connection with the United Church of England and Ireland*,' (Dublin, 1864, pp. 325),—writes as follows:—"Since the last of these Lectures was delivered, I have seen an instructive example of the way in which Butler is occasionally dealt with. In a very recent and ingenious publication of Professor Goldwin Smith, in reply to Mr.

Mansel of Oxford, the learned writer refers to a passage in Mr. Mansel's Preface, in which he assures Oxford,"—[and then follows the words of counsel already quoted.] "Professor Smith, amongst other comments on this, says,—'They counsel her ill, even for her safety, who bid her bind herself to the stake of a philosophy now *half obsolete* in the middle of a rising tide.'" (pp. 77, 78.) Dr. Napier's searching criticism of Professor Smith which follows [pp. iv–vii] aptly illustrates the unskilful handling which Butler is experiencing at the hands of the men of the present generation.

Divinely revealed Religion of CHRIST, which addresses itself to Man's Spiritual Intelligence,—an entirely moral faculty; involving moral trust, and claiming moral and spiritual discernment. The supposed necessity of subsiding into the religious negations of Materialism and Agnosticism,—(merely because the Infinite is incomprehensible),—disappears. But our philosopher, presuming this to be a thing sufficiently known, spends his great strength in cutting the ground from under the Deist, the Pantheist, the Atheist, by showing that their systems are simply self-contradictory and irrational.

In general, the Christian Apologist is apt to assume that Rational Deism is almost, if not quite, impregnable. He fancies that he can always fall back on it with perfect safety. Mansel, (like Butler,) not only saw that such an assumption is unfounded, but he had the honesty and boldness to state the objections to Deism in a very powerful way. This part of his Lectures has been a storehouse from which Atheists have borrowed their weapons. (The circumstance is calamitous; but it is as unavoidable as that poisons should be obtainable at an apothecary's shop.) On the whole, the Reason cannot by any effort establish any doctrine which will satisfy the cravings of mankind. Deists maintain that they *do* succeed: but Mansel, (and Butler too), point out that the all-wise, omnipotent, and benevolent Being assumed—(not really proved)—by Deists, is a fictitious being: none of these attributes being apparent in the World or in History.

If Reason fails, as it clearly does, to furnish an object which can be adored and loved, we are thrown back on the consideration of the evidences of existing Religions; which evidences are to be judged just as we should



judge any other evidences to historic fact. In Mansel's judgment, the evidences for Christianity, (and Miracles are only one of them), notwithstanding objections candidly admitted, prove its Divine origin: prove, that is, that it is an emanation from the same person or thing (call it what you will) that created and sustains the Universe. Every objection,—moral, metaphysical, or what not,—that can be urged against Christian Theology, can be urged with equal, if not with greater force, against any scheme that men seek to put in its place.<sup>1</sup>

The foundations of a Religious Philosophy are to be discovered in the facts of our spiritual constitution. The great characteristic of Man is that *he is endowed with Moral and Religious feelings*. As a matter of fact, (and it must be in virtue of his spiritual nature,) Man *does* know GOD. More than *that*. In order to eternal life, he *must* know Him. 'This is life eternal, *to know Thee* the only true GOD, and JESUS CHRIST, whom Thou hast sent.'<sup>2</sup> But then, this Scriptural sense of 'Knowledge' is found to differ materially from the philosophical meaning of the same word. It is a popular expression,—denoting something *experimental*, not something *abstract*.<sup>3</sup> Thus, there is all the difference in the world between the moral and spiritual knowledge of GOD here spoken of,—(which Mansel not only recognizes but insists upon,)—and that intellectual ability to grasp the *Divine Infinity*, which he as strenuously denies. GOD is not *only* an uncreated, eternal, and infinite or incomprehensible Being. If He were this and nothing more, perforce we could never '*know*' GOD. But, as a matter

<sup>1</sup> This and the preceding paragraph are derived from correspondence with Mansel's friend,—Henry W. Chandler, Fellow of Pembroke College and Waynflete Professor of

Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy.

<sup>2</sup> S. John xvii. 3.

<sup>3</sup> Consider Exod. vi. 3, 7: vii. 5, 17: viii. 22: ix. 29: x. 2: xxix. 46, &c. &c.

of fact, it is not as such that GOD hath revealed Himself to Man. When Moses, the 'man of GOD,' made petition to the Almighty that He would show him *His 'Glory,'*—for all reply, he was told,—'I will make all *My Goodness* pass before thee.'<sup>4</sup> And accordingly, on the morrow, 'The LORD descended . . . and stood with him there, and proclaimed the Name of the LORD . . . The LORD, the LORD GOD, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth: keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin,' and so forth.<sup>5</sup> In other words, Almighty GOD revealed to Moses *certain of His moral attributes*. The same peculiarity of the Divine method is equally apparent in the Gospel. One of the Disciples having requested that He would show them THE FATHER, our SAVIOUR made answer,—'Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not *known Me*, Philip? *He that hath seen Me, hath seen THE FATHER.*'<sup>6</sup> These words must needs be true, because it is our LORD who spoke them: yet is it evident that they may not be *literally* understood. How then shall we explain them? They must clearly be taken to imply, that to Man, as a *moral* being, GOD reveals Himself chiefly in respect of His *moral* perfections.

Then further, though it be true that it is our spiritual intelligence, in and through which we have a practical knowledge of GOD in His relation to ourselves,—(which it is evident is the only relation in which we can either require or expect to know Him),—yet is it to be remembered that this is strictly a *moral* faculty. Hence that famous saying of our LORD,—'If any one

<sup>4</sup> Exod. xxxiii. 18, 19.

<sup>5</sup> Exod. xxxiv. 5, 6, 7.

<sup>6</sup> S. John xiv. 8, 9.

*desire* [ἐάν τις θέλῃ] *to do* His will, *he shall know* of the doctrine, whether it be of GOD.'<sup>7</sup>

No doubt, there is a school in these days which is prepared to deny the existence of such things as 'Spirit,' 'Duty,' 'Moral Government,' 'Religion.' Resolute observers of external Nature announce themselves incapable of supposing any spiritual reality,—whatever in short cannot be seen and touched,—verified by the five senses. These are the 'Agnostics.' We are sincerely sorry for them. But then, these persons may not claim Mansel for their own,—seeing that he, more emphatically than any, has disclaimed and discredited *them*.

In conclusion, the Reader cannot be too plainly reminded that while the Author of the Bampton Lectures denies Man's ability by his own unassisted reason to find out GOD, he insists that, *from GOD'S Revelation of Himself in the Scriptures*, Man has been favoured with a vast amount of direct information concerning the great CREATOR, which he is fully competent, *if he be willing*, to embrace with both the arms of his heart: and which, having himself embraced, he is bound to communicate to others. Mansel does not dwell on this. His one object is to convince as many as it may concern, that the Philosophy of Rationalism, traced upwards to its highest principles, finds no legitimate resting-place from which to commence its deduction of religious consequences. This was the only thing he had to prove, and he has satisfactorily proved it.

It belongs to a separate enquiry to vindicate the appeal to Scripture;—and to ascertain the nature and office of Faith;—and to insist that it is the province of

<sup>7</sup> S. John vii. 17.—Note, that θέλω = '*velim*,' not '*volo*.'

*Tradition* (rightly understood) to formulate Doctrine;—and to explain that the Creeds of the Church (which, as all men know, are not *derived from Scripture*) are emphatically the voice of Tradition, proclaiming the necessary outlines of Divine Truth. It was clearly no part of the Lecturer's business to enlarge on such subjects. Had he proceeded to point out that it is the office of the Church, by virtue of her inherent prerogative, to guide her children,—(as it was promised her that she should be herself guided,)—‘into all the Truth’:<sup>8</sup> (meaning by ‘Truth,’ the highest Truth of all,—the knowledge of Him ‘whom to know, is life:’—the knowledge of GOD and of His attributes,—of His mind and will:)—had Mansel done *this*, who sees not that the Philosopher and Metaphysician would have forsaken his own proper province for that of the Theologian and Divine? To state the case in other words, and to put this entire matter more briefly:—The Bampton Lectures are destructive, not constructive, in their character and intention. They may be thought to require a supplement: and it is not unlikely that their Author, had he lived, would have furnished it, by insisting (in some separate Lectures) that Belief in a Revelation, and Faith in a personal GOD,—besides the freedom of the Human Will to embrace the first and to exercise the second,—are demonstrably essential parts of one and the same Divine scheme; are one and all undeniable *facts*. But it may not be objected against the Bampton Lectures that they fail to achieve *that* which never formed part of their lawful scope and intended purpose. . . . In the meantime, evidence is not wanting that those powerful discourses have been the means, in many instances, of settling the faith of the wavering; and leading back the minds

<sup>8</sup> εἰς πᾶσαν τὴν ἀλήθειαν. S. John xvi. 13.

of not a few who had wandered from the safe paths, into the miserable labyrinth of doubt and misbelief.—And now,—(asking pardon for what may be regarded by some as a digression,)—I will hasten forward.

Besides his laborious controversial Replies to Critics already enumerated, Mansel, on being appointed ‘Select Preacher,’ viz. from October 1860 till June 1862,<sup>9</sup> availed himself of the opportunity to give breadth and symmetry to his philosophical system by enlarging on certain departments of his great subject which he had before but slightly treated. His Sermons at this time bear the following titles:—‘*Faith and Sight*,’—‘*Faith and Reason*,’—‘*Moral Sense in Theology*,’—and ‘*Man’s Relation to GOD*.’ It is thought that the publication of certain of these at the present time, might be serviceable to the cause of Truth; and usefully supplement the teaching of his ‘Bampton Lectures.’

Various other literary efforts occupied his time at this busy period of his life. In 1859, conjointly with Professor John Veitch, he edited Sir William Hamilton’s ‘*Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic*,’ in 4 volumes. He further published (in Bentley’s ‘Quarterly Review’) a paper on ‘*Modern German Philosophy*.’<sup>1</sup> In 1861 appeared his masterly article ‘*on Miracles as Evidences of Christianity*’ in the volume of Theological Essays entitled ‘*Aids to Faith*,’—put forth as a counterpoise to the shock which the public conscience had sustained by the recent publication of ‘*Essays and Reviews*.’

In 1863, he preached at S. Mary’s, Oxford, the second of

<sup>9</sup> He was again appointed ‘Select Preacher’ from October 1869 till June 1871.

<sup>1</sup> This has been reprinted in ‘*Letters, Lectures, and Reviews*,’ p. 189.

a course of Lenten Sermons, afterwards published.<sup>2</sup> Founding his discourse on Genesis i. 2, he argued that THE SPIRIT is a Divine Person, to be worshipped and glorified. Those Lenten Sermons were an experiment, originally set on foot by Bp. Wilberforce in 1857,—and attended with such marked success—(the Preachers were in fact the most eminent Divines of the day)—that the practice was imitated in every direction, and has since come to be regarded as an institution.<sup>3</sup> In the same year (1863) Mansel contributed a Critical Dissertation to a publication of the Rt. Hon. Joseph Napier, LL.D., on Miracles.<sup>4</sup> The same prolific pen is found writing a delightful article on ‘*Sensation Novels*’ for the April number of the ‘Quarterly Review;’ and in the ensuing July number, another essay, on ‘*Modern Spiritualism*.’ It was also in 1863 that he yielded to the urgent appeal made to him that he should take part in the ‘*Speaker’s Commentary*.’ In July 1864, he contributed to the ‘Quarterly Review’ an article on ‘*Free thinking,—its History and Tendencies*.’ So continuous a strain on his powers was attended by its inevitable result. It was plain that he must take rest. All saw it: his friends anxiously urged it: the physicians pronounced it absolutely necessary.

<sup>2</sup> In 1865, his Lenten sermon at S. Mary’s was on ‘*The Conflict with Sin in a money-getting age*’: in 1866, he preached (from 1 S. John iii. 8) on ‘*The Conflict and Defeat in Eden*.’—in 1868, his subject was ‘*The personal Responsibility of Man, as individually dealt with by God*.’

<sup>3</sup> See above, pp. 21–2.

<sup>4</sup> ‘*The Miracles. Butler’s argument on Miracles, explained and defended; with observations on*

*Hume, Baden Powell, and J. S. Mill. To which is added a Critical Dissertation, by the Rev. H. L. Mansel,* &c. — Dublin. — Mansel’s contribution to this work (‘*Critical Explanation of the Argument of Butler*’) re-appeared in 1864, in Napier’s ‘*Lectures on Butler’s Analogy*,’—(Dublin, pp. 326,) as an ‘*Appendix to Lecture IV*,’—pp. 229 to 235. See above, p. 201, note (9).



He left Oxford with Mrs. Mansel for the Continent just before the Easter of 1865, and travelled in Italy for nearly three months. Their visit to Rome was a special gratification to him. His way was, at first, for several mornings to rise early, and wander forth quite alone,—living over the Past among the ancient ruins of the city. After a time, he seemed to have taken his fill and to be satisfied: “whereupon” (says his wife) “we visited the sights together. But we were not long in Rome.” He returned in the middle of June, refreshed: but was informed of a work by Mr. John Stuart Mill, which he was requested to notice. He replied in the ‘*Contemporary*,’<sup>5</sup>—republishing his Articles in 1866 in a separate volume, entitled ‘*The Philosophy of the Conditioned*,’ comprising some ‘*Remarks on Sir W. Hamilton’s Philosophy, and on J. S. Mill’s examination of that Philosophy*.’ The benefit of his foreign travel was in great measure undone by his thus descending at once into the arena of intellectual strife. His whole life was one of conflict.

Only incidentally hitherto, has anything been said concerning Mansel’s *Wit*. So remarkable a feature may not be passed by with a passing allusion only. He stood alone among the men of his time for the brilliancy of his epigrams,—repartees,—puns,—witty sayings. Wit in him was something all distinct from *humour*,—delightful, (suppose,) as Sydney Smith’s. Further yet was it removed from that irresistible drollery which depends

<sup>5</sup> Jan. 1866, p. 31–59, and Feb. p. 185–219.—In the May number of the ‘*Contemporary Review*’ (p. 1–18) appeared an article by him entitled ‘*Philosophy and Theology*’:—and in the September number of 1867 (p. 18–31) ‘*Supplementary Remarks on Mr. Mill’s*

*Criticism of Sir William Hamilton: in a Letter to the Editor of the C. R.*’ (See ‘*Letters, Lectures, and Reviews*,’ p. 339–60).—His Lecture ‘*on Utility as a ground of Moral obligation*’ was delivered in Magdalen College, May 2nd, 1866. (*Ibid.*, p. 363–78.)

for its success on exuberant animal spirits,—laughs immoderately at its own jokes,—and at last sends you to bed with aching sides and eyes blinded with pleasant tears. Neither again was it as a *raconteur* that Mansel was famous: meaning thereby *that* delightful conversational faculty,—(it must have been pre-eminently conspicuous in Sir Walter Scott),—which is ever illustrating the matter in hand by first-rate anecdotes, or by reproducing the brilliant sayings of famous men. Least of all was there in Mansel any of that sarcastic bitterness which makes certain utterers of *bon-mots* as much the terror as the admiration of society. He was never known to say a cruel thing of anybody. Sarcasm was not one of his weapons. He was always good-natured, always good-tempered. His wit was purely intellectual; and its principal charm was that it was so spontaneous,—so keen,—so uncommon,—above all, so unpremeditated.

It is related of the poet Cowper,—(the circumstance was told me by one of the poet's friends,)—that those who used to watch him with affectionate interest, *knew* that he was about to be unusually entertaining, several moments before he opened his lips to speak. The same thing (as many have remarked) was in a high degree true of Mansel. The severe cast of his habitual cogitations had resulted in imparting to his features an expression of profound thoughtfulness. But this would relax in a moment,—vanish like a wreath of mist before the sun. Painfully alive to the ridiculous, it was natural to him to introduce into a grave discussion some apt quotation or remark which would provoke a burst of general merriment; the sure prelude to which, was an expression of face which betrayed the approach of

the coming surprise. His features,—his whole manner, showed that he was ready to say something supremely droll. One of his schoolfellows remarks,—‘His humour was irrepressible, and the coming joke was to be seen spreading gradually over his face.’ The quick eye of Samuel Wilberforce, Bp. of Winchester, was not slow to recognize this peculiarity in Mansel. ‘It is coming,’—he once exclaimed, when the other’s conversation suddenly came to a pause. ‘I always know that look! If you will wait a minute, you will be rewarded with something delicious.’—It should be added that he was also the most *appreciative* companion one ever met with. One has seen him so convulsed by some droll story told in his hearing as to suggest the apprehension that he was going to have a fit.

Difficult it is to know how to begin, when one tries to recall specimen sayings which shall adequately illustrate what goes before. The reason is, because no attempt was ever made to collect the scintillations of his genius and to commit them to writing. They were in fact too many to write down. ‘He was *always* saying good things,’—as his friend Chandler remarks. At the end of little more than a decade of years, when his friends are called upon to render help, they are always observed in effect to make the same reply:—

‘Living for so many years in the midst of those witty sayings, I am sorry to tell you that I took no note of them at the time; and now, scarcely one of them can I remember.’

It is but fair to add that, by dint of pressure,—especially when two or three of Mansel’s intimates are brought together,—you are pretty sure to elicit *something* worth hearing. The matter of regret is that the sum of

what can be now recovered is so slight. What need to add that every several gem, divested of its *setting*, no longer sparkles as at the first? It was not only the suddenness of the saying,—but its aptness to what had just gone before,—which delighted. Divorced from its context it loses more than half its charm. Perforce also what is written down, and has to be read out of a printed book, is so utterly unlike what was brilliantly and effectively spoken: came all alive, so to speak, from the brain which gave it birth, and was attended by the joyous laughter of appreciative friends whom it always took by surprise.

For, as already hinted, his wit was without premeditation. Take at random a few samples. Mansel was dining with T. F. Dallin. There was written on the bill-of-fare, ‘Cutlets à la *Reforme*.’ ‘Oh, Mansel,’ (said some one), ‘*you* cannot eat Reform cutlets.’ Dallin (by way of apology) pointed out that this was ‘differently spelt. It has an *e* at the end.’ ‘Aye,’ exclaimed Mansel: ‘but *Reform* often ends in *émeute*,’—(which he took care to mispronounce ‘*e* mute’).—A suggestion having been hazarded that Robert Lowe had lately been writing in the ‘*Times*,’ his eye began to twinkle. ‘To be sure’ (he said) ‘the paper of late has been more *low* than *dacent*.’—He was dining in vacation with the present writer in Oriel Common Room, when a joint of lamb was being hacked at by the College ‘Dean,’ who to his other accomplishments did *not* add that of adroit carving. A pool of brown gravy as large as a saucer speedily adorned the table-cloth, which provoked the ejaculation, —‘Filthy mess!’ ‘Not exactly,’ (rejoined the wit), ‘but it is *lamb-on-table* certainly.’

It was noticeable on such occasions that he did not

talk for effect. He was evidently satisfied with the entertainment he was affording to his neighbour. Of course, the joke was generally inquired after, and reproduced for the benefit of the rest: but *Mansel* was not the one to repeat it. His wit cost him no effort. He *could not help* being witty,—and was as brilliant before *two* as before *twenty*. Thus, his friend Professor Chandler relates that, on their way through ‘the Schools,’ one afternoon, ‘just as we came in sight of the Clarendon building, I observed—“Somebody told me the other day that the statue there” (pointing to the figure in the niche) “has no back to it; is in fact a mere shell; a front and nothing more.” “You mean” (rejoined Mansel) “that it is *the Hyde* without *the Clarendon*.”’—The same friend was once out driving with Mansel and other people,—including a little girl; who suddenly exclaimed (*à propos* of a donkey by the roadside),—‘Look at that donkey! he has got his head into a barrel and can’t get it out.’ Mansel was heard to murmur softly to himself,—‘Then it will be a case of *asphyxia*.’—One whom he was showing round S. Paul’s, complained of the heathenish character of the monuments. ‘Just look at *that* now,’—(pointing to a huge figure of Neptune). ‘What has *that* got to do with Christianity?’ ‘*Tridentine* Christianity perhaps,’ suggested Mansel.

Not unfrequently his wit was of a higher order: was distinctly *wit*. Thus, walking round ‘the Parks’ with Dr. Evans (now Master of Pembroke) when Gladstone’s Bill for disendowing the Irish Church was in progress,—‘I cannot understand’ (Mansel broke out) ‘how he can possibly reconcile his conscience to such wholesale robbery.’—‘He pleads,’ was the reply, ‘that he is acting on conviction.’—‘O, then I see how it is,’ instantly

rejoined Mansel, raising his forefinger as if in order to add point to the antithesis. 'The ordinary process has been reversed. Commonly, you know, conviction follows robbery. In this case, it seems that *Robbery follows Conviction*.'—His sister relates that one Sunday evening, Chandler having touched the piano, was requested to sing,—which he declined to do. Another person urged him,—'If you can think of nothing else, sing us "the old hundredth."'  
'No, no: I should only murder it.' This produced a third entreaty and a more resolute refusal; whereupon Mansel came to his friend's rescue; remarking that,—'Chandler naturally hesitates about *murdering all people that on earth do dwell*.'

Only once more. It was a severe day at the end of March, and some one inopportunately reminded the company of the saying that 'March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb.' 'Umph,' (ejaculated the wit.)—'It's *cold* lamb, though!'

Inasmuch as his sayings were habitually addressed to Academic hearers, certain of them may be thought to require a word of explanation when submitted to the general public. It is presumed however that the few which follow will readily find an interpreter, if needed. Dr. Moore, Principal of S. Edmund Hall, writes,—

'The last time I dined with him, some one at table was describing a peculiar habit attributed to a certain famous African traveller; viz. that if he ever did put on a clean shirt, he put it on over the old one; so that, by the end of a visit, he had on three or four, one over the other. "In fact," (remarked Mansel), "it was a kind of *Sorites* of shirts, though it could not be described as a *Goclenian Sorites*."'

The conditions of bestowing the degree of Doctor in Divinity had degenerated into a senseless form,—which



was felt to be discreditable to the University. (The Candidate had to read aloud a few lines of Greek: and report tells strange stories as to how the lack of the necessary lore, even for *that*, was sometimes remedied.) A proposal was at last introduced in Council to substitute two Theological Dissertations, as the preliminary requirement. While the discussion was proceeding, Mansel wrote and passed to his neighbour,—

‘The degree of “D.D.”  
 ’Tis proposed to convey  
 To an “A double S”  
 By a double *Ess-ay*.’

Scarcely less neat, though slightly inferior, is the same epigram as it is believed to have at first fallen from his pen:

‘The title “D.D.” ’tis proposed to convey:  
 Its value we leave you to guess.  
 The work to be done is,—a double S. A.:  
 Its author,—an “A double S.”’

Great offence was occasioned by certain graduates of the University of Dublin, who on obtaining the ‘ad eundem’ Oxford degree, proceeded at once to flaunt in public their Oxford hoods as if they had been veritable graduates of Oxford University. This led, eventually, to the abolition of ‘ad eundem’ Degrees: but at first, *the fees* were revised,—which occasioned the following:—

‘When Alma Mater her kind heart enlarges,  
 Charges her graduates,—graduates her charges,—  
 What safer rule can guide th’ accountant’s pen  
 Than that of doublin’ fees for Dublin men?’

On another occasion, it was proposed by the Council to lower the fees upon degrees conferred by ‘accumulation.’ Mansel wrote,—

‘Oxford, beware of over-cheap degrees,  
 Nor too much lower “Accumulation” fees:  
 Lest—unlike Goldsmith’s “land to ills a prey,”—  
*Men* should “accumulate,” and *Wealth* “decay.”’

The undergraduates having complained (not without reason) of the ugliness of their ‘gown,’ the authorities,—hoping that if the men’s costume were made less unbecoming, they would manifest less disinclination to wear it,—entertained the proposal for a change. Mansel was ready with an epigram:—

‘Our gownsmen complain ugly garments oppress them,  
 We feel for their wrongs, and propose to *re-dress* them.’

He was riding with Professor Wall over ‘Port-meadow.’ ‘I observe’ said the other, (pointing to a flock of geese on the wing and screaming,) ‘those geese always rise in that way as soon as we come in sight.’ ‘Naturally’ (rejoined Mansel). ‘They have a *keen* vision.’<sup>6</sup>—A philosophical friend, during a constitutional in Magdalen Walks, remarked on the extraordinary clamour of the jack-daws, in the Grove: adding,—‘I wonder what they are talking about?’ ‘*Caws* I suppose,’—replied Mansel.—Only one more Academical *bon-mot*. While Mr. Gathorne Hardy’s Election Committee were examining the list of Voters, they came across the name of ‘*Field-Flowers*.’ ‘That man’ (exclaimed Mansel) ‘was born to be either *ploughed* or *plucked*.’

A large proportion of his remembered epigrams were elicited by the political events of the day. And this may be a fit opportunity for adverting to the strength of his political opinions. He was to the backbone a Conservative,—a Conservative of the best type: had been so from the beginning,—remained so, unchanged to

<sup>6</sup> *χῆν* (pronounced *keen*) is the Greek for ‘goose.’

the end. You were always sure of Mansel. Nothing knew he of half-heartedness, or of a disposition to trim with the times. He was thorough. His politics were a part of his Religion. At the Election of 1865, when Mr. Gathorne Hardy was elected to represent Oxford University in the place of Mr. Gladstone, Mansel was the most conspicuous member of his Committee. It was not to be expected that one with such facility for epigram would let that season of political excitement (and the many which followed) pass, without directing at something or somebody, as occasion served, the shafts of his ever-ready wit. The following rhymes are remembered out of scores which have perished. The first speaks for itself:—

‘ When the versatile Prelate of Oxford’s famed city  
 Spied the name of the chairman of Hardy’s Com-  
     mittee,  
 Said Samuel (from Samson his metaphor takin’),—  
 “ You have plough’d with my heifer,—that is my  
     Archdeacon.”<sup>7</sup>

‘ But when Samuel himself leaves his friends in the  
     lurch  
 To vote with the foes of the State and the Church,  
 We see with regret, (for the spectacle shocks one,)  
 That Dissenters can plough with Episcopal “ *Oxon.* ”’

On the introduction of the Liberal Reform Bill, Mr. Gladstone repeatedly declared that the Government would stand or fall by the fate of that measure. When carried at the second reading by a majority of only five in a very large House, it was evident that the Bill though actually carried was virtually lost. Pressed on this point, the Minister repeated his former language about ‘standing or falling with the Bill’; and added,—

. <sup>7</sup> The Ven. Archdeacon Clerke of Ch. Ch.

‘But, sir, we are of opinion that the Bill still stands.’ Mansel immediately wrote:—

‘Upon the Bill we staked our all:  
With it to stand, with it to fall.  
But now a different course we see:  
The Bill may lie,—and so may we.’

About the same time Ministers, though they suffered repeated defeats, pertinaciously stuck to office. Mansel was heard to remark that—‘Although the Ministry evidently possessed in an eminent degree the Christian virtue of *Patience*, they had yet to learn the grace of *Resignation*.’

It will readily be understood that wit so versatile, prolific, and ready, did not by any means stand on ceremony, or confine itself to set occasions. In public and when on his mettle, Mansel was truly brilliant. At a dinner-table no man could be more entertaining. His witty sayings were without number. Some one asked who had succeeded Dr. Mackarness at Honiton,—‘Is that a question?’ exclaimed Mansel. ‘*Saddler* of course after *make-harness*.’—The conversation happening to turn on ghosts,—‘You know, I suppose, how to distinguish a real ghost from a false one?’ Nobody knew. ‘O then I’ll tell you. *When you see a ghost*, look steadily at him: next, put your forefinger to your eye, thus’—(applying the extremity of his finger to that part of the organ which is nearest the ear.)—‘and work your eye about, this way and that way. If you perceive that the ghost remains stationary,—well, it’s a very serious business indeed. But if, on the contrary, you notice that he moves about *with* your eye,—why then, *it’s all my eye*.’—Dogmatism was mentioned. ‘Dogmatism’ (exclaimed Mansel) ‘is *puppyism* full grown.’—Something

was said about the spelling of difficult names. Mansel (turning sharp round to the present writer)—‘You know, of course, how the Chinese Ambassador spells his name?’ ‘Haven’t the faintest notion. Tell us.’ For all reply, he made a *click* with his tongue,—produced a faint grunt,—and breathed a low whistle. The trilateral had been produced in a second, but in such a style that no one,—(except perhaps Mr. Corney Grain),—could have approached it.—‘The turf’ having cropped up as a topic, Mansel gravely told us of a country squire who was the happy owner of three horses. ‘The first he called ‘Salt-fish,’ because it was a capital horse for *a fast day*: the second ‘Naples,’ because it was *a beautiful bay*: the third ‘Morning Star,’ because it was *a roarer*.—Another sporting man of his acquaintance drove tandem and called the leader ‘*Xerxes*.’ We were invited to guess the name of his wheeler. (It was ‘*Arter-xerxes*,’ of course.)

But when alone with those he knew and loved best, Mansel would sometimes give way to the impulse of the moment,—perpetrate the most atrocious puns imaginable on anything and anybody,—no matter *what* came in his way. He was simply irrepressible. If his wife at last said playfully,—‘No, Henry, I won’t have these puns,’—*that* was the surest way to set him off on a fresh flight of absurdity. His friend Professor Chandler writes of him:—

‘He was one of the most cheerful of men; and though I knew him for so many years, I hardly remember to have seen him angry: sulky he *never* was. On the very rare occasions on which I have seen him put out, the thing hardly lasted a minute: some droll image suggested itself to his mind, and his frown vanished in a smile and a joke. One day, we were in his garden, and about to seat ourselves at a table there. The birds had defiled the table, and Mansel stood frowning in disgust.

"Here," (he called out in a vexed voice to a servant,) "come and clean up this"—(but already had his face assumed a bright smile and his voice completely altered)—"this *birdliness*, for" (said he, turning to me) "I suppose one could hardly call it *beastliness*."

'At all times he was "light-armed with quips, anti-theses, and puns." Some of the best and some of the most atrocious of puns did he make. Occasionally, when we were alone, he got into a sort of humour of absurdity, and then he would persist in playing on every remark one could utter. Capital epigrams in Latin and in English he was continually writing. . . . He was great at guessing riddles, and not unfrequently hit upon better answers than the real ones, for he had as nimble and merry a mind as any man I ever knew. . . . Once, when he had what I should call one of his merry fits of absurdity on him, the conversation happened to turn on the rationalisation of classic myths. He found instantly some ridiculous reason for every one I could mention. "Well," I said at last, "what do you say to Scylla and her dogs?"—"O" (said Mansel, affecting a momentary stammer) "it only means that some woman had a pain in her *low-vowels*."

An illustration presents itself of a statement which immediately precedes. Someone asked him,—'Why is a wife like a patten?' (expecting the stupid answer,—'Because she is a *clog*.') Mansel rejoined immediately,—'Because she *elevates the soul*' . . . (He was delivering his own blissful experience.)

The same devoted friend (above quoted) has jotted down a few more random recollections which shall be given in his own words. They are of unequal interest, but they will all be read with pleasure:—

'Those who only know Dr. Mansel from his books, can form no adequate idea of the man as he actually was. A hard-headed disputant,—a rigid theologian,—a strong party man: yes, he was, in some sense, all these;



but *before* all these he was a man of very strong feelings and affections, and even his keen mind saw things, and very often persons, through a kindly mist. The Faith in which he had been taught to believe as a child, he held to all his life through, with a really child-like feeling. The College where he was educated, and all that belonged to it, he loved most warmly and heartily. Great was his delight when he was re-elected fellow of S. John's after his marriage. The writers of whom he was most fond,—Sir Walter Scott for instance or Miss Austin,—he would defend against all comers. If I attacked Scott, (as I often did, though he knew I was only half, if half, in earnest,) he would launch forth into an eloquent eulogium of his favourite. It was just the same with his friends: their defects were in his eyes eccentricities, for which he had a thousand witty excuses. More than once I have heard him declare that he really must get himself put on the list of voters for the City of Oxford, (this was when he lived in the High Street), in order that he might vote for Charles Neate,—Neate being a Radical and Mansel a staunch Tory. Nevertheless he would have liked to vote for Neate, (he said,) “because he was an honest man, and a man he liked.”<sup>8</sup>

‘He had a wonderfully accurate and tenacious memory.

<sup>8</sup> No one who knew, could fail to love and honour, Charles Neate,—M.P. for the city of Oxford from 1863 to 1868, and Fellow of Oriel for 51 years. Several incidental notices of this dear friend and brother-Fellow, in the present volumes, may be discovered by reference to the *Index*.

Charles,—fifth of the eleven children of the Rev. Thomas Neate, Rector of Alvescot (near Faringdon, Berks.), and Catharine his wife,—was born at Adstock, Bucks., 13th June 1806.

He was a truly single-hearted, upright, and most amiable man; ever the champion of the weaker

cause, and the eager defender of the injured or oppressed: sincerely pious, but abhorring the outward show of piety: a faithful layman and confessor—in days when confessorship was rare. Oriel never had a more loyal or dutiful son than he. His great abilities, varied attainments, and elegant scholarship, can scarcely be said to have enjoyed the reward they deserved. He carried with him to the grave (7th Feb. 1879) the affectionate regrets of the University and of the City,—heartily beloved as well as respected, irrespectively of politics or party. He sleeps in the Churchyard of Alvescot, Oxfordshire.

He knew most of the best passages of the best English, Latin, and Greek poets by heart. It seemed as if he had merely to read a thing with attention, to retain it for an indefinite time. While reading, he made no notes,—as note-taking is commonly understood: but when he had done, he would take off his spectacles, or push them back, and then set to work with a pencil. Passages that he wished to remember he marked by dashing his pencil down the margin, and noting the page and the substance of the thing on the fly-leaf or cover. Beyond this, I never saw him take a note: his vast memory did the rest. If any one was at hand, he would from time to time express his assent or dissent from what he was reading. A warm summer's afternoon comes back to me as I write this. He held in his hand some German theological work (I forget which,)—and from time to time uttered in a tone of deep contempt “Bosh,” till at last he could stand it no longer. “What do you think,” (he cried out) “of a man who argues in this way?” and then came a rapid translation of the offending passage, and an indignant refutation of its reasoning.

‘Before writing anything, he would sit quite still without speaking a word for an hour together or more. Having got his matter into order in his mind, he wrote it out right off, almost without a correction. He was very particular about punctuation,—which he never would leave to the printer. Many a time have I heard him find fault with printers’ stops. He was no bibliomaniac, though he quite understood and even tolerated that harmless form of lunacy. He always preferred a well-bound and clean copy of a book to a ragged and poor copy; but never indulged in large-paper, expensive bindings, or similar vanities. When he bought a book, it was in order to read it. He disliked getting rid of books, and used to declare that he had hardly ever parted with a volume without immediately wanting it back again. He was one of those rare men to whom you might lend a book safely: he knew how to handle it.

‘I do not think that he either positively liked or dis-

liked music: he was however always fond of Scotch and Cavalier ballads, and old English songs. As far as mere feeling went, he was at heart a Cavalier; and though his loyalty was unimpeachable, he had I think a secret love for the Stuarts.

‘Like myself, he was fond of going to see conjurors. I remember spending a very pleasant evening with him at the Egyptian Hall where he was as delighted as the youngest child in the room, with Stodare’s marvellous sleight of hand. Indoor games of all sorts he entered into with great zest, but I never saw cards played in the house,—except once. We were sitting one evening in rather a gloomy condition. He was not quite well; tired, and unable (or at least unwilling) to read. Thinking that amusement would be good for him, I proposed a game of single-dummy whist. “I would play if it would amuse him,” said the other person present, (who had been brought up to think card-playing a frivolous pastime,) “only it is impossible, because there is not such a thing as a pack of cards in the house.” At this, I noticed a droll twinkle in Mansel’s eye; so I said, “But you would play if cards could be had?” “Certainly.” Whereupon Mansel, with a most comical face, left the room, and presently returned with a box in which were whist-counters and two packs of almost unused cards. He was playfully attacked for his concealment of these contraband articles, and after a humorous and successful defence, we sat down and played such games of whist as have, I should think, rarely been played before. Mansel laughed so much, that when I left them he was quite another man from what he had been at the commencement of the evening. In fact, he liked *all* innocent amusements.

‘A man’s private and home life is, in my opinion, a thing too sacred to be exposed to public gaze; but this I may say, (I hope without offence,) that I cannot imagine any one to have been more completely happy in all such relations than he was. Bright and good everywhere, he was at his best in his own house; where his happiness

was not interrupted by even a passing cloud. So it was, and so it ought to have been, for he was a good and true man in all the relations of life.

‘Of my friend, as a friend, I have said nothing. I cannot. He has been dead some years, yet his loss is as fresh to me as though it had happened only yesterday. Every day, I see and hear him in fancy; for, go where I will, there is something to remind me of *him*. It is bad enough to have lost him; but I cannot put on paper, for the gratification of strangers, a statement of the greatness of my loss.’

Such words kindle expiring memories and summon back vanished scenes. All that has been said about his domestic happiness,—the unruffled serenity and undimmed brightness of his home,—is true to the life. One also recalls with pleasure his playfulness with children, and his willing condescension to their measure of intelligence. He was for a few days the guest of the late Archd. Rose at Houghton Conquest Rectory. The morning was cold and inclement, and the children of the family, attracted by his playful wit, were heard appealing to him as follows:—‘What do you think uncle said just now? He said “It’s a *raw* day—as the lion said to the bear.” Now, shouldn’t you call that a very bad pun?’ ‘O quite horrid.’ ‘Look here, he *meant* it for *raw*, but he pronounced it *roar*.’ ‘O yes,’ (laughing) ‘I *quite* understand.’ . . . After examining Bp. Berkeley’s MSS. (which was the object of his visit) he was found at the piano in the drawing-room, surrounded by the same little troop,—singing with much unction, and attempting to play ‘Three little kittens had lost their mittens.’

The loveliest feature of his character, beyond question, was his profound humility,—added to his simple child-like piety. Having thoroughly convinced himself,—(as

every thoughtful man may, who will but honestly take the necessary pains,)—that the Bible must needs be, what it claims to be, namely, the very Word of GOD,—he prostrated his Reason before it; accepted all its wondrous revelations with a most unquestioning faith. ‘The Resurrection of CHRIST’ (he used to say) ‘is *the* great Miracle. Once establish, once grant *that*, and all other Miracles follow. Nothing is difficult after *that*!’ And the Resurrection of our LORD ‘on the third day,’ at least, is a thing established,—established by an amount of ‘infallible proof’ without a parallel.—Mansel’s prevailing thought, when he spoke about the mysterious parts of Scripture, was the accession of light to be enjoyed by faithful men hereafter; whereby the hidden things of GOD will become not only intelligible, but even easy to be apprehended. It may be allowable to introduce in this place one of his letters to the Earl of Carnarvon. It was written from Oxford, 25th Feb. 1866:—

‘My dear Lord Carnarvon,—I send you a sermon of Pusey’s<sup>9</sup> in which I think you will be interested, both on its own account, and because it touches on a question in which you have lately taken part, and helps to expose the real shallowness of the objections which lie at the bottom of the opposition against you. There is a little note of mine at the end of the sermon, which arose from a conversation I had with Pusey the day after it was

<sup>9</sup> ‘*The Miracles of Prayer*,—preached before the University on Septuagesima Sunday, 1866,’ pp. 35.—Mansel’s letter is found at p. 33 of the discourse.

This Sermon, with the note at the end, effectually disposes of Prof. Tyndall’s alleged difficulties. Strange, that men should not see that the *fixedness* of which they

speak is in the *Law*: not in the *occasions when its operation will be manifested*. ‘We do not ask the chemist to violate the laws of Chemistry, but to produce a particular result in accordance with those laws. Do we necessarily do more than this, when we pray that GOD will remove from us a disease?’ —(p. 35.)



preached. I believe that the real basis of the whole controversy against the prevalent Materialism of the present day lies in the question of the *Human Will*. Once concede that the will of Man is free; and no Philosophy, say what it may of fixed laws, can ever really upset the truths dictated by man's religious instincts. This is why I look on the philosophy of such people as Mr. Mill as so utterly mischievous; because the question of *Free will* or *No free will*, is really the question of *Belief* or *No belief*. If I am a person capable, within certain limits, of influencing the phenomena of Nature by my personal will, I can believe in a Personal GOD who can influence them still more. If I am a thing subject to purely material laws, the sooner I go the way of other things the better. If I am merely a part of the Universe, I am content to be resolved, as soon as may be, into the gases which pervade the Universe. My free will is the only thing which makes me better than a gas.'

The remark may be hazarded in this place that should the day ever come for collecting Dean Mansel's letters, with a view to compiling a more full and particular biographical notice than the present, difficulty will be experienced in recovering adequate specimens of his correspondence. The reason for this opinion will be apparent to every one acquainted with the nature of College life. Living within a few minutes' walk of one another,—able to meet, nay, meeting every day,—resident members of the same University seldom or never *write* to one another. A short playful note, confidential (if that were possible) to a fault:—a few enigmatical words scrawled on the scrap of paper nearest at hand:—a challenge to take a walk,—to partake of a meal,—or to meet a friend:—such frail relics of happy days which fled all too quickly, are all that most of us have to show of our College intimacies with men who have since made



themselves and Oxford famous. . . . As to friends at a distance, Mansel always preferred inducing them to visit him at his own house, to opening his intellectual views and the feelings of his heart in correspondence. The depth and reality of the man made him somewhat averse to expressing himself in these respects upon paper. A letter, he held to be too limited an area for the discussion of a mental problem. At the same time, his genuineness of soul made him shrink from the very appearance of overstating (though *that* was impossible) the intensity of his regard for his friends, or the earnestness of his moral and religious convictions.—It may be added that the Dean kept no Diary; and observed the practice of preserving only such letters as related to business matters, or were immediately connected with any inquiry he had in hand.

It seems worth recording that he used to begin his work in the morning, scarcely ever later than 6.30. Often he was in his study by 5.30 a.m. His fire was laid overnight, and he lighted it himself, when he pleased. He never sat up late to work. . . . Once, seeing him heavy and troubled with a mental problem which eluded him in its issue, his wife suggested to him that he should ‘defer the matter for a time: on returning to the subject, perhaps the difficulty would disappear.’ A day or two after, he told her that *in the night* all had become plain to him. When he awoke in the morning, it was as if the mist had cleared away. The difficulty was surmounted.

At the close of the year 1866, Lord Derby, then Prime Minister, announced to Mansel his intention of submitting his name to Her Majesty for the Regius Professorship of Ecclesiastical History in the University

of Oxford; which had been rendered vacant (30th November 1866) by the lamented death of Dr. Shirley, —at the early age of thirty-eight. Connected with the Chair is a Canonry and residence at Christ Church,—whither in due course Mr. and Mrs. Mansel removed, and the Professor entered eagerly on the duties of his office. There were not wanting some (as usual on such occasions) to intimate that the Philosopher and Metaphysician would be out of place in the domain of Ecclesiastical History; and that political favour had placed him in a sphere alien to his ordinary pursuits. The men who so spoke were not aware that, though the accidents of Mansel's literary life had given pre-eminence to his Philosophical tastes, his earliest predilections had been in favour of Theological study; that he had never ceased to cultivate Divinity *as a Science*; and that there are vast provinces of Ecclesiastical History which can only be successfully occupied by one who is thoroughly versed in ancient and modern Philosophy.

Be this as it may, the practical refutation of adverse opinion, by whomsoever entertained, proved complete. Mansel held the Chair for barely two years, (viz. from Jan. 1867 until Oct. 1868), but it was a period long enough to enable him to outlive detraction and to leave his mark for good behind him. In the Lent Term of 1868, he delivered before the University a course of Lectures on the Gnostic Heresies; which (worked up and enlarged) he seems to have designed ultimately for publication. The MSS. of those Lectures, at all events, after due deliberation were thought valuable even in their present state, and were found to be in a sufficiently finished condition to warrant their appearing as a posthumous work. The present Bp. of Durham, (then Dr. Lightfoot, Canon of S. Paul's,) undertook the

labour of editing them; while Lord Carnarvon contributed that sketch of the Dean's '*Work, Life, and Character*,' to which reference has been made already. Certainly no work of equal interest on the '*Gnostic Heresies of the First and Second centuries*,' has hitherto appeared in the English Language.

It should have been sooner mentioned that Dr. Jeune, Master of Pembroke, on being appointed to the See of Peterborough in 1864, selected Mansel to be his examining Chaplain. It was at his Consecration (S. Peter's Day 1864) that Mansel preached a sermon which was subsequently published and well merits attentive perusal,—'*The Witness of the Church to the Promise of CHRIST'S Coming*.' His work at Peterborough, where he held an honorary Canonry until his death, terminated a few months before his connection with Christ Church was ended, by the Bishop's lamented decease. In the Sermon which he preached on this latter occasion, Mansel pays an eloquent (and well-merited) tribute to the Bishop's steadfast sincerity of purpose,—his integrity and faithfulness in the discharge of his solemn trust.<sup>1</sup>

The same year (1868) which brought to a close his connection with Bishop Jeune, witnessed Mansel's transference from Christ Church to the Deanery of S. Paul's. The proposal to present his name to Her Majesty was conveyed in most kind terms by Mr. Disraeli, then Prime Minister, and was at once gratefully accepted. No man ever loved Oxford more ardently than did Henry Mansel, but the course of recent events within the University had been supremely distasteful and distressing to him. He entertained the gravest

<sup>1</sup> Mansel's is the former of '*Two Cathedral, Aug. 30, 1868,*' &c.—*Sermons preached in Peterborough* Parker, pp. 24.

apprehensions for the future of Oxford and of the Church. My friend Henry Deane (of S. John's) writes,—

‘Mansel's last advice to me was,—“Prepare to defend the Existence of GOD and the Free-will of Man. Those are the points of controversy upon which the world is turning at present.” He lent me some books on these subjects, and also (much to my surprise) gave me some most valuable advice as to the best books to be read in connection with Old Testament Criticism. This must have been in 1870.’<sup>2</sup>

Not least, the daily pressure of University business, even more than his actual Professorial duties, was telling seriously on his health. All who within the last 30 or 40 years have resided continuously in Oxford, and have endeavoured to lead a studious life there, know something about this matter to their cost. But *his* was a peculiarly busy existence; in the midst of which, he was always eagerly reaching out for a season of leisure—which was destined never to arrive. He cherished the expectation that the position thus offered him in London would leave a margin of leisure for carrying out his many literary engagements with less interruption and pressure. Not that, at first, he experienced such a result; but it was hoped that at least the change of occupation might prove a benefit. Much had to be done at S. Paul's. The time was come for commuting the Estates of the Cathedral: and it was no light enterprise to calculate and weigh the claims of the various interests which were concerned in the vast machinery connected with the great Church of the metropolis. This was nearly completed at the time of his death; and it was on the basis of his calculations that the liberal arrangements of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners were subsequently effected.

<sup>2</sup> To myself,—Feb. 14, 1885.

The only relaxation which he allowed himself during his residence in London was a six weeks' holiday at Cosgrove Hall, the residence of his brother-in-law. On the first of these occasions (July 1869), the village being but 50 miles from London, Mrs. Mansel suggested to her husband that they should drive down in an open carriage (by way of Dunstable), taking the journey in two stages. They started early on a delicious July morning, in order to enjoy the charm of the fresh country air almost before the dew was off the ground; breakfasting at Barnet. It proved a drive of intense enjoyment to him. He recognized at every instant some old familiar sight,—village or landscape which he had not seen since the boyish days when he used to travel along that same road by coach: and he delighted himself with recognizing the once familiar, now half-forgotten surnames, which occasionally met his eye. But though he had left London for rest, he did not find it. Scarcely a week passed without his being recalled to London on business connected with the Cathedral. Nor, while he was at the Hall, was he able to shake himself free from occupation. Every spare moment he devoted to the work which he had commenced in 1863, for the Speaker's Commentary. A portion of his original task he had been constrained to relinquish, but the first two Gospels he was persuaded to retain. Ever punctual in matters of business, and conscientious in the discharge of whatever obligations he incurred, it was a matter of real concern to him that he had been unable to fulfil his engagement to complete this work at an earlier period. It now fairly blocked the way, and prevented him from doing anything else. This debt, he felt, must be discharged first.

Meanwhile the proposed decoration of his Cathedral

largely interested as well as occupied him. On succeeding to the Deanery, he had determined with the other members of the Chapter, to make a fresh effort towards achieving this object,—(it had been a favourite aspiration with the great architect himself),—and he was greatly encouraged by the response the appeal had met with. Over 35000*l.* was subscribed almost within a year. But he was not destined to see even the commencement of the work of adorning the interior of S. Paul's.

The last act permitted him in connection with the proposed improvements, was to authorize the removal of the organ from the North-west bay to the entrance of the Choir, and to place the morning (or North) chapel in the hands of the work-people for renovation. Little can he have imagined that within a brief space, the window of that same chapel would contain a stained glass memorial to himself!<sup>3</sup> . . . Having seen these arrangements commenced, the Dean and Mrs. Mansel left London as they had done in previous years,—reaching Cosgrove Hall on Saturday, the 15th July, 1871. His intention was to return to the Deanery from time to time, in order to superintend the progress of the Cathedral work.

It was remarked that he seemed more oppressed with weariness than on former occasions; but it was hoped

<sup>3</sup> That memorial window, representing the incredulity of S. Thomas, was unveiled on S. Paul's Day, 1879. The inscription is by Dr. Hessey, Archdeacon of Middlesex:—*In . D . O . M . gloriam . et . in . recordationem . Henrici . Longueville . Mansel . S . T . P . | decani . huius . ecclesiae . mdccclxxiii — lxxi | viri . ornati |*

*pietate . erga . Derm . integritate . morum . hilaritate . indolis | ervditiōne . propemodum . vniversa . memoria . tenacissima | dialectici . historici . theologi | scriptoris . optime . meriti . de . indagantibus . qui . sint . in . rebus . divinis | fidei . limites . qui . rationi . humane . adsignandi | natus . mdcccx . decessit . mdccclxxi .*



that the quiet of his old home, and the refreshment of horse exercise (which he greatly enjoyed), would be attended by its usual salutary effect. Nor indeed was there any apparent reason for apprehending any other issue.

At the end of one short fortnight, every scheme for the future,—all earthly hopes and fears, all earthly joys and sorrows,—were for ever hushed to rest. But the reader will perhaps share the belief of one of Mansel's friends, that half—it may be *wholly*—unconsciously, a secret presentiment was conveyed to his inmost soul that something solemn was impending. It is impossible to recall an utterance of his to his Wife at this time,—‘You have made me *so* happy!’—without connecting it with what *so* speedily followed, and regarding it as the language of valedictory love. . . . After Mrs. Milman's interment in S. Paul's, about a month before, he is remembered to have exclaimed,—‘Whose turn will it be next?’ . . . Another slight incident to be presently recorded suggests the same suspicion.

It should be mentioned that at this juncture he paid a two-days' visit to Oxford in order to be present at the Magdalen College ‘gaudy.’ Several persons remarked that when called upon after the dinner to respond to a toast on that occasion, he surpassed himself. Old friends rejoicing to welcome him back, observed with satisfaction that much of the old weary look had passed away. One who was present writes as follows:—

‘The last occasion of our meeting was the Magdalen Commemoration, on S. Mary Magdalen's Day (Saturday, 22nd July), 1871. The Bishop of Winchester and the Dean of S. Paul's were the principal guests. Both spoke effectively: but the latter, it was observed, was fluent and felicitous beyond his wont. Even after the

polished oratory of Wilberforce, Mansel appeared at no disadvantage; and while he touched with pathos on the prospects of the Church and with humour on the policy of the Government, little did any one imagine that his voice would never again be heard in Oxford.<sup>4</sup>

He returned to Cosgrove on the Monday. Mrs. Mansel noticed that throughout the week he was exceedingly thoughtful, which slightly troubled her. He seemed very low,—for which there was no apparent cause. He occupied himself daily with his Commentary on S. Matthew's Gospel. On Friday he took with his wife the Sunday walk which he had always taken, as a child, with his Father and Mother after Divine Service. 'And *that* was our *last* walk!' . . . He had already mentioned,—(it was indeed a matter to which he had often before adverted),—that he desired to sleep in death with his Parents; and now, (on their way from the Hall to the Vicarage,) as they passed the spot where his Father lies buried,—'*That's* where I meant,' he said, pointing to the spot. . . . On the morrow, in the forenoon, he wrote the concluding words of his Commentary, and in the afternoon added something to his '*Fragment*' on Bp. Berkeley.<sup>5</sup> He was looking forward to a visit to London on Chapter business on the ensuing Monday: and knowing how entirely this would occupy him, he seemed bent on making all possible progress with his literary undertakings *now*. But *that* was destined to be his last day's work. The next day was Sunday.

He attended Divine Service both morning and after-

<sup>4</sup> From the Rev. E. T. Turner,—Fellow of B.N.C., Registrar of the University,—Jan. 3rd, 1874.

<sup>5</sup> It was to have been a contribution to the '*Q. Review*,' on the oc-

casion of Prof. Fraser's edition of Berkeley's *Collected Works*,—4 vols. 8vo. 1871. See '*Lectures, Letters and Reviews*,' p. 381-91.

noon; and, according to his wont, retired early to rest. He had said his private prayers: had laid himself down on his bed: had spoken a few loving words: and was silent. He may have fallen asleep. Between 10 and 11 o'clock, his wife thought she heard him breathe uneasily, and spoke to him. Obtaining no reply, she rose instantly, procured a light, and found,—that his spirit had departed . . . A surgeon was instantly sent for, who explained that instantaneous dissolution had been occasioned by the rupture of a small blood-vessel at the base of the brain. His change had come without the slightest warning. There had not been a moment's consciousness that he was passing out of Time into Eternity.

Thus, on the night of Sunday, 30th July 1871, at the comparatively early age of 51,—a shorter term of years even than had been allotted to his Father,—HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL entered into rest. On the morrow, the mournful strains of the organ, and the tolling of the great bell of S. Paul's, conveyed the first intelligence of the event to thousands in the metropolis; and on the ensuing Saturday he was laid, as he desired, near his Father, in the quiet corner of Cosgrove Churchyard where his ancestors for more than two centuries had been interred before him, and where his Mother has since been laid. Over his own last resting-place, his Wife was careful to cause to be inscribed his own favourite text:—*'Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then, face to face: Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.'*

Affecting it is, in connection with what goes immediately before, to recall certain words which Mansel

wrote in 1859. Some have asked (he says)—‘What, upon these principles, will be the character of our Knowledge in a Future State?’

‘I am content to reply, *I do not know*. My conclusions, such as they are, are deduced from certain facts of human consciousness in this present life. To what extent those facts will remain, and how they will modify our knowledge, in a future life;—what is the exact nature of the change implied by the Apostle’s distinction between seeing “through a glass darkly” and “face to face;”—is a question which I do not find answered in Scripture, and which I am unable to answer without. *I am content to believe that we shall have that kind and degree of Knowledge which is best for us.*’<sup>7</sup>

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How deeply the loss of such an one as Henry Mansel was deplored by as many as had known and loved him, need not be told. His friend and patron, Lord Carnarvon, expressed the sentiment of many hearts when he thus addressed his Widow:—

‘Time, as it has rolled on, has made me only feel the loss of his friendship more and more severely; and, over and over again, I find myself going back in memory to things that he said or did, or in which we were both engaged. It was one of those true friendships which grew with every year that passed over them, and which have not ceased with life.’<sup>8</sup>

Let it be declared in conclusion concerning the Theologian, Metaphysician, and Philosopher, whose earthly career has thus been traced in outline,—that although he will be chiefly remembered by posterity for the profundity of his intellect,—as by his contemporaries he was chiefly noted for the brilliancy of his wit;—yet, by

<sup>7</sup> Preface to the ivth ed. of ‘Bampton Lectures’ (footnote [p] abridged).

<sup>8</sup> To Mrs. Mansel,—‘*Pixton Park, Dulverton*,—March 9th, 1885.’

those who knew him best, he will, while memory lasts, be held in reverence chiefly for his simple Piety,—his unfeigned Humility,—the unquenchable ardour of his childlike Faith. The great lesson of his life was the use which he made of his opportunities: his devotion to his Master's service: the unflagging zeal with which he toiled on to the very edge of darkness. His summons came to him at last suddenly,—as he hoped it would come; but it found the 'good and faithful servant' with 'his loins girded about and his light burning;' and himself 'like unto a man that waiteth for his Lord.'

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"No life spent in CHRIST's service, however short,"—(to take leave of him with a few beautiful words of his own),—"is really incomplete: no good work done in His Name and for His sake, can be broken off and come utterly to an end. The seed that is hidden from our sight is growing secretly in the ground: the life that is taken away from the eyes of men is even now fulfilling its purpose in the great invisible scheme of GOD's providence and grace. The disappointed hopes,—the unaccomplished purposes,—the half-wrought works of Faith and Love which the hand of death has severed in the midst,—are not things of earthly origin, to perish where they have their birth. Those works are done in a strength which cometh not of Man, but of GOD. They go back to Him from whom they came, and for whom they were done."<sup>9</sup> And those purposes shall yet obtain accomplishment; and those hopes shall yet enjoy fruition. Is it not written,—"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy"?

<sup>9</sup> Sermon on the Death of Bp. Jeune, (p. 14,)—quoted above.

## (X). WILLIAM JACOBSON:

### THE SINGLE-MINDED BISHOP.

[A. D. 1803—1884.]

I AM next to draw the portrait, and to relate the principal incidents in the life of WILLIAM JACOBSON, D.D.,—the learned, faithful, and pious Bishop of Chester from 1865 to 1884. For want of an apter epithet, he is here styled,—“The *single-minded* Bishop.” Had there existed in the language a word expressive of the “un-self-asserting,” “un-self-conscious” character, I should have availed myself of it. But there exists no such single word. . . . It was before he became a Bishop, however,—at Oxford it was, and in connection with the University,—that, for about three-and-twenty years [1842–65], I chiefly knew William Jacobson. From 1830 to 1865, his was one of the most familiar of academic forms; and he had a marked individuality of address and character which will cause his memory to linger on to the end, with all who ever knew him. Shall I be thought presumptuous if I avow that by the picture I am about to draw, I cherish the affectionate hope that the image of the man I loved will long outlive the memory of the present generation?

The story of his early life has never yet been correctly related. He was born of Church-of-England parents,



(William Jacobson and Judith Clarke),—at Great Yarmouth, on the 18th July, 1803. His father was cut off at the age of twenty-five, while he was but chief clerk to a firm of Yarmouth shipowners. It was a time of great public excitement and alarm, in consequence of Bonaparte's threatened invasion, which it was expected would take effect on the Norfolk coast near Yarmouth. William Jacobson was an enthusiastic volunteer, who, having for security sent his wife to London with her infant son, attended a church parade in November, when all got drenched. He was the only Officer who went to church. Inflammation of the lungs with congestion set in on Thursday, and a few days after (Nov. 20th, 1803), he expired. Mrs. Jacobson arrived too late to see him alive. "My father," (the Bishop used to say,) "was as much killed by Napoleon as if he had been shot on the field of battle."<sup>1</sup> He died in the performance of his duty, and with a stern sense that he was fulfilling it.

Mrs. Jacobson, at the end of eight years' widowhood, contracted a second marriage—with a dissenter: in consequence of which, little William was conducted to 'Chapel,' and brought up in the ways of Nonconformity. Those ways proved utterly abhorrent to him from the first. He inherited the sentiment of loyalty to the Church of his baptism from his Father,—for whose memory he cherished through life (it was characteristic of him) a most dutiful reverence, always keeping his striking miniature in a drawer at his side. "He spoke to me of him with

<sup>1</sup> Archdeacon (now Dean) Darby, —to whom I am indebted for these early details,—relates, that on seeing a paragraph in '*the Spectator*' to the effect that he was the son of a

Dissenter, the Bishop remarked to him,—"*That* is the way contemporary history is written! My father lived and died a lay member of the Church of England."

animation in 1882,"—writes one of his nephews,<sup>2</sup>—"at my last visit to Deeside, before his health failed." . . . "I never saw my Father," (he remarked to Dean Howson). "I lost him when I was only four months old. But when I found that he used to write his name with a capital B in the middle of it, I adopted the same practice." It was the only outward and visible thing in which he could imitate his father, whom he revered so greatly, and to whom he yearned with all the dutifulness of his nature. Those who attributed his practice in this respect to whim or caprice, knew nothing of the man.

His step-father placed him, while yet a little child, under the tuition of the Rev. William Walford, minister of the New Meeting, Great Yarmouth,—a man of ability and learning. I presume it was on Mr. Walford's removal to Homerton College (about the end of the year 1813), that William Jacobson "was transferred as a boarder to a private school kept by Mr. J. S. Brewer, (father of the late Professor J. S. Brewer), in Calvert Street, Norwich."

"During his stay there" (writes a correspondent of the '*Guardian*'<sup>3</sup>) "we inhabited the same dormitory. Professor Brewer was at school with him: I believe they were always friendly. Jacobson was considered at the Calvert Street School, a clever and promising boy. One of Mr. Brewer's daughters told me that after attaining distinction at Oxford, he paid a visit to his old master, who had then removed to Eaton, near Norwich."

Thus grounded in the rudiments of scholarship, at the age of sixteen William Jacobson was sent to the Nonconformist College at Homerton, in Middlesex,<sup>4</sup>—it is

<sup>2</sup> Francis Turner Palgrave, esq.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Jas. C. Barnham,—Aug. 7, 1884

<sup>4</sup> Thirty-seven years ago, four of

the Nonconformist Colleges in London (of which Homerton was one) were amalgamated in 'New College,' S. John's Wood, N.W.

believed in the October of 1819. The College was at that time under the principalship of the learned and excellent Dr. Pye Smith. "Dissenter as he was," (writes Canon Hopwood,<sup>5</sup>) "a man might be thankful to have been under Pye Smith. I remember, when I was preparing for Orders under Mr. Slade of Bolton in this county, one of the books he desired me to read and digest was Pye Smith's '*Scripture Testimony to the Messiah.*'" At Homer-ton he again became the pupil of his former instructor, the Rev. W. Walford, who was now Classical and Resident Tutor of the College, and who speaks of him as "a very amiable and intelligent youth."<sup>6</sup> Here he remained for two years: by which time, the bent of his disposition and the excellence of his abilities became so conspicuous, that the learned Principal strongly recommended the youth to go up to Oxford. I suspect that a formidable financial obstacle stood in the way of effect being given to this project. But he went from Homer-ton to Glasgow University, where at that time Sir Daniel K. Sandford was professor of Greek. Jacobson's name occurs among the students in the Greek Class in the College session 1822-23: but in no other year or class. Here he made excellent progress,—carrying off many of the prizes. Very gratefully used he to relate how, throughout his period of residence at Glasgow, Mrs. Sterling, (a name which requires no comment of mine,) "was a Mother" to him.

Now at last, (namely, in 1823, being in his 20th year,) he was enabled to follow Pye Smith's advice and his

<sup>5</sup> Letter to myself,—Winwick, 31st July, 1884.

<sup>6</sup> From the '*Autobiography of Rev. W. Walford*,'—(1851), p. 161: —'*A short Biography of Robert Halley, D.D.*,'—(1879), pp. x-xi:

—and MS. letter of Mr. W. Farrer (Secretary) to the Rev. Dr. Newth, Principal of New College. The last named gentleman has kindly supplied me with most of the details in the text.

own strong inclinations. He went up to Oxford, entering himself (for economical reasons) at S. Edmund Hall, then under the principalship of Dr. Anthony Grayson. His autograph appears on the day of his admission (3rd May),—‘*Gulielmus Jacobson*’: but he did not begin to reside till the October term. Thenceforward, his very modest ‘batells’ (e.g. 1s. 3d. on Christmas Day) show that he was at the Hall a continuous resident (except for a few days in January) till the 3rd July, 1824; that is, throughout the Christmas and Easter vacations. How self-denying a life he led there, and how assiduously he applied himself to the work of the place, no one who ever knew William Jacobson will require to be told. A most precious season truly for self-culture he must have found it. The blessedness of such calm studious days spent under the shelter of a College,—in perfect quiet and without care,—no faithful heart can ever forget. But to have at last obtained a foothold in Oxford, was far more than this to the man of whom I am writing. He had been disciplined in the school of adversity: had known what it is to struggle against hindrances, discouragement, difficulties. When now, at early morning, he listened to the sweet chime of the countless bells of Oxford, and looked on the calm umbrageous precinct of S. Peter’s-in-the-East, it must have been to him like a vision of opening Paradise.

Professor Sandford had furnished him with an introduction to two Oxford ‘dons.’ One of these paid no attention to the friendless young man. Not so the other. The hard-worked Tutor of Christ Church was kind to him from the first, grew interested in him, and—“I can give you sometimes half-an-hour’s coaching at night, if you will come to me after ten o’clock.” It was

the beginning of Jacobson's life-long friendship with the admirable Charles Thomas Longley, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury,—a friendship which proved one of the choicest blessings of his life. His path was as yet sufficiently arduous: but he was endowed with excellent abilities, a resolute will, great strength and steadfastness of purpose. Fired also he was by a holy ambition, and animated by the loftiest principle. Such a youth is sure to succeed in a place like Oxford.

In the second year of his undergraduateship (1824) being requested by a college acquaintance, the scion of an ancient Devonshire family,—(George, eldest son of George Sydenham Fursdon, esq. of Fursdon),—to become his tutor, Jacobson found himself in due course invited down to the family seat in Devonshire; where a warm friendship sprang up between him and his pupil's father. This gentleman, who was a person of fine understanding and cultivated taste, found in the Oxford undergraduate a thoroughly congenial companion. He delighted much in the youth's society: persuaded him, when the tutorial engagement was ended, often to repeat his visit: offered him more than words of kindness and encouragement; and corresponded with him for many years (1824–1835). It is remembered that after the first evening, one of the party remarked of their new guest,—“*That man will become a Bishop.*” In a wood near the house, Jacobson is known to have engraved with his knife on the bark of a large beech tree, Homer's line,—*οἷη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.* Those beautiful Greek characters are still distinguishable, and are cherished by the family to this hour as a memorial of the loved and attached friend of other days.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> From the Rev. Edward Fursdon,—October 1887.

He was again resident at S. Edmund Hall from January 8th, 1825, till May 6th,—having been elected on the 5th to a scholarship at Lincoln College. Notwithstanding the timely helps thus afforded him, this period of Jacobson's life was one of considerable anxiety. The strictest economy and severest self-denial, unaided, will not discharge an undergraduate's college bills. He was in the meantime working to the utmost of his power, and beyond his strength. "You will imagine" (he wrote to his friend Mr. Fursdon) "that I shall have all the advantage which '*cramming*' can give a man, when I tell you that,

"I go to Mr. Longley for nearly two hours once a week;—to a friend at Jesus (who was in the first Class last Michaelmas) every day;—and to another at Pembroke who is reading with Cramer, and goes up with me, most probably on the very same day,—viz. *Jeune*.

"Mr. Longley has examined me throughout my Aristophanes, and says that I may safely lay *that* by, for it is quite in my favour. I now take Thucydides,—put my difficulties, and construe the hardest parts which he selects. With Evans and Jeune, I work Aristotle; and with the latter, Latin and Greek composition. Thus you see I am pretty well occupied; and when I tell you that I am looked on in College as a sort of oracle in the way of Divinity, you will consider my hands pretty well filled.

"It will give you some notion of the state to which I am reduced if I tell you that the other morning I was roused by a man who wanted *Moloch and his worship* explained; and had scarcely recomposed myself for another nap, when a man came to dun me for *all that I could tell him about the Shechinah*. You may guess that I thought it high time to rise at once.'<sup>8</sup>

At the ensuing Easter (1827), after which he was to

<sup>8</sup> From '*Lincoln Coll.*,—Nov. 18, 1826.'



have gone into the Schools, Jacobson had a sharp fit of illness. He shall tell the tale himself:—

“I was doing very well, as I thought, and making fair use of the Easter vacation; but sitting in a very complicated draught gave me rheumatick face-ache. Then, I had toothache simple. Then, a sort of bastard quinsy. Finally, a large sulky abscess which, after wearing me almost to a shadow, broke last evening. I am not yet emancipated from poultices, and shall be long before I resume the enjoyment of solids; but my name is put at the end of the list, and I shall make fight for my degree and any thing that chooses to come with it,—although for the last fortnight I have had my neck swaddled in linseed, and done nothing but sputter and groan incessantly all day. The horrors of my nights were worse, for I never slept. My confinement was cheered by the extreme kindness of friends of all orders and degrees. They came constantly, in gowns of all dimensions and descriptions: Mr. Longley in the pride of his velvet, and the Rev. Charles Rose, who struck my poor little landlady with such awe, that I had a difficulty in getting her to show herself again after his first call.”<sup>9</sup>

The sequel was disappointing, but might have been attended by a more calamitous result than a place in the Second Class:—

“I was in the Schools the last four days of last week. My *vivâ voce* came on Saturday. Having never sate up for above an hour together without lying down, till I found myself in the Schools, the writing for about seven hours the three preceding days had so worn me out, that I went into *hysterics* in the middle of my Rhetorick. I have heard since that the placing my name cost the Examiners no little discussion, and that all my papers, &c. were quite up to the mark for the First Class. It was my Aristotle which pulled me down. However, after all my illness, and not seeing any of my books hardly for six weeks, I am very thankful to have done

<sup>9</sup> Linc. Coll.,—May 18, 1827.

so well.—One of my Examiners has told me that I am to dine with him as soon as B.A. sleeves shall make me admissible to the high table at Balliol; and I had my fill of compliments for my History and Poets. After all, I suppose no fine showy book ever went out in smoke like my eight plays of Aristophanes. Dornford did indeed pay me the compliment of putting me on twice; but neither passage admitted of any thing like display. I was only enabled to struggle through Saturday by being twice drenched with æther . . . The reaction on Sunday was dreadful. The Exeter examination begins on Wednesday the 20th.”<sup>1</sup>

That one so heavily ‘weighted’ would be unsuccessful in competing for the Exeter Fellowship, might have been foreseen. But Jacobson had reasonably hoped for a First Class in *Literis humanioribus*,—(to which Francis Jeune, Herman Merivale and William Sewell now found themselves promoted.)—and his friends had confidently expected it. The Class List is probably as fair a test as the wit of man could devise; but it is certainly sometimes a fallacious one. Jacobson at once took his B.A. degree, and accepted the office of tutor to the two sons, (Charles and Francis,) of an excellent Irish gentleman, Mr. Peter La Touche, nephew to Mr. La Touche, of Bellevue, in county Wicklow.

“The country here,” (he wrote to his friend, Mr. Fursdon), “is extremely beautiful: in fact it presents, I think, a most delicious compound of Devonshire and the Western Highlands. The Mountains indeed are not very high, but they are picturesque in the extreme,—‘great Sugar-Loaf’ indeed has some pretensions, and I envy those who saw him last summer when the peat on one entire side was in a blaze. We are rustivating in the very first style of the art. ‘The Cottage,’ by some admirable management, holds, along with its morsel of a lodge, Mrs. La Touche, nine of the children, a French

<sup>1</sup> To G. S. Fursdon, esq.,—from Lincoln Coll., June 12th, 1827.

and an English Governess, with no end of servants of all sexes and ages. My three pupils and I expatiate in a strange place adjoining the Rectory, (which is called 'the Glebe House.') It has only one room on a floor, like the abode of Dumbiedikes. Here we read and sleep. (The boys call it 'the Mansion.') We are fed at 'the Cottage,' which is a very pretty place, and immediately adjoins the Church,—a very respectable edifice with a Gothic tower, built by this family a generation or two back. The munificence is merely commemorated by their arms being on the Tower, with the date beneath, and,—*'Out of Thine own do I give unto Thee, O my GOD.'* The morning congregation was a very good one last Sunday; and so large a proportion of it consisted of the lower orders, that I could not help thinking how your heart would have leapt at the sight. They have a weekly collection during the Psalm before Sermon, which is the substitute for Poors' rates . . . At one thing I am not a little amazed,—the perverse arrangement of having the Morning Service at 12, and the Evening at half-past-six o'clock. Close by us is 'Belle-vue,' a seat of an elder branch of the La Touches, which well deserves its name. The house, garden, and grounds all have my unqualified admiration. The glass-houses for plants form quite a little village . . .

"I was put at my ease the instant I arrived here, and I trust I am properly thankful to the kindness of Providence in awarding me so comfortable a provision for the present. My pupils are Charles,—12 years old last Christmas, quick and eager to learn:—Frank,—11 years, very fidgetty. This latter gentleman is hammering away at the '*Delectus*.' Charles has begun Greek, and reads Cornelius Nepos. They are both suffering from an unqualified holiday of two months. William, who is to keep terms at Dublin, I have not yet seen. He is not to reside in the College. Mrs. La Touche's horror of the ingenuous youth of Trinity College is at least equal to yours."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> The writer's address was— *Cottage, Delgany, Ireland,*—Aug. 'Peter La Touche's, esq., jun., *The* 1st, 1827.

The year which he spent with that family at Delgany Cottage he ever after recalled in grateful and affectionate terms. He owed the introduction to his friend Longley. Alexander Knox, in a letter of that date, refers to Bishop Jacobson, then but four-and-twenty, as "a very remarkable young man, distinguished as having just gained a prize at Oxford, and with a singular appreciation of Theological science." To Bishop Jebb, on Christmas Day 1827, Knox wrote as follows:—

"There is a very sensible young gentleman at present in this house. He is a Mr. Jacobson, a B.A. of Lincoln. In one of his first conversations with me, he asked me if I knew the '*Appendix*' to your Sermons; pronouncing upon it at the same time, as intelligent an eulogium as I had perhaps heard from any one. I have got my friend K — to lend him your '*Sacred Literature*,' which he had heard of, and desired to read. He is now reading it, and speaks of it in very high terms. I mention all this, to submit to you a thought of his, namely, that it were desirable the '*Appendix*' should be published in a small volume by itself, in order to give it the widest possible circulation,—which he considers the present time renders expedient: the Truth, which he thinks therein irrefragably established, being the specific antidote to the loose opinions and tendencies of so many *soi-disant* churchmen of the present day.

"Through the same young gentleman, I have become acquainted with a volume of Sermons, published at Oxford (where they were preached) by a Dr. Shuttleworth. Mr. Jacobson has read three of them to me."<sup>3</sup>

Long after, Bishop Jacobson was known frequently to recur to his conversations with Alexander Knox, (who lived at Bellevue,) as having been singularly productive

<sup>3</sup> '*Thirty years' Correspondence between Bp. (Jebb) of Limerick, and A. Knox*' (1834):—ii. 561.—For this, and much other help,

I am indebted to the Rev. James Carson, curate of Winwick, Newton-le-Willows. By the way, why is no Memoir of Knox extant?

of fruit to himself. Knox must have been an admirable person certainly. His three volumes of '*Remains*' occupied a conspicuous place in Jacobson's library, and were often taken down from his shelf in illustration of something in his lectures. At the end of 55 years (in conversation with Archdeacon [now Dean] Darby, his examining Chaplain,) the Bishop expressed his deep regret that he had not corresponded with Alexander Knox,—as Knox suggested he should do on his return to Oxford: "adding with much fervour,—'Indeed if by God's mercy I am admitted to Paradise, I shall be ashamed to meet Knox.' . . . The way in which he spoke carried with it the truest expression of regret, humility, and faith. The sentence placed before my mind in the strongest light the unclouded and certain hope of intercourse in the unseen World."<sup>4</sup>—It should be added that Alexander Knox died in 1831. To proceed however.

On returning to Oxford in 1829, he again sat for an Exeter Fellowship, and this time (June 30th) was successful. His singularly accurate and tasteful, if not brilliant scholarship, well merited success. But William Jacobson possessed besides, and in a very eminent degree, the qualifications—moral and intellectual—which fit a man to hold a College fellowship with advantage to the society and to himself. "It was *my* casting vote" (writes an old friend of his (and of mine), the late Rev. J. C. Clutterbuck,<sup>5</sup> Vicar of Long Wittenham,) "that brought him from Lincoln to Exeter:—

"As the only fellow with whom he was personally acquainted, I was deputed to announce to him his success.

<sup>4</sup> From a letter to myself,—July 31st, 1884. [After taking extraordinary pains to ascertain the exact date of A. K.'s birth, I have only

now (Feb. 1888) learned from one of the family that it was 'probably in 1757.']

<sup>5</sup> Letter to myself,—5 Aug. 1884.

I found the scholar of Lincoln in his bed-room shaving; and had some difficulty in convincing him that I was in earnest, when I urged him to hasten his toilette and come with all speed to the Chapel of Exeter College,—where the Rector and Fellows were assembled, waiting to admit him.”

It was indeed a joyous surprise. Writing next day to his friend Mr. Fursdon, because he ‘knew of no one on whose hearty congratulations he might more securely reckon,’—

“I am so happy” (he said) “that I have scarcely known how to behave since the event. The great object of all my hopes, domestication in Oxford, has come at last, under circumstances of which I could never have dared to dream, and the cordiality of congratulation is great indeed.”

In the letter already quoted, Mr. Clutterbuck proceeds, —“When, at the end of 54 years, (namely in November 1883,) I visited William Jacobson in his Episcopal palace, he remarked to me with infinite kindness of manner,— ‘Never shall I forget your look of recognition as I entered the Chapel, when I was elected Fellow of Exeter.’” The men’s ages were now respectively 81 and 80. So indelibly do such incidents of the early life impress themselves on the Academic memory! But Jacobson was of a singularly faithful, grateful, *constant* disposition. . . . Shortly before he died, on being asked by Canon Gray “Which of his Colleges, (S. Edmund Hall, Lincoln, Exeter, Magdalen Hall, Christ Church), he regarded as specially his own?”—Jacobson made the characteristic reply,—“I was very happy on the day when I was elected a Fellow of Exeter.”

The Exeter Fellowship did not however at once relieve



him from the sense of pecuniary anxiety. He wrote to his friend Mr. Fursdon,—

“I shall have no income from the College for the first year: and I have not yet recovered the effects of being left to struggle through the last year and-a-half of my undergraduateship as I could. So that I am not altogether free from apprehension for my first year. I have however so much to be thankful for, that I do my best to think little of contingent difficulties.”<sup>6</sup>

Jacobson now took his M.A. degree, and resumed for the moment his engagement with the La Touche family; having already, (in 1829,) gained the Ellerton Theological prize. The subject of his essay was—‘*The causes of the persecution to which the Christians were subject in the first centuries of Christianity.*’ In order to recite that composition in the Divinity School, he had been obliged, in fact, to defer the work of his second day’s examination at Exeter (June 23rd). Writing for this prize at Dublin, aided by the resources of Trinity College library, he remarks to the same friend,—

“Whether I succeed or not, I owe the venerable tutor of Magdalen much: for he has been the means of introducing me to the writers of the first three centuries; and between reading two or three of them, and index-hunting them all, I have acquired a valuable stock of knowledge with which I shall be well contented.”<sup>7</sup>

In those few words Jacobson has faithfully stated the true benefit and peculiar value of such “Prizes.” They furnish *occasions* for learned research: set more than one intelligent youth on a resolute course of laborious inquiry which would never else have been enterprised: and the impulse so given, not unfrequently, is known to

<sup>6</sup> Treborth, Bangor,—Sept. 7th, 1829.

<sup>7</sup> 5 Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin, —March 5th, 1829.

last on to the end of life. In Jacobson's case, however, as the reader is aware, this was not by any means the man's earliest introduction to such studies. He had been all along an assiduous and thoughtful student in Divinity: had given *his heart* to that grandest of pursuits from the first; and had found out that it is the only one capable of satisfying the highest cravings,—moral, intellectual, spiritual,—of an immortal being. Ordained Deacon in 1830 (June 6th), Jacobson at once accepted a curacy under Archdeacon Clerke, who was at that time vicar of S. Mary Magdalene's in Oxford. But his first essay in the Ministry was at Long Wittenham in Berkshire, during the summer Vacation of 1830; where he gained the good will of all by his unremitting exertions, and especially by his generosity to the sick poor. There it was that he preached his first sermon. In October he returned to Oxford, and entered on his duties under Archd. Clerke. He was ordained Priest in 1831. In the ensuing year (1832) he was offered the Vice-Principalship of Magdalen Hall,—which some may require to be informed is now (through the munificence of a merchant-Prince) 'Hertford College.' But before proceeding further with the story of Jacobson's Oxford life, our attention is invited in another direction.

The Regius Professor of Divinity at the period we speak of [1829–36] was Dr. Edward Burton,—an accomplished and amiable scholar as well as a learned and judicious Divine: '*vir si quis alius de bonis literis, de Academiâ nostrâ, de Ecclesiâ Anglicanâ optime meritis.*' Between him and Jacobson (whose words those are) there existed a warm friendship. '*Cujus et memoriae dulcedine*' (he proceeds) '*et desiderii acerbitate imbutus esse animus meus nunquam desinet.*' I quote from the

'*Monitum*' prefixed to the 2nd edition of his '*Patres Apostolici*,'—a work undertaken at Dr. Burton's suggestion. The learned are aware of the scantiness of manuscript authority under which the text of Clemens Romanus, Ignatius and Polycarp labours: in order however to collate those MSS., such as they are, Jacobson availed himself of several Long Vacations to visit the libraries of Florence, Rome, Paris, Vienna. It was, I believe, in the July of 1832, that he first set out,—taking the Rhine, Switzerland, Milan, Verona, Venice, Ferrara, Bologna on his way. "At Florence" (he tells his friend Mr. Fursdon) "I remained 3 weeks, leading a very methodical and joyous life: 3 hours every day over a MS. in the Laurentian library, and 2 in the Gallery and among the pictures of the Pitti palace alternately. I spent two evenings on 'the top of Fiesole,' enjoying the Val d'Arno and an Italian twilight."

"My work at Florence was easier than I expected, and having a fragment of Polycarp in the Vatican to salve my conscience with, I proceeded with the courier through Sienna and Bolsena to Rome. Here I spent 10 entire days; moving about most assiduously while daylight lasted, and studying the antiquities in books, every evening. I never enjoyed any fraction of my existence half so much. An American Episcopalian Divine, a naval officer deep in Oriental Studies, and an old fellow from the banks of the Tigris, who wore a dress of purple and a beard down to his waist, conspired in giving me the most fearful accounts of Angelo Mai's jealousy and uncourteousness; besides assuring me that he was absent from Rome, and the Library closed. Now, the fact was that he was on the spot, and extremely civil and good humoured. Jesuit, Canon of S. Peter's, and really eminent in the literary world as he is, he behaved far better than, I fear, the Dons of our English Libraries—(e.g. he who took objection to 'Jacobson's ladies')

—would, to a foreigner who spoke the language so vilely, and wore such ‘a shocking bad hat’ as I did.

“I cannot tell you how I enjoyed S. Peter’s: its amazing size lost in the perfection of its proportions; its profuse and elaborate ornament blending into uniform and majestic beauty. I spent many a rapt hour there, and saw it, from the subterranean Church where you tread on pavement laid down by Constantine, to the ball which crowns the Cupola;—the ascent wonderfully easy;—the views beautiful,—Soracte,—Præneste,—mountains studded with Frascati, Albano, &c., and the Mediterranean in the distance.”

“I hope to be in Oxford,”—(so ends the letter, which is dated ‘Turin, Oct. 2nd, 1832,’)—“by the 13th, and am not at all easy about the duties of my new station; being deeply impressed with the ‘collective wisdom of ages’ embodied in the Yankee adage,—‘The higher a monkey climbs, the more he shows his tail.’ My best compliments to the Ladies.”<sup>8</sup>

The elevated position thus picturesquely anticipated was the Vice-Principalship of Magdalen Hall, already mentioned; on the active duties of which Jacobson was about to enter. With characteristic conscientiousness he had stipulated with the excellent Principal, Dr. Macbride, that he should be allowed to rescue the Hall from its ancient evil repute of being a refuge for the idle and incompetent. Accordingly, he at once set about doing his very best for every man who came to the Hall. This proved a most laborious work. But his lectures were highly popular with the cleverer sort: while the dull and backward found as much pains taken with their wretched exercises as if the fortunes of the place depended wholly on *them*. I have heard his Aristophanes lecture especially vaunted as a masterpiece of wit and

<sup>8</sup> To G. S. Fursdon, esq., Fursdon, Collumpton, Devon.

learning. But let an old and honoured member of the Hall be invited to give us his own personal recollections of those days:—

“Jacobson came more nearly than any one else with whom I have been associated, up to my ideal standard of what a College ‘*Tutor*’ ought to be. He was a good *Lecturer* too. The classical scholars invariably acknowledged the obligation they were under to him for such successes as they gained; while to the pass-men he was invaluable. He could in a very short time impart to one who had never grasped it before, an appreciation of the structure of Latin sentences. By his own preciseness in the use of the English vocabulary and strict incisive criticism, he managed to elicit fairly good translations of Greek and Latin authors from pupils of very ordinary ability. He could also handle a class, including men of the less industrious sort, with great skill and tact,—securing attention all round. The idler was sure to find himself unexpectedly ‘dropped upon.’ When unable to answer a question, if not an old offender, he was rebuked by a good-natured sarcasm, often sufficiently humorous to elicit a laugh at his expense from all the rest. But an incorrigible would complain that Jacobson had ‘come down on him like a thousand of bricks.’ He was prompt and punctual in every thing himself, and he expected others to be the same.

“As soon as a class had assembled for lecture, he glanced round the room, and if any one was absent, (which was not often the case, for we all knew his rules,) he rang his bell for the servant at once:—‘Tell Mr. so-and-so he ought to be here.’ It was the same with Chapel. You might miss *once* in a week, but not oftener. The second time, you were sent for and told that it must not happen again; and *you knew that it must not*. Offences were not allowed to accumulate. Every thing was dealt with immediately. But with all his strictness there was no hard or dry austerity. Every rebuke which he administered was just, and all he said came as from a friend,—almost as from a father.

“Jacobson’s great success however as a Tutor, and that which secured him more than popularity,—the *love* of all who were under him,—consisted in the systematic and persistent efforts which he made to improve and to benefit every one who came under him. He closely observed the habits of each new comer: seemed to form an intuitive estimate of a young man’s character; and at once by some overt act made him feel he was his friend. All confessed his kindly influence throughout their undergraduate career; and few failed to experience some attention from him afterwards,—as the offer of a desirable Curacy or Tutorship, or an introduction to a friend who might be useful to him. I once heard a man say, after some conference of a personal character,—‘I believe Jacobson knows more about me than I know of myself;’ and I am sure there was no member of the Hall needing counsel or advice, who would not in the first instance have applied to the Vice-Principal.

“A characteristic anecdote will best show how he would sometimes combine pleasantry with discipline. An undergraduate, who wanted to go hunting on a certain morning, not feeling by any means sure that the Vice-Principal would excuse him from his lectures on that ground, sent in an ‘*æger*.’ Soon after the clock had struck, taking it for granted that Jacobson must be safely ensconced with his first class, down he came in ‘pink and tops,’ and stood about the Lodge waiting for his horse. It happened however that the Vice-Principal, after setting his class to work, had gone across to his house to fetch a book; and, returning, encountered the sick man, booted and spurred. ‘Good morning, I am glad to see you are better.’—‘Thank you, sir, I thought a ride would do me good.’—‘So it will; but just come here a minute; I want to speak to you.’ So saying Jacobson hurried across the quadrangle, with his usual short quick step; and before the huntsman who followed him perceived what he was about, he found himself in the Hall, where a class was writing Latin prose. In a moment Jacobson had put a ‘*Spectator*’ into his hand, and, pointing to a marked passage,—‘Just



translate that into Latin for me; you will enjoy your ride all the better afterwards.' There was no resisting; the man had to do it. But such was the dexterity and good humour with which the task was imposed, that the victim himself,—while confessing that he had met with more than his match,—was willing to regard the entire transaction as nothing more than an excellent practical joke of the Vice-Principal at his expense."<sup>9</sup>

No one can be surprised to hear that Dr. Longley gave Jacobson the option of an under-mastership at Harrow (1836); or that Jacobson was disposed to accept the offer. But his friend's promotion to the see of Ripon at this very time deprived the position of at least half its attractiveness in his eyes. Thereupon, Jacobson was urged to offer himself as Longley's successor at Harrow; but the preferred candidate was Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, the late learned and pious Bishop of Lincoln. In the estimation of a competent judge, Jacobson would have made a successful schoolmaster.

"In Arnold's days he went to examine at Rugby. The examiner in Modern History had not mastered his subject, but drew his questions from a book before him; until Jacobson could bear it no longer, broke in, and took the boys through their work in a most brilliant manner. The examination over, Arnold offered the future Bishop a Mastership under him, saying, 'I see that you understand the young animal.'"<sup>1</sup>

The visit to Rome above recorded, Jacobson reckoned (as well he might) among the most precious incidents of his life. Writing from Vienna to the same friend, two years after, (Sept. 1st, 1834), he recalls with delight

<sup>9</sup> From the Rev. G. S. Ward, Fellow and Tutor of Hertford College,—late Magdalen Hall.

<sup>1</sup> From Canon Gray. (I think it right to say that, at a friend's sug-

gestion, I have substituted 'Jacobson' for 'Arnold' (in line 4), presuming that 'Arnold' must needs be a slip of the pen.)

“those ten days of enjoyment,—greater, I do believe, than ever fell to my lot before, and certainly unequalled since.”

I must not fail to mention that notwithstanding the engrossing labours of the Hall,—of which practically he was at once Principal, Dean, Tutor, Chaplain, and Treasurer,—Jacobson was all along a thoughtful and laborious student in Divinity. His learned familiarity with the Book of Common Prayer was truly extraordinary. He had been a most conscientious and reverent reader of the Bible. With the writings of Christian antiquity he had formed a considerable acquaintance, and had read to good purpose a vast amount of Anglican divinity besides. The name of his chief guide in Sacred Science, who was also his attached friend, has been already mentioned; and we have seen with what assiduity he was thus early in life engaged upon what proved his principal literary undertaking. Before his marriage, however, (viz., so early as 1835) he produced his elaborate edition of Nowell's '*Catechism*'—a book which ought to be in the hands of every English clergyman.<sup>2</sup> This was, in fact, his earliest literary effort.

“I have just completed it,” (he wrote to Mr. Fursdon from ‘Magdalen Hall, April 16th, 1835,’)—“by way of feeler to my *Apostolicals*, which I propose to stay at home this summer and print. Whether the world, in its present state of excitement, or at any time, will care very much for a sort of critical edition of the worthy ‘*Dean of Powles*,’ is another matter.”

It was, I believe, the occasion of his marriage which induced him seriously to contemplate such a severance

<sup>2</sup> '*Catechismus, sive prima Institutio disciplinae Pietatis Christianae Latine explicata*,—Auctore

Alexandro Nowell:—ed. nova, Oxon. 1844:—pp. xxxix, [9] and 194.

from Oxford as the removal to Harrow would have entailed; for in 1836 (June 23rd) he became united to Eleanor Jane, youngest of the six accomplished daughters of Dawson Turner, esq., banker, of Yarmouth; a gentleman of fine taste, first-rate scholarship, and high education, who is probably best known as an antiquary and botanist. Two of Jacobson's brothers-in-law were the late Sir William Hooker and Sir Francis Palgrave. But it was in truth a rare and delightful household, of which the brightest ornament was Mrs. Turner herself.

Supremely happy in his choice, Jacobson conducted his bride to Oxford; passing the ensuing Long Vacation at the neighbouring village of Begbroke,—the parish clerk of which used to delight in recording that *three* of his Curates had been promoted to the Episcopal bench. He took charge of the parish for the present excellent Bp. of S. Albans, who was at that time Curate to the non-resident Rector. He was busy all this time with his '*Patres Apostolici*,' and used to walk into Oxford almost daily, in order to prosecute his researches at the Bodleian.

His labours saw the light in July 1838, and following as they did within three years his edition of Nowell's '*Catechism*,' Jacobson became at once recognized as a Divine of high promise, and in the account of all was a man destined for distinction. A second Edition appeared in 1840,—a third, in 1847,—a fourth, in 1863. To this work in fact Jacobson probably owed his subsequent promotion. He once showed me a letter,—(very honourable it was to the writer),—in which his patron, Lord John Russell, spoke of the delight and refreshment which the Epistles of Ignatius had been to him amid the cares of office. It was a pleasure to read such

words. His edition of Nowell also (1835) reached a second edition in 1844; in the Preface to which,—(a very interesting and instructive piece of writing, by the way, which deserves to be attentively read,)—Jacobson states that he was “indebted for the use of the MS. to the kindness of his father-in-law.”<sup>3</sup> Mr. Turner’s library, in fact, abounded in such rarities, and most kind and liberal he was in communicating them.

Jacobson henceforth steadily devoted himself to University and collegiate work in Oxford, until his removal to Chester in 1865. He was appointed ‘Public Orator’ on the death of Dr. Cramer in 1842:—Select Preacher, in 1833 and 42, and again in 1869; but on this last occasion he did not preach,—resigning at the end of the first year.

So conscious was he, however, of the necessity of imparting a sanctifying influence to secular pursuits,—or rather, so anxious was he to leaven his tutorial labours with ministerial work,—that in 1839 he accepted at the hands of Archdeacon Clerke (whose donative it was) the perpetual curacy of Iffley, near Oxford. There was no residence, and the endowment was but 39*l.* a year; but he worked the parish assiduously, and in visiting a case of typhus caught the fever himself.

It was a great relief when, in 1848, he found himself appointed to the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Oxford, with which a Canonry and canonical residence at Christ Church are connected. He now also succeeded Dr. Hampden in the rectory of Ewelme, with which the professorship had been further endowed by King James I. Jacobson had in the meantime left his mark for good

<sup>3</sup> p. xix (*sic*).

on the Hall, where he numbered among his pupils Sir George Dasent and Mr. Delane, Nicholas Woodard and Edward Lowe, Bishops MacDougall and Ryan; Manuel Johnson (Radcliffe Observer) and Henry Hubert Cornish (the late admirable and lamented Principal of New Inn Hall); the eccentric 'Hawker of Morwenstow,' Canon Trevor, Prebendary Bowles of Chichester, John Earle (Professor of Anglo-Saxon), and many other men of worth and distinction. He certainly enjoyed in a very high degree the happy faculty of attaching men to himself. I have never known a member of Magdalen Hall (1832-48) who did not speak of the Vice-Principal with affection approaching to enthusiasm. He resided throughout much of this period in the little red-brick house in New College-lane,—the only house which was available, for it commanded the quadrangle and nearly faced the lodge. How Jacobson and his wife contrived to live there with six little children, was a problem which no one could ever solve. As the wit remarked, when the guests at Holland House were ordered to "make room for Luttrell" at an already over-crowded table,—"*It must be made, for it does not exist.*" . . . They subsequently inhabited the adjoining house, which stands back a little from the lane.<sup>4</sup>

Besides the works already mentioned, I know of no literary efforts of his belonging to this period except the volume of village '*Sermons preached in the Parish Church of Iffley, Oxon,*' which he printed "as a parting token of goodwill to his late parishioners." They were published "in the hope that the sale of the volume might possibly benefit the Iffley Parochial Schools." This little work

<sup>4</sup> Once the residence of Halley, the astronomer: quite recently, inhabited by Prof. Donkin.

reached a second edition in 1846. An Ordination sermon (*'Clerical Duties'*) preached at Christ Church, December 20, 1835, and published by Bishop Bagot's desire,—and another sermon on the Queen's Accession, (*'Truth and Peace'*) preached at S. Mary's in 1847,—are his only other efforts previous to his elevation to the Chair of Divinity in 1848; an appointment which he owed to the good opinion of Lord John Russell, who was Prime Minister from 1846 to 1852.

The happiest period of Dr. Jacobson's life was that on which he entered (May 4th, 1848), when he and his admirable wife transferred their little brood of six children from New College-lane to the canonical residence in Christ Church. By the way, he was the last Regius Professor of Divinity save one, (viz. the present Dean of Canterbury,) who resided in the house which for so many years had been assigned to the occupant of the Divinity Chair; that, namely, on the east side of the quadrangle adjoining the gateway which leads to the Hall. It was the only Canon's residence wholly unfurnished with a garden, and is now devoted to collegiate purposes. The changes which it has in consequence undergone have rendered the interior scarcely recognisable; but the library, in which not a few generations of divinity students have passed so many profitable hours, was on your right as you entered,—extending through the building, and furnished with two windows at either extremity. The Professor's public lectures were (and are) delivered in the Latin Chapel of the Cathedral; but his library used to be the scene of his private teaching,—which we prized far more highly.

It is remarked by Canon Farrar of Durham that Jacobson never received due praise for his Lectures as



Regius Professor of Divinity. His *public* lectures were in truth too valuable to be popular. "They were 'a mere list of books' in the account of some,—while a wag actually estimated *the weight* of the books he recommended to be read as 'five and-a-half tons.' But the more thoughtful of his auditory,—certainly the more advanced,—judged of them very differently." The friend already quoted proceeds,—

"I heard and carefully analysed his compulsory course, at a time when, having been appointed to Durham, I asked leave to attend the Lectures of various Professors that I might see their mode of teaching. My conviction is that Jacobson's lectures were of the greatest importance, and would have ranked in the highest class of excellence had they been delivered as a course on *Theologische Encyclopaedie* in a German University. But in fact those twelve terminal lectures were a very small part of what he did. He always gave in addition, at least three lectures weekly."

The minuteness, extent, and accuracy of Jacobson's knowledge, whatever the subject of his lectures might be, was extraordinary. His favourite theme was the 'Book of Common Prayer.' On such occasions he was highly communicative and perfectly delightful: expressing his individual opinion and personal sentiments, without reserve. An interleaved copy of the 'Scotch book' (1637),—annotated throughout by himself,—was his text-book and repertory of references. He bequeathed that precious tome to Archdeacon (since Dean) Darby. Next to the largeness of his knowledge, his singular fairness,—the absence in him of prejudice and partisanship,—was what used to strike us most. And his was honestly acquired knowledge,—the result of patient reading, original research, much thought, and sound judgment. He could always find what he

wanted in a moment: and in the course of a single lecture, it was marvellous how many books with which we were wholly unacquainted he would produce, as well from his own shelves as from "Allestree,"—which is the designation of an interesting little library left to Christ Church by the famous Divine whose name it bears (1618–80), for the use of his successors in the Divinity Chair.<sup>5</sup> It was a great help *to be shown* (as well as to hear about) the præ-Reformation Service books: to have the place pointed out to one where the germ of a Collect is to be found; or to have one's attention directed to an important rubric in some forgotten 'Use'; or to be shown *in situ* the places in Hermann of Cologne's '*Consultatio*,' from which our Reformers obtained their hints. Jacobson in fact revived,—but with infinitely improved appliances, and far greater knowledge of the subject,—the system of teaching which Bishop Lloyd had so successfully initiated, (I mean with so much good fruit,) in 1827.

Second in interest to Jacobson's P. B. lectures, but in no other respect inferior to them, were his readings (so to describe them) in Routh's '*Opuscula*.' A treatise of Hippolytus or of Tertullian,—the Canons of the early Councils,—a Synodical Epistle;—I should find it hard to describe the advantage it was, under his guidance, to acquaint oneself with such choice samples of Patristic Antiquity. He had the subject at his fingers' ends. There was no time wasted. But O how fast the hour

<sup>5</sup> With characteristic modesty and faithfulness, Dr. Jacobson arranged, labelled, and laboriously catalogued the curious tomes in that library,—with every one of which he was himself thoroughly familiar.—In a letter of his to his friend Mr. Fursdon ('*Dublin*, March

5th, 1829'), I find as follows:—'We remained at Bellevue in Wicklow for about a month; during part of which time, I catalogued the Library,—'*caelum non animus mutant*,' &c. I was as busy as once at Fursdon, though not so agreeably assisted.'

seemed to slip away! And O—at the end of forty years—for one of those hours back again!

It should be recorded to his praise that he would take as much pains with a class consisting of two or three men as if twenty had been present: was always cheerful, always indulgent, always evidently fond of his work; never anxious to get rid of us. Singularly indicative of his conscientiousness and kindness was his occasional practice of privately reading one of his public lectures to a single candidate who had unavoidably been absent and missed it;—rather than wink at the man's irregularity on the one hand, or suffer him to be disappointed of his certificate, on the other.

Many a slumbering memory is awakened in the case of ancient pupils, when the death is announced of such an one as the subject of the present Memoir. The following "little incident, which shows alike his humility and his kindly interest in those he had to do with at Oxford," is sent me by a stranger:<sup>6</sup>—"At the end of his Prayer-Book Lectures which I attended in 1858, he called me up to him,—(or came up to me, I forget which,)—and said 'May I thank you for your attention to my Lectures? It is such a help to a Lecturer to see some closely following him.'"—Yes, the anecdote is characteristic,—and honourable to both parties. I incline to think that Dr. Jacobson came up to Mr. Bullock; looked quietly—kindly—at him for an instant; and then said the words recorded, giving him an honest, hearty squeeze of the hand.

Any one coming to a private lecture a little before the time, was pretty sure to find him standing at his upright

<sup>6</sup> Rev. G. T. Bullock, of Rownhams parsonage, Southampton.

desk absorbed in study; the floor strewed with toys, and Burton, his favourite child, (if one child could be called a favourite where all were so fondly loved,) crying "Woh!" to a little wooden horse. Two volumes of Augustine set on end were observed to afford commodious stabling; while '*Lamb on the Articles*' left nothing to be desired in the way of roof. "Now you must go, sir!"—and the bell was rung for the maid. But unless my memory deceives me, Burton sometimes made terms on parole to sit quiet behind a screen: informing his father, when lecture was over and he emerged from obscurity, that tide what tide *he* would never be "a divinity man." The dear child sleeps in Ewelme Churchyard. The roses are fresh on his little grave to this hour. His death, (September 20th, 1856,) when he was not quite eight years old, was a heavy blow indeed to the parents. . . . How fond Jacobson was of that droll little creature! I think I see him reading aloud to me a letter of Purton's, fresh from Ewelme,—(and such a letter!). . . "Just look,"—(pointing to an extraordinary hieroglyphic),—"instead of signing his name, the child has tried to draw a little figure of a man,—as *you* do!" . . . It was a very gentle and warm heart indeed which was concealed beneath that somewhat abrupt manner and blunt address.

While on this head, I may as well record two kindred sorrows which belonged to the preceding year—viz., the loss of Mary, the first-born of his ten children [Feb. 28th, 1839—April 11th, 1855], one of the most perfect little beings I ever knew; and of Grace, the fifth child, who followed her sister within a few weeks (June 30th, 1855), being then just ten years old. They sleep side by side under the black-and-white marble pavement of the

Cathedral,—“lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death,” (as the brief Latin epitaph records,) “not divided.” These events cast sombre shadows over a pathway else bright with promise. Besides Burton, three more children,—Katharine, Longley, and Robert,—were born to him at this time,—namely, in 1850, 1852, and 1855 respectively. Notwithstanding the many sorrows of the period, I incline to believe that the years at Christ Church were, on the whole, the happiest season of William Jacobson’s life.

The pleasant rectory of Ewelme, which is within easy distance of Oxford, ought never to have been alienated from the Regius Professorship of Divinity. Its severance was one of Mr. Gladstone’s misdeeds,—effected under circumstances (I forbear to reproduce them) which made it peculiarly offensive to the University, as well as damaging to himself. Jacobson pleaded earnestly against the measure, and resented it with something of bitterness. It was wholly uncalled for. During half the year, Ewelme used to afford the occupant of the Divinity Chair a precious opportunity for pastoral ministrations and the exercise of his sacred office. It provided him and his family with a delightful retreat from the incessant harass of academic life; and in the summer season proved no ordinary solace and advantage to the Professor, for he conveyed his books to Ewelme, and was able to make uninterrupted progress with whatever work he happened to have in hand. Of course an admirable colleague (Rev. T. H. Gillam),<sup>7</sup> with a liberal stipend, resided at Ewelme continuously; and the charitable demands of the place of whatever kind the

<sup>7</sup> Subsequently chaplain to the bishop, and Vicar of Weaverham, Cheshire. See below, p. 286.

Rector insisted on making exclusively his own concern. The Church abounds in historical interest, and there is a quaint picturesque Hospital there, in the poor occupants of which Jacobson greatly delighted. That ancient foundation retains some curious archives, and is yearly visited by the Regius Professor of Medicine, its master. Dr. Kidd, who held the office long since, once conducted me thither with him. A more old-world institution never was witnessed. The "Visitation," (a thing not easily to be forgotten,) lasted a whole day. We stopped to dine at Benson, on our way back—(it was a tradition): and reached Oxford at 10 p.m.:—Ewelme itself being but 14 miles from Oxford, and Benson between 11 and 12.

Dr. Jacobson was at this time engaged on his edition of the Works of Bishop Sanderson, which appeared in six volumes in 1854. A more admirable specimen of exact and faithful editorship does not exist. This undertaking had been on his hands for many years, and must have cost him no ordinary amount of conscientious labour:—witness the list of "*Words, rare, or used in a peculiar sense,*" in the Index. Readers of Sanderson know his practice of quoting short Latin sayings, without dropping a hint as to their authorship or origin. In tracing these back to their sources, Jacobson was indefatigable. The *residuum*, when his task was wellnigh completed, he communicated to his friends, invoking their help. A bit of paper inscribed with twenty-five of these in his beautiful writing still lies in the copy of Sanderson he gave me; as, *Cedat necessitudo necessitati: Regium est, quum recte feceris, audire male: Velint, nolint, fratres sunt: Tot Domini quot vitia*,—and so forth. He often remarked to me that, in his judgment, Sanderson had a truer insight into the mind of S. Paul than any



other commentator. I will but add of my own, that there always seemed to me to be considerable affinity of disposition between Sanderson and his Editor: deriving my impressions of Sanderson from Izaak Walton's life,—my estimate of Jacobson, chiefly from my intercourse with him during his Christ Church days. While busy with Sanderson's personal history, Jacobson visited Lincolnshire (September, 1853), and was introduced to many interesting relics of the Bishop; also "a court dress of very rich flowered white silk, worn by his wife."

Two years before bringing out this edition of Sanderson's '*Works*,' namely, in June, 1852, Dr. Jacobson published his valuable edition of the '*Paraphrase and Annotations*' upon S. Paul's Epistles, popularly known as "Fell's." In fact the printer has actually marked every sheet "Fell, &c.,"—though, as the editor explains in his Preface, there is good reason for doubting whether that learned prelate had anything to do with the performance. This only emerged in the course of editorial investigation. The Paraphrase seems in fact to have been the production of different hands, and chiefly of Obadiah Walker, a Papist. But however it may have originated,—by whomsoever it may have been reduced to its actual state,—the Paraphrase is admirable, and the book a very useful book indeed.

No one seems to be aware that in 1858 Dr. Jacobson also conducted through the University Press an edition of Routh's '*Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Opuscula praeecipua quaedam*.' The proof-sheets, elaborately corrected throughout, I often saw in his hands, and can testify to the drudgery he must have undergone in consequence of the many little editorial oversights of the venerable President

of Magdalen. When at last the Editor presented me with a copy ('*Amico amicus*, Octob. 14, 1858'), I discovered that the two volumes absolutely contain *no record whatever* of the self-denying labour he had bestowed upon them. It is as characteristic an anecdote of the man as any I could relate. He was certainly one of the most humble-minded persons I ever knew; absolutely devoid of conceit, self-seeking, or self-sufficiency.

Another incident of the same kind presents itself. Many years ago, he entertained the design of putting forth a Latin version of our English Book of Common Prayer. He had often casually mentioned the undertaking to me; asking me once what I considered to be the best word for "dominions."<sup>8</sup> That the design had been abandoned I knew; but I seem to have been mistaken in supposing that it was the appearance of a similar attempt by two Fellows of University College (Canons Bright and Medd) which had been the occasion why no more was said about it. His Chaplain now writes:—

"I was talking with him on the best Latin rendering of 'Godfathers and Godmothers' (*patrinus* and *matrina*, or *susceptor* and *susceptrix*, or whatever it might be); and after bringing down, *more suo*, books bearing on the point, he opened a drawer in his writing-table and produced an interleaved Prayer-book with his own MS. translation of it, not quite complete. It had been begun with a view to its publication by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; but through some misunderstanding, (I saw Bishop Wilberforce's attempt at explanation), Dr. Biber, whose name you may remember, had undertaken the same work; and it ended in *neither* being adopted by the Society. I expressed my surprise at a work of so much labour having been laid aside, unmentioned by him for years; and a few days after—

<sup>8</sup> '*Dominiorum*' is found in his MS.

wards he brought it out again, saying—‘ Well, Gray, is this to be for the fire, or for you?’ . . . . I had it bound in vellum in two volumes, and it is now the much-valued centre of the Liturgical shelf in my small library.”

Dr. Jacobson’s appointment by Lord Palmerston to the bishopric of Chester (June 23rd, 1865) was a painful severance to many besides myself. He had been continuously resident in the University ever since his undergraduate days. To those who loved him, (and those loved him most who knew him best), he had become a necessary part of the place,—an essential element in their own daily life. He too was quickly made to feel that he was entering on an entirely new phase of existence. Perforce he must henceforth bid adieu to those studious habits which had been the ‘ crown and joy ’ of the last five-and-thirty years : must become, to a great extent, a man of action. I remember saying to him,—(the only spiteful thing I ever said),—‘ At all events, young man, *now* you will be *forced* to give an opinion,—about once a day.’ . . . I cannot forget the good-natured laugh with which he gave another turn to the conversation.

Having reached the close of an important chapter in his life (so to speak,) I may here refer to certain other features of Dr. Jacobson’s character. That which chiefly presents itself to the memory is his unswerving sincerity, truthfulness, and high sense of honour. His was essentially an upright, earnest, GOD-fearing life. “ If ” (writes a friend already quoted<sup>9</sup>) “ there was one trait in Jacobson’s character which more than another won for him the respect of his contemporaries, it was his *integrity*.” It

<sup>9</sup> Professor Farrar of Durham.

should have been related in an earlier page that the first money he was able to scrape together by strict frugality at Oxford, he sent to Homerton, the Independent College where as a youth he had studied for two years, in order to reimburse that Institution for whatever his two years of residence might be considered to have cost it. The trait is highly characteristic. The students at such Colleges are educated gratuitously,—which made this a debt of honour.

In connection with what precedes, Jacobson's *faithfulness to his friends* deserves more than passing notice. Would it be truer to say that this was the result of his many-sidedness,—which was ever ready to discern points of affinity in seemingly alien natures? Or, was it not rather a consequence of the generosity of his disposition, that,—his heart once interested in another's favour,—he was straightway prepared to make gracious allowance, and to recognise points of contact in the least promising quarters? and thus, was made to seem,—perhaps, actually to *be*,—many-sided? Certainly, so cloudy and confused a Christian as the Rev. F. D. Maurice, (however amiable and accomplished,) one would have expected to find scarcely endurable by a man of such severe and exact orthodoxy as William Jacobson. Yet, from the published Correspondence of the former, it is proved that between him and Jacobson there had been the closest intimacy. The generous warmth of Jacobson's letters to the friend of his youth is very striking.<sup>1</sup> Their acquaintance may have originated in F. D. M.'s father being an Unitarian minister, near Lowestoft: but it will have been cemented by Mrs.

<sup>1</sup> I owe to the friendship of Prebendary Cowley Powles the following references to the '*Life of F. D.*

*Maurice*' (1884),—pp. 99, 123, 131, 179, 356: but especially pp. 111 and 113.

Sterling's warm regard for Maurice, who in after times became John Sterling's brother-in-law.—In like manner, that eccentric individual, the Rev. Robert S. Hawker of Morwenstow, *seemed* Jacobson's very opposite. There was a considerable bond between them, notwithstanding: how cemented, I know not.—The strong attachment which subsisted between him and Sir Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, is thought to have begun under the roof of Mr. Sterling,—father of Colonel and of the Rev. John Sterling. It was strengthened at Bonn, where Jacobson spent the summer of 1834, and constantly met Captain Campbell at the house of a lady whose elder daughter married Mr. John Sterling,—the younger daughter becoming the wife of Frederick Maurice. This connection drew the reserved Divine and the dashing Officer into friendly relations which lasted till the end of life. At Oxford and at Ewelme it was truly refreshing to see the warm-hearted simple-minded old soldier again and again turn up unexpectedly: kind to the dear wife,—kind to the dear children,—but most unmistakably enjoying, above all things, a long confidential *tête-à-tête* with his host; a revival of old memories, lasting well into the night. Sir Colin died in 1863. I noticed in the papers that Jacobson was one of those who followed him to his grave in Westminster Abbey.

“Of his extreme tenderness of heart” (writes one who knew him later on in life<sup>2</sup>) “there can be no doubt; and this is a point which certainly did not strike every one at first. He was sometimes blunt and abrupt; and the delays and reserve often made restless people impatient. But all who were in frequent and close intercourse with him became aware of his sensitive and thoughtful kindness. This fact could easily be illustrated

<sup>2</sup> Dean Howson,—‘*Guardian*,’ 27 Aug. 1884.

by many examples: but it is better thus to state it simply and strongly."

On the other hand, it should be recorded that the prevailing impression concerning Dr. Jacobson in Oxford was derived from a surface view of his character. He was esteemed the very impersonation of prudence and reserve. Men said,—“If you want to have a secret kept, *tell it to Jacobson.*” He was accounted (but untruly accounted) a man from whom you could never extract an opinion. When he had nothing to say, he would be silent. Bp. Butler would have greatly commended him for this, and reckoned it a prime note of wisdom; but then Bp. Butler does not accurately represent the average University man. Yes: to a superficial observer, Dr. Jacobson seemed prudent to a fault.

I more than suspect that those who knew him most intimately will bear me witness that it was his severely judicial temperament which indisposed him to take a side, and throw in his lot with a party. It was this habit of mind which carried him safely through that severe religious crisis of which he witnessed the commencement at Oxford, and long outlived the close. I have dwelt so largely elsewhere<sup>3</sup> on the great religious movement of 1833-45, that nothing shall be added on the subject here. Not that Jacobson lacked generous sympathy with the leading spirits of that period, or failed to appreciate the greatness of the work they were seeking to achieve for the Church of England. They were, in fact, his personal friends and familiars. But he intuitively detected and dreaded the dangerous tendency of the later Tractarian teaching, and would not in any way identify himself with the party. Throughout the Tractarian controversy, he

<sup>3</sup> The reference is to vol. i. pp. 194-201: 205-23: 305: 312-21: 415-23.



neither wrote a pamphlet, nor signed any one of the Addresses or Petitions which were cropping up at every instant. Anglican to the backbone, he was all the time resolutely building himself up in the teaching of the Church of his baptism, and steadily pursuing his own career of unobtrusive usefulness.

Such a course, as might have been expected, procured for him the usual epithets of being a "safe" and "cautious" man; as if "caution" were not the part of wisdom, or as if "safety" were not the dearest aspiration of every Christian heart! This method of his exposed him also to not a little good-humoured raillery. "You are a dangerous man, Jacobson! You are a dangerous man!"—Hurrell Froude used to exclaim, pointing at him with his thin forefinger. The reader will readily believe that Jacobson himself was not unconscious of the reputation he enjoyed in the University for excessive prudence, reticence, discretion. At a great convivial gathering of old members of Exeter College, at which Samuel Wilberforce was a conspicuous guest, some burning question of the day having been started,— "My lord," exclaimed some one at table (addressing the Bishop,) "What do you think Jacobson says?" "Oh!" cried the Bishop, turning up the whites of his eyes with mock solemnity, as if meekly resigning himself to the coming horrors,— "I am never surprised at anything *he* says!" . . . The merriment which this elicited from the assembled guests, so tickled Jacobson, that he came across to my rooms and told me the story next morning himself.

I will not deny that he sometimes seemed to carry his prudential reticence too far. For example, breakfasting with him one morning, (June 23rd, 1865), I asked 'If

it was known yet who was to go to Chester?' "Premature!" in a reproachful voice, was all I got for my pains. He stirred up his tea vigorously, and there was a dead silence. (The see had not been long vacant.) On my way back to my rooms, half-an-hour after, I met Dr. Jelf in Peckwater, who spoke to me about 'the news,' supposing that, of course, I knew it already. It was obvious to run back and reproach the future Bishop of Chester. We had a curious scene together. . . . But I am bound to add that he never refused to give me his opinion, or left me in doubt as to what his opinion was, if he saw that I really wanted it; though he sometimes kept me an inconveniently long time waiting.

"Two things" (writes Dean Darby) "combined to make him backward to give an opinion: first,—Care never to urge any one's conscience: secondly,—An intense dislike to being quoted; with a humorous feeling that few people quoted others with that accuracy which he deemed indispensable. When he felt complete confidence in the person who asked his opinion, he gave it,—provided the person had a right to have it."

This, as I have said, was also my own experience. I am disposed however to attribute his habitual reticence, reserve, caution, (call it what you will,) in part at least, to the peculiar circumstances of his early history. He had been thrown back upon himself,—(so to express the matter,)—from the beginning: had lacked early sympathy: at the outset of his career, had been constrained to fight the battle of life entirely alone: of necessity had been self-dependent, self-reliant. He thought ten times before he committed himself to expressing an opinion. A single characteristic reply of his, in illustration of the matter in hand, will be a sufficient sample

of a class of *mots* which abounded anciently at Oxford in connection with "dear old Jacobson":—

"I cannot refrain" (writes the friend to whom the present volumes are dedicated) "from giving you one story which my brother,—(at Aigburth, which, till the severance of the diocese, was in the diocese of Chester.)—told me. He was dining with the Bishop within a day or two (if not on the day) when the Bennett judgment was pronounced, and—not unnaturally—inquired, 'My lord, what do you think of the judgment?' . . . '*I think it has been a very long time in coming out,*'—was the only satisfaction he got."

The administration of a diocese is certainly one of the most laborious and engrossing of undertakings. It literally leaves a man time for nothing else. "My dear Burgon,"—(exclaimed Dr. Moberly, the late Bishop of Salisbury, when I visited my old friend shortly before his death; and he put on the drollest look of gravity in order to give due emphasis to the sentiment);—"The modern idea of a Bishop seems to be, *that* of a man in a continual state of perspiration." . . . "Ah, *there* are the dear old books," I exclaimed, on entering Jacobson's library at Deeside in 1874. "Don't talk of the books," he rejoined quickly and sadly, "I can never find time to open one of them now." But he rose at once, as if instinctively, to the requirements of the Episcopal office; giving himself up to his new work with his usual conscientious devotion to whatever he knew was his duty. Nor did he fail (the reader may be sure) to acquaint himself with the books in the Cathedral library which had belonged to his illustrious predecessor, Bp. Pearson. More than once did he tell me of a copy of the lexicon of Hesychius, on the title-page of which Pearson has written,—'*Hesychiū integrū primo perlegi,*

MDCLV, Oct. XV.'—*'Iterum MDCLXVII, Mart. XXVI.'* The idea of going right through the same copy of Hesychius *'iterum,'* evidently tickled Jacobson,—devoted student and scholar as he was.

Room shall be found in this place for a specimen of Jacobson's familiar epistolary style: chiefly because it aptly illustrates his disposition and the tone of his mind. But it also belongs to the first days of his episcopate, and it accompanied the first thing he published after his removal to Chester, viz. an admirable sermon on *'The Cattle Plague,'*—preached in the Cathedral on Wednesday, Feb. 28, 1866.

"My dear Burgon,—When I was leaving my family yesterday to come to Warrington, where I write this, Katie was vehemently declaring that she *must* send you a copy of a little Sermon. It ought never to have been printed, but the people here were uncontrollable. Not that *I* should ever have thought of bringing it under *your* eyes.

"I know you have plenty to do with your time without my encroaching on it. But it will always be a very great pleasure to me to hear from you. And I will now ask you two questions, by way of doing something towards securing a sight of your handwriting:—

"1°. Do you know a really good private Tutor, to whom a young man might be sent for a year, previously to entering at Oxford? . . .

"2°. Are you aware of the *'Churching of Women'* ever being absolutely refused in case of the child's illegitimacy? I have known the practice of using the Office in such cases in the absence of the congregation, where, ordinarily, the Churching took place in the Service before the General Thanksgiving,—as marking the difference between a lawful Wife and an unmarried Mother.

"In too many cases of illegitimate births the unhappy

Mother makes no application for admission to return thanks. When the application *is* made, I do not see how, under present state of Discipline, a clergyman is warranted in withholding all opportunity for the acknowledgment of God's Mercy,—on the part of one who may be presumed to be penitent from the very fact of her asking for it.—Always, my dear Burgon, most sincerely yours,

WILLIAM CHESTER.

“Chester, March 21, 1866.

“You will remember my present homeless, and consequently bookless, condition, as some excuse for my troubling you.”

His succession to the See proved a great epoch in its history. His active influence for good was felt instantly, and was universally acknowledged. “Did you ever,”—(writes the present Dean of Chester, then Archdeacon Darby,)—“hear of the Bishop, with that devotion to duty which was so intense, and so utterly without show, going to visit the Cholera huts in the suburbs of Liverpool (1866)?

“The carriage in which he was, was pelted with mud by the Orange mob, because ‘sisters’ were in charge of the huts. He never spoke one word of annoyance, ‘It is all in the day’s work,’—‘We must take it as it comes.’ When the Archdeacon of Liverpool asked the Clergy of Liverpool to express their disapproval, some of the Orange hue said that they really could not do so. The Archdeacon wisely said, if there was a dissentient voice he would withdraw his request, and withdraw it he did. But when the Bishop met the same Orange persons, his hand was as freely and cordially extended to them as to any other.”

In 1870, he established in the Chester Diocese a ‘*Diocesan Conference*,’—one of the earliest assemblies of the kind. At the commencement of the undertaking,

(writes Mr. Gamon his secretary), "he insisted on addressing all the circulars to Clergy and Laity with his own hand, in order to show his personal interest in the enterprise." A revival of Ruridecanal action throughout the diocese had preceded: and a '*Finance Association*' took its rise (in 1873) as a direct result. A movement followed for establishing a diocesan '*House of Mercy*,' and for promoting purity of life. At the Bishop's suggestion a '*Diocesan Fund for the augmentation of inadequately endowed Benefices*' was founded as early as 1870, whereby 93,250*l.* was contributed to the endowment of small livings in the diocese. To this fund he was himself a yearly contributor of 100*l.* Under the same fostering care the number of parish churches in the Chester diocese increased in fifteen years from 365 to 430,—a growth almost without a parallel. In fact it was this, together with the rapid increase of population, which rendered a separate diocesan organisation for the Lancashire side a matter of urgency. The diocese of Liverpool (created in 1880) was the consequence. Due in a great degree to the princely munificence and unflinching zeal of Mr. John Torr, it was also in its actual form the result of Bishop Jacobson's wise counsels and matured experience. The first founded diocese of the four for which the Bishoprics Bill of 1878 made provision, its speedy formation was largely due to the personal encouragement which the Bishop of Chester gave to the movement, (though he was never enthusiastic about it,) and to the example set by his munificent contribution (*viz.* 1000*l.*) towards the endowment. "His consent could never be obtained to the creation of a see for Liverpool, if incorporation with the Isle of Man, in the prospect of annexing its episcopal revenues, were the condition. He regarded *that* marriage as of evil



omen, in which the husband counts the wife's dowry as a chief attraction." <sup>4</sup>

While speaking of the good work achieved for the Northern Province during the episcopate of Bp. Jacobson, a scheme for "*Training for Holy Orders by Lectures and Parochial work in Liverpool, in connexion with the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge*," which was organized in 1872,—claims honourable notice. In his Charge of 1874, the Bishop announced that "during the last two years attempts had been deliberately and vigorously made" in this direction. Courses of Lectures had been established on subjects most likely to be interesting and useful to Candidates for admission to Holy Orders: and a great variety of work for Lay Readers had been abundantly provided. In his Charge of November 1877, he rejoiced in the very satisfactory progress which had attended the undertaking. As a matter of fact, up to March 1878, 33 members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge had gone up to Liverpool as Lay Helpers for longer or shorter periods: of whom 8 were ordained to Curacies in Liverpool, and 2 to Curacies in other parts of the Chester diocese. It cannot be doubted that the scheme was a wise one. The zeal of our people for promoting good work is only to be known by submitting to them schemes of virtuous enterprise, and earnestly inviting their cooperation: and an appeal to the youth of our Universities was never yet known to fail in obtaining a generous response.

His triennial '*Charges*,' of which he delivered five,<sup>5</sup> are among the most interesting and valuable compositions of the kind I ever read: especially, I think, his Charge at

<sup>4</sup> From Arch'd. Bardsley. See below, p. 303-4, note (3).

<sup>5</sup> Oct. 1868-71: Nov. 1874-7-80.

his primary Visitation, October 1868,—which, more than the others, recalls his Prayer-book teaching: *e.g.* pages 10 and 27-8, and the notes E to K in the Appendix. The remarks on '*Ritualism*' (pp. 29-35),—on the '*LORD'S Supper*' (pp. 35-9),—on the '*Athanasian Creed*' (pp. 39-44),—and on '*Woman's work*' (pp. 44-6),—are singularly admirable and important. When he points out, as a thing to be regretted, the looseness of "the heading of one of the Columns in our Register Book of Baptisms, where we have '*By whom the Ceremony was performed*,' instead of what we ought to have had,—'*By whom the Sacrament was administered*,'" <sup>6</sup>—he reminds one of a style of remark peculiarly his own. When he cites Daniel Wilson, Bp. of Calcutta, as an authority for holding that "to teach Christianity without Catechisms, Forms, and Creeds is impossible," <sup>7</sup>—he illustrates his singular adroitness in quoting with effect very weighty sayings from somewhat unexpected quarters.

In accordance, it is thought, with the counsel of Abp. Longley, Bp. Jacobson used always to give,—or rather, to *intend* to give,—the same Confirmation Address. But variations gradually made their way into it, until, (in the words of his Chaplain), "one wondered how long it had retained its personal identity."

Every one who has tried to draw Bishop Jacobson's character is observed to use strictly similar, even identical, expressions. One of his Chaplains <sup>8</sup> considered "that the prosperity and peace of the diocese throughout his time were owing mainly to the firm belief which prevailed universally that he would most surely do justice and judgment to every one." And so he did. He was no '*respector of persons*.' He was also the last to heed

<sup>6</sup> p. 14.

<sup>7</sup> '*Charge*,' 1874,—p. 18.

<sup>8</sup> Canon Gray.

the popular outcry *ad leones*, raised by a party in the Church against an unpopular section of it, however uncongenial to himself the method of that section might happen to be,—however offensive their attitude and bearing. Thus, he had scarcely held office for twelve months, when 128 of the Clergy of Chester and its neighbourhood memorialized him on the subject of ‘Ritualism.’ He replied, that no good could result from any exertion of authority which could not be sustained by Law: that local circumstances admitted of various degrees of embellishment in the public Services, so long as they were not employed to symbolize doctrines repudiated by the Church of England; and that, while he had no sympathy with ceremonial innovations, if the Law was to be invoked for the suppression of errors on the side of excess, it must be expected that strict conformity to the Rubric would be insisted upon, wherever variations or omissions in any of the Offices of the Church had come to have the sanction of custom. In other words, he reminded the most violent of the opponents of ‘Ritualism,’ that even-handed justice might possibly have something reproachful to say to certain of themselves. Truth constrains me to record that the Bishop’s indulgence towards the law-breakers of the Romanizing party was by them in certain instances shamefully ill requited. I am aware of only one occasion when a firm reminder to the offending Clerk of his Ordination vow (“reverently to obey his Ordinary,” &c.), was attended by the wished-for result.

The habit of his mind was to balance with judicial severity Scripture against Scripture. “We all do that,”—I shall be told. Yes, but he did it more than most men. His words, and the way he spoke them, often

struck me very forcibly. "They don't find *that* in the Bible," he would exclaim, with a little shake of his head. Speaking of vows of celibacy,—"*That* is wanting to be wiser than GOD." Once, when I had been talking about *that* unworthy view of the Holy Eucharist which,—on the plea that our SAVIOUR said also, 'I am *the Vine*,' '*the Way*,' '*the Door*,' will see no mystery in the words of Consecration,—"Those men," he exclaimed impatiently, "do not attend to what S. Paul says about '*not considering the LORD'S Body*.'"

He was singularly jealous of any thing that trenched upon the doctrine of the Intermediate State. Bishop Walsham How relates that "when '*Church Hymns*' was being prepared by the 'Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge,' the Bishop, as one of the Episcopal referees, pronounced strongly against the fifth verse of Bishop Wordsworth's noble hymn, '*Hark! the sound of holy voices*,' as ignoring it. The Bishop of Lincoln was asked to allow the omission of this verse; but this he declined to do, explaining it as a vision of heavenly bliss, not intended to contradict the doctrine of the Intermediate State. I then (as one of the compilers of the hymn-book) saw Bishop Jacobson and asked him to waive his objection, giving him the author's explanation. His answer was simply,—'I will do nothing to obscure the doctrine of an Intermediate State.'"<sup>9</sup>—He alludes to this matter in one of his Charges:—

"Clearly understood, distinctly held," (he says) "this article of our belief—('He descended into hell')—of course shuts out the notion that the instant a Christian soul leaves the body it passes at once to Heaven, that is, to its 'perfect consummation and bliss,' the beatific vision. A notion widely prevalent amongst us, *fostered by the*

<sup>9</sup> '*Guardian*,'—Aug. 13, 1884.

*ill-considered and unguarded language of hymns otherwise deservedly popular; but, for all its prevalence, as unfounded as was that of the immediate proximity of the Last Day in the lifetime of the Apostles."*

Jacobson made the doctrine of the Intermediate State the subject of a sermon published in 1872,—an interesting, but singularly guarded utterance. His Examining Chaplain relates that,—“when some of us were talking before him of a catch-penny book called ‘*The Door ajar*,’ (professing to give glimpses of those in the other world,)—he broke into our conversation, saying, ‘I firmly believe that *that* door is hermetically sealed.’” . . . . . Dean Howson relates that “if there was an Offertory without a Communion, he always, (in reading the Prayer for the Church Militant), used the full prescribed phrase—‘*alms and oblations*.’—He rigorously stood at the North end of the Holy Table (which he always named thus) during consecration at the Eucharist. In speaking of this subject, he was scrupulous to employ the customary word ‘Administration’ instead of the exceptional word ‘Celebration’;—and in his consumption of any remaining part of the consecrated elements at the close, he stood and never knelt. . . . He used to insist that the surplice is essentially a *vestis talaris* . . . . When he edited the Liturgical Fragments of Bishop Sanderson and Bishop Wren,<sup>1</sup> it was hoped that the volume would have a copious preface. This hope was disappointed. Such notes, however, of Bishop Jacobson’s as are given in the book are highly useful and significant.”. . . So far, the late Dean of Chester.

Let me not fail to give prominence to one feature of my friend’s character which was as striking as any that

<sup>1</sup> See below, page 289.

can be named. I refer to his *firmness*. Early in his Oxford career, examining at Rugby, it fell to him to set a paper on the Epistle to the Romans. Bunsen went to his room overnight and begged to see it, and was greatly interested. For this paper some of the senior boys had made very careful preparation. When, in the morning, he asked for the boys' answers at the appointed time, a universal groan arose, with such a petition for half-an-hour more, that he could not refuse. Arnold thought this would interfere with the solemn meeting of the Governors, due soon after; waxed angry, and took no pains to hide his displeasure. But Jacobson was firm on the boys' behalf, and won the day. They were allowed the time they asked for. Soon afterwards, Arnold wrote to Jacobson to offer him a mastership at Rugby. His Chaplain writes,—

“Slow as he was in balancing the claims of duties upon him, when once he had made up his mind, he was inflexible. There were once many applicants for the Curacy of Ewelme; and having weeded them down to two, he weighed with himself the merits of these two through a long morning. Just as he had addressed a letter offering the Curacy to one, the door-bell rang and the other appeared. ‘Many men,’ (he remarked when relating the incident), ‘would have taken this as a sign to correct the choice.’ ‘And perhaps,’ (I replied,) ‘they would not have been wrong.’ ‘But,’ (he went on,) ‘I did not think so, and having signed and sealed the letter I felt bound to send it, and I never repented it.’ It was sent to the good Gillam.<sup>2</sup>

“I remember his coming down one morning and saying to us, (his Examining Chaplains), of a Candidate for Holy Orders,—‘I have been lying awake through the night sorely exercised in my mind about young ——.’ It was hard work indeed to persuade him most

<sup>2</sup> See above, p. 267, note (7).



reluctantly to consent to the young man's rejection. But when the Candidate, on its announcement by one of the Chaplains, made his way to appeal to the Bishop in his garden, he was summarily dismissed with a few decisive words, giving him no idea of the earnestness with which his judge had just been pleading his cause. He might as well have appealed to the garden-wall.

"There were however very few failures in the Chester Examinations. A preliminary examination by one of the Chaplains staved off the very doubtful, and worse than doubtful, cases. The Bishop liked to see *all* the Papers himself, and when notes were compared, his judgment was almost always found to be the most lenient. 'I think, my lord, that this is as bad a paper as can be.' 'O no indeed,—indeed I have seen worse.'—When it was pressed upon him that a Candidate needed something like a severe admonition, I suspect that he usually gave one of the 'soft rebukes, in blessings ended'; turning at last to something noteworthy in the Book of Common Prayer." . . . So far, Canon Gray.

TRUTH,—if the man's character must be expressed in a single word,—TRUTH was the quality which chiefly coloured all Dr. Jacobson's words and actions: was the very mainspring, so to express oneself, which actuated everything he thought, or said, or did. Out of this strong root may be said to have grown all those many acts and habits which so much endeared him to all who knew him. Striking it is in his latest Charge (1877) to meet with words apt as the following. (They relate to the duty of "contending earnestly for the faith once for all delivered to the Saints," and enforce *Truth* as the only possible basis of Unity):—

"Let us never forget that the holy bond of Peace, and Faith, and Charity, has the holy bond of *Truth* for its basis. The 'Spirit of Truth' stands foremost in our

intercession for the universal Church: it comes before 'the spirit of Unity and Concord.' '*Agreement in the truth of GOD'S Holy Word*' is the only safe and sure stepping-stone to bring in 'Unity and Godly love.'"—(p. 35.)... [The italics and marks of quotation, are mine.]

Of Bp. Jacobson's admirable triennial '*Charges*,' I have already spoken briefly. They abound in weighty passages which forcibly recall their author. Devoutly is it to be wished that the Clergy of other dioceses besides his own would lay to heart his remarks on the shortening of the Services according to the '*Act of Uniformity Amendment Act*,' 1872. They occur in his last Charge to his undivided diocese in 1877:—

"The Bill" (says the Bishop) "is *only permissive* in principle and in details, and I should myself shrink from the omission of a Lesson or a Canticle. It may be doubted whether, in adopting the provisions of the Act of Parliament as largely and as uniformly as some have done, the Clergy have not outstripped the wishes of the Laity. Our brothers and sisters in humbler life, who cannot take their part in public worship without some effort and preparation, find it hardly worth while to leave their homes and go to Church for less time than an unabridged service occupies."

He published besides, in 1872, a sermon on '*Cathedral Restoration*,' and another on '*Deaconesses and their Work*,'—'preached at the Recognition' ('observe,' writes his Chaplain, 'the caution of this word!') 'of a Deaconess, in the Church of S. Thomas, Eccleston, S. Helen's.' His sermon on '*the Intermediate State*,' (which reached a fourth edition in 1881),—and another, preached at the Institution of the Rector of Nantwich,—together with his valuable Speech in the Convocation of York (Feb. 21st) '*On the Athanasian Creed*,'—all three belong to this same year, 1872.

I have further to record that in 1874 Jacobson edited some very interesting '*Fragmentary Illustrations of the History of the Book of Common Prayer from manuscript sources*;' the actual Authors being respectively 'Bishop Sanderson [pp. 3-40] and Bishop Wren [pp. 45-109].' These fill a hundred pages,—to which are prefixed barely eight pages [pp. v-xii] of introductory matter by the Editor. We desiderate more. Nay, more is absolutely required. Those precious fragmentary remains of two illustrious xviith century Divines are almost an enigma as they stand;—an enigma which the provincial imprint, (for the little volume was printed at Chester), helps to account for, but does not entirely solve. It is to be presumed that the Editor was too busy to illustrate and comment upon these liturgical curiosities.

Of far greater value and importance are the '*Annotations on the Acts of the Apostles*' which Bp. Jacobson contributed to the '*Speaker's Commentary*.' The volume in which they are found did not appear till 1880,—but, (as any one may see at a glance,) they are the leisurely work of a much earlier period of W. J.'s life. They had *grown* on his hands, and are the thoughtful jottings of many years. I learn that he used to carry those Notes with him to and from Ewelme, in the pleasant days of 1848-65;—think them over,—add to them. The result is that they are a genuine contribution to our existing materials for a critical study of the Acts: frequently supplying what is not to be met with elsewhere.—And here I must turn away from this dear friend as a student. It is as the earnest and anxious administrator of a somewhat neglected Northern Diocese that he will henceforth come before us.

It is proper however in this place to mention that

the Bishopric of Winchester, soon after it had become vacant by the calamitous death of Samuel Wilberforce (19th July, 1873), was offered to William Jacobson. From a comparison of dates, it is found that the moment was one of singular bitterness to him. He had recently, (viz. on the 22nd July,) lost his daughter Eleanor,—born Dec. 11th, 1841 . . . “Within three weeks of the voidance of the see,” (writes a friend),<sup>3</sup>—

“I called upon the Bishop at Harrogate, with a present of the celebrated Whixley black cherries. His pen was in his hand, but he gave me that peculiar nod with his eye, (if I may so express myself,) and the usual smile, and as soon as he had finished the address he was writing, put down his pen and came forward.—I was allowed to joke with him, and soon said, ‘How long before you go to Winchester?’—‘I have declined it, and the refusal is in the envelope I was addressing when you entered.’ (Of course I had not seen any statement to this effect.) He said he could not at his time of life undertake the keeping up of a London house, and preferred remaining where he was.”

Here then let room be found for a few notices of the *Episcopal* side of Bishop Jacobson’s character. Though by no means wanting in a due appreciation of the dignity of his office,—(I *know* by his conversation before he became a Bishop, how highly he esteemed it),—he was the humblest of prelates. His secretary, Mr. John Gamon,—(who enjoyed his fullest confidence, and was treated by him at all times almost as if he had been his son),—has the same remark, with which I began, though he puts the matter (very admirably) the other way:—

“With the deepest personal humility he never lost sight of the responsibilities of his high position and was always and everywhere with dignity ‘The Bishop,’—who

<sup>3</sup> Rev. W. Valentine,—of Whixley, 1st Aug. 1884.

was revered and loved, and whose fatherly counsel and judgment, even those who differed from him in opinion, never failed to respect."

But then he never gave himself any airs: was without conceit or secular pride. On the contrary: while strenuous that all his Officials should do their duty, he was in effect the chief servant of all his Clergy,—unwearied in labour for their sakes. On more than one occasion he is known to have accompanied a candidate for Ordination in his hunt for a lodging,—the man having arrived late and made his way to the palace, assuming that he was to be the Bishop's guest.—On coming to the diocese, with the option of a pleasanter place of residence, he selected Deeside, within the City of Chester, in order that he might be accessible at all times to all; and neither be constrained to keep a carriage himself, nor be the occasion that his Clergy should be made to incur inconvenient expense in order to obtain an interview.—It is believed that he never once opened his lips in the House of Lords.—On the title-page of his 'Charges' &c., he invariably designated himself;—"*William Jacobson, D.D., Bishop of Chester.*" No more. He dated his letters from 'Deeside.' (There was no talk of "the Palace.")—His coffin-plate was merely inscribed,—"*WILLIAM JACOBSON, nineteen years a Bishop in the Church of GOD, in the Diocese of Chester, died,*" &c. (No mitre was indicated.)—In compliance with his expressed wishes, there was a marked absence of anything like pomp at his funeral.—He sleeps in death, *not* attired in his Episcopal dress, but in his surplice.—"Very touching was it,"—(remarked Canon Gray in the Cathedral on the ensuing Sunday)—"to see his coffin resting for a while in that Chapel which he himself had delighted to build to the honour of his LORD; and in which some of us had so often liked to

believe that we learned more of his inner life from the very sound of his voice, and emphasis of his words. . . . To hear him read the Psalms, was in itself a commentary on them.”<sup>4</sup>

“The simplicity of his life,” (remarks his Secretary,<sup>5</sup>) “with its regularity and painstaking exactitude in the smallest duties, influenced all who came in contact with him; and it is by his example, more than by his precepts, that he will be most lovingly remembered.” The same gentleman declares that his concern and consideration for his Clergy, his sympathy with every earnest worker among them, was unbounded: and that this displayed itself in the smallest matters.

“His judgment of men was admirable,—very seldom at fault; and the happiness of his administration was largely due to this. He knew how to select, from among those around him, the man for any particular work or duty. Retaining always the direction in his own hands, he never could be truly said to be under the influence of any one.

“Chiefly was this noticeable in his administration of his Church Patronage. The selection of his men for promotion he kept most jealously to himself; and though ready to hear all representations on this point, and encouraging frankness in any whom he considered justified in bringing such matters to his notice, every appointment was on his own deliberate judgment. On more than one occasion, the appointment of his eldest son,<sup>6</sup> (then suffering from overwork in the East of

<sup>4</sup> Chester,—July 22nd, 1884.

<sup>5</sup> John Gamon, esq., Registrar of the Diocese.

<sup>6</sup> William Bowstead Richards Jacobson [born Aug. 3rd, 1840, died April 26th, 1880], went up to Ch. Ch. with a Scholarship from Winchester: rowed in ‘the University Eight’: took a 3rd class, and

was ordained in 1864 to the curacy of S. George’s, Bloomsbury. Thence, he went to S. Mary’s, Charter House. His health gave way under excessive devotion to his Master’s service, and the sincerest self-sacrifice. He sank in consumption, leaving a widow and two little daughters.



London,) to a charge in the Diocese, was urged upon him; but he would not listen to it, considering it a bad example and beyond the terms of his trust."

It would be an omission to conclude this sketch without adverting to two conspicuous features of Bishop Jacobson's character, about which I have hitherto said nothing. One, was the *munificence* of his disposition. He acted as if he were the trustee only, of the revenues of his see. The Chapel of his episcopal residence at Deeside, which involved an outlay of 1300*l.*, he erected at his own expense; and bequeathed,—like his Library, which was worth about half that sum,—to his successors. Those books, by the way, I learn that Bp. Stubbs (with characteristic kindness) keeps distinct from his own,—leaves them standing, in short, where and as their recent possessor left them. Bishop Jacobson's munificent contribution to the endowment of the see of Liverpool has been already mentioned; as well as to the fund for the augmentation of small Benefices in his diocese,—viz. in page 280. When Dean Howson proposed to restore Chester Cathedral, the Bishop insisted on contributing 500*l.* to the same object.

"He took the utmost interest in our evening Services," (writes the Dean,) "and insisted to the very last on paying an annual subscription to the fund required for their maintenance. A very short time before his death, having heard about certain improvements near the Cathedral in which I took great interest, he asked me how much I contributed. On hearing my answer, he said, 'Then I think I ought to give twice as much.' This was done."

His private acts of bounty in the diocese were without number. One of "those who stood around his bier beneath the old Norman arches of S. John's, Chester,

and then followed him to his ivy-clad grave beyond the Dee,"—reasonably dwells on the fact that there were besides, "countless acts of private benevolence, when sorrow and death visited the houses of his Clergy, known only to Heaven and to those who shared his bounty." <sup>7</sup>

The other feature of character which claims definite notice was the extreme *affectionateness* of his nature. He so abhorred saying more than he felt that he invariably felt a vast deal more than he said. Display and profession were so hateful to him that he made no professions at all, nor ever displayed publicly the actual warmth and tenderness of his disposition. But he was full of loving-kindness, and his home affections altogether flowed over. Many a time has he come across to my rooms at Oriel for the sole purpose of communicating to me the last droll saying of one of his children,—between all of whom and myself, as he well knew, there subsisted the most absurdly intimate relations. "What do you suppose *that* varlet said this morning?" . . . (It was thus that he commonly prefaced some exceedingly grotesque disclosure.) . . . A more devoted Husband and Father never lived; nor yet a more firm and sincerely faithful friend.

But it is the *affectionateness* of the man's disposition to which I desire to direct attention. His blunt, straightforward, and somewhat abrupt manner did much to conceal this feature of his character. But it always made itself *felt* in his intercourse with others,—and its very nature is to beget affection in return. His Clergy recognized this trait and responded warmly to it. Very mindful was he (writes his Archdeacon) of—

<sup>7</sup> From Archd. Bardsley's Sermon,—Aug. 9, 1884.

“those who had spoken the Word of GOD in his diocese. With what loving regard and what exquisite tenderness did he record their names when the ensuing Visitation came round! The words still linger in my memory with which, ten years ago, he commemorated an aged presbyter<sup>8</sup> who was ‘admitted to Holy Orders in 1817, and became Vicar of Farnworth in 1832. A man of prayer, and apt to teach, for forty years he held the noiseless tenor of his way, abundant in all the labours of his office, till the infirmities of his increasing years (felt by him rather than observed by others) induced him to avail himself of the Incumbent’s Resignation Act.’”

Of the profound *humility* of Bp. Jacobson’s disposition,—his entire *simplicity of purpose*, and *transparent sincerity* in all he said and did,—something has been offered already. This aspect of his character it was that caused him to be so greatly loved, as well as revered, throughout his diocese. He was known also for his ready discernment of merit in any of his Clergy. His examining Chaplain, Canon Gray, tells me that something he wrote in a quiet parish in Lancashire, where he had expected to do all his work, and live all his life, found favour in the Bishop’s eyes; whereupon,—“he called me to his side, and rapidly allowed me to form with him a friendship which I shall ever look back upon as one of the greatest blessings of the many that have fallen to my lot. I owe to him more than words can say.”<sup>9</sup>

Eighteen years of faithful labour thus bore good and lasting fruits, and *that* without friction and without bitterness. It was acknowledged throughout the diocese,—when, in the beginning of 1884, growing infirmity constrained Bishop Jacobson to resign his office,—that ‘the

<sup>8</sup> The Rev. W. Jeff,—‘*Charge*,’ 1874,—p. 3.

<sup>9</sup> Aug. 7, 1884.

diocese of Chester would be handed over to his successor with its organization complete in every part, and in good order; pervaded with a sincere goodwill towards the Church and her institutions, and with a spirit of cordial co-operation amongst Church-people of all ranks and all schools of thought.'<sup>1</sup>

One who furnished us above (pp. 255-7) with some reminiscences of the Bishop when Vice-Principal of Magdalen Hall, thus concludes his narrative:—

“The last I saw of my dear old friend was in his Cathedral, and in the city of Chester. The great evening Service in the Cathedral, with the whole nave filled,—the Choir augmented by some fifty volunteers in surplices, and worshippers of all classes,—was an evident joy and satisfaction to him. And in the streets, respect and good will seemed to be everywhere. If he had attempted to return the salutes which he received, he might as well have walked with his hat in his hand. He had a nod, a pleasant look, and a ‘How d’ye do?’ for every one,—just as of old.”

Throughout his latest years, in conversation with Canon Gray, the loved subject of these pages greatly enjoyed reproducing slumbering recollections of his early Oxford life. It was evident that his mind was continually going back with fond interest to the long-since-vanished Past. I have known other such cases, and have read of more.<sup>2</sup>

“He always seemed to have clearly before his eye the persons and places he was speaking of; and to rejoice in reviving their memories and describing them yet again to himself:—Dr. Rowley, Master of University [1821-36],—‘Mo’ Griffith of Merton,—an official visit to the

<sup>1</sup> From the Address of the Clergy of the diocese presented to Bishop Jacobson early in 1884, on his resignation.

<sup>2</sup> May I be excused for referring to the latter days of Sir James Mackintosh in my own *Life of P. F. Tytler*,—p. 37 [1st ed. p. 38.]

Duke of Wellington,—Dean Gaisford,—Dr. Bull,—Dean Cyril Jackson,—Bishop Carey. He often spoke of the pleasure with which he had listened to the wondrous *vivâ voce* Examination of the present Bishop of Chichester for his degree. He usually prefaced an anecdote by,—‘You knew such an one?’ But it was of course quite immaterial whether I did or did not. Even in his anecdotes,—(to which most of us like to affix, as Boswell says, ‘a cocked hat and walking stick, to make them fit to go into society,’)—he showed his unswerving love of accuracy. There was not a grain of exaggeration or caricature. . . . Pleasant indeed was it to listen to him in the dusk, over his study-fire, or while walking with him round the City walls.”

Does the reader inquire for a specimen of those reminiscences? Well, but they are stories of that kind which are indebted for their charm to the speaker’s living voice and individual manner. Yes, and they postulate your knowing at least *something* about the parties. Take two samples however:—

“Did you know ‘Mo’ Griffith of Merton?”—(“No, but I have often heard of him.”)—“He was very kind to me. I remember his once showing me his Library, and asking me if I had a copy of this or that book; and whenever I said ‘No,’ he invariably went on,—‘You surprise me. I cannot understand, sir, how you have obtained your present position without it; you must allow me to make you a present of it.’ And so in each case he did. . . . He once was complaining to Dr. Macbride on the flatness of Oxford life. There were no ‘*Characters*’ now-a-days. Macbride answered,—“Do you know, Griffith, it is just possible that some people may look on you and myself as characters?””<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> The Reverend *Edward* Griffith [1769–1859], Fellow of Merton, is remembered by old Oxford men as one of the most eccentric of mortals. It is only fair to add that he was also one of the most upright.

He had an instinctive hatred of all jobbery and corrupt grasping. A true benefactor was he to the College, by his unsparing, unceasing exposure of certain of the scandals of his early days: his wonderful

"You knew Dr. Bull?" . . . ("Yes: the last time that I saw him was in a railway carriage when he was on his way to the funeral of his dear friend, Bishop Carey."<sup>4</sup>) "Ah! when Cyril Jackson was on his deathbed he sent for Carey and said, 'Carey, the Prince of Wales has just been here to take leave of me, and he has promised to take care of you; and now you must promise me to take care of Bull.'—Bull was always ready with his joke. I

wit securing for him *that* hearing which tamer denunciations would have been powerless to command. He had moreover the kindest heart, and was liberal, even to profuseness, in his bounty.

Generous was he to a fault. But, as already stated, he was certainly one of the oddest of mankind. Elected to a Fellowship in 1795, he was to be found at Merton only in Long Vacation, because 'the boys' were then away. (He hated 'the boys.') . . . Bishop Hobhouse (fellow of Merton 1841-59) writes,—"*Mo* Griffith lived till he was past 90. I honour the old man, and wish I could hand on some of his best sayings. A genuine master of social speech was he: but he is so indescribable, because without *seeing the man*, it is impossible that any one should enjoy his jokes." . . . The reader may like to be referred to a brief notice of him in vol. i. pp. 78-9.

A yet greater oddity, (if that were possible,) was old Dr. Frowd of Corpus; whom '*Mo*' Griffith used to delight in drawing out, and playing off in public. Jacobson described to me a dinner-party given by '*Mo*,' to which Frowd was invited,—(as his host plainly told him),—for the purpose of being made to rehearse his favourite dramatic piece, the Bombardment of Algiers by his

uncle Lord Exmouth,—who took his nephew with him to the Mediterranean, as Chaplain. '*Mo*' trotted out his neighbour to his own heart's content; at every fresh extravagance, waving his hand and ejaculating to the man sitting next him, —(in an '*aside*' which was audible to every one at table),—"As good as a comedy, sir! as good as a comedy!"

<sup>4</sup> Canon Gray adds, of his own, the following interesting details:—"Dr. Vincent, Head-master of Westminster, on leaving a country inn where he had been getting some lunch, during a walking tour, was followed by the little boy who had been waiting on him, calling after him,—'Sir, sir, you have forgotten your Horace.' 'And how, my little boy, did you know it *was* a Horace?' The conversation which followed ended in Dr. Vincent taking the lad, *who was Carey*, to Westminster. There, Carey went through the School, leaving it as Captain in 1789 for Christ Church; and to it he returned as Head-master in 1803. He was made Bishop of Exeter in 1820. He bequeathed about 20,000*l.*, for the better maintenance of Bachelor-Students of Ch. Ch., elected from Westminster, and '*having their own way to make in the World*' . . . All honour be to his memory!"



remember when Jenkyns was Vice-Chancellor, some of us (with him on business at the Clarendon) found the door of our room locked. Jenkyns with some pomposity said to the newly-appointed Clerk of the University, who was in fault,—‘And pray, sir, what is your name?’ ‘Purdue’ was the trembling answer. ‘And so is the key,’ said Bull.”

More in keeping with the actual context will be the Canon’s record that,—

“In his last illness, on his sick bed, something moved him to remember, and distinctly repeat, the Latin formula with which, in the days when the life of Oxford was bound up in the Church’s life, he had so often presented young men for their Degree; declaring that each of them had read aloud before him, or had heard read, the Thirty-nine Articles,” &c.

“His scholarship” (remarks the late Dean Howson,) “was minutely accurate. He was very fastidious in his choice and collocation of words; and mistakes in punctuation never escaped him. A strict regard to truth was apparent in his patient and painstaking work of this kind.” Canon Gray furnishes examples:—

“He would not let one use the expression, ‘I beg to say,’ or ‘I beg to send,’ instead of ‘I beg leave’ to do so. He demurred (in spite of *ὅλη ἡ ὑποκειμένη*) to the expression ‘*subject-matter*’; saying that either ‘subject’ or ‘matter’ by itself would be sufficient; and he held in especial horror the modern ‘in our midst’ for ‘in the midst of us.’”

Enough however of all this. In recording the fact that Dr. Jacobson was invited to take part in the ‘Revision’ of the N. T., but declined,—I can but speculate on the sturdy resistance which that most ill-advised of literary adventures would have experienced in every page, had he consented to join the revising body.

The closing scene is always sad. About two years before the end came, he had caught cold in his cheek from exposure to draught in a railway carriage. A glandular swelling supervened, which—neglected at first—at the end of a few months assumed a malignant character and became unmanageable. Ultimately it occasioned his death. I had these details from his son Walter,<sup>5</sup> who added high professional knowledge to filial devotion to his dying Father, to whom he was of the greatest help and comfort.

In the discharge of his Episcopal duties Dr. Jacobson had been throughout most efficiently assisted by Bishop Kelly; and probably no Prelate was ever more loyally supported by his chief Clergy. Besides Dean Howson and the Canons of his Cathedral city, his Archdeacons and Chaplains had vied with one another in lightening every burden of his office. But it became apparent to all, and in the end to himself, that he must resign to another the mild sway which he had exercised over the diocese for upwards of 18 years. He had already entered on what was to be the last year of his life,—1884. On February 2nd,—the day when he knew that his resignation was legally accepted,—it was characteristic of him that he reverted at once to what had been his former way of signing his name,—‘W. Jacobson.’ Reverence for his Father’s memory originally led him to adopt his Father’s practice in this respect: and the Episcopal restraint of nearly nineteen years being at

<sup>5</sup> Walter Hamilton Acland Jacobson, on the staff of Guy’s Hospital, —b. in 1847,—was the first to take the new degree ‘Magister in Chirurgiâ’ at Oxford (30 June, 1887). —Two other of the Bishop’s sons survive him: Charles Longley, b. in

1852, who is in a merchant’s office, —and Robert Charles, b. in 1855, who is Deputy Inspector of Schools at Penang. Also two daughters,—Hester Sterling, and Katharine Mary. . . For the rest of his ten children, see pp. 266, 290, 292.

last removed, it was the ordinary instinct of unchanged filial piety to resume the habit of his youth. I learn that he persevered in it "till the dear, feeble, wasted fingers could no longer guide his pen."

His decision to resign was made rather suddenly at the last. To his vexation, it got into the newspapers before he had been able to write on the subject to his friends. This was in the last days of 1883. Happily, he was enabled to retain his Episcopal residence at Deeside, and his mental faculties were wholly unimpaired. Anxiety concerning the active supervision of the diocese,—which had weighed powerfully on him so long as he was actually Bishop,—was perforce at an end. But his spirits were depressed. It was the consequence of physical infirmity.

He sank ever after,—slowly, but steadily. He knew that his days were numbered. "I live in Prayer,"—he said to one of his cathedral Clergy. . . . Within a fortnight of his departure, in reply to one who, from the first day of his setting foot in the diocese, had been his true friend and very faithful ally (Canon Hopwood<sup>6</sup>),—"No pain," he said: "but I suffer from extreme weakness and great weariness." . . . His emaciation was excessive. About a week before his death, he charged his eldest surviving son Walter,—that his funeral should be marked by the utmost possible simplicity; and, notwithstanding that he had precious ties at Oxford and at Ewelme,<sup>7</sup> he directed that he should be laid to rest in the cemetery of Chester. On Saturday, the 12th July, his powers greatly failed him. His mind however continued clear until 2 or 3 in the morning of Sunday, when he was only conscious that he was being watched over by his

<sup>6</sup> Winwick,—4th July.

<sup>7</sup> See above, p. 266.

Wife. And so, on the morning of the blessed day of earthly rest (13th July, 1884),—at a few minutes before eight o'clock,—he entered into his own everlasting rest; having completed (within five days) eighty-one years of virtuous, GOD-fearing life; during the last nineteen of which he had shown himself the most “single-minded” of Prelates.

It were an omission were I to fail in this place to make some mention of his earnest *thankfulness for services rendered him*,—a disposition which made every one who had it in his power, rejoice to do him service. “After all,” (writes Dean Howson, and with these words he closes his remarks on Bishop Jacobson,) “the great charm of his character was his humility. I never knew anything more touching than his gratitude for the most simple attention during his long illness. He seemed to think that he was quite unworthy even of this.”

Here also, before I lay down my pen, room must be found for two lesser, yet highly characteristic traits, which have been indicated to me by his Wife. The first,—“His repugnance to the slightest approach to levity in quoting from, or referring to, the Scriptures. He could not abide it.” The second,—“The strong censure with which he always visited any unhandsome or derogatory mention of the Queen, or any member of the Royal Family. The grave expression on his face, and sometimes the short telling words of his rebuke, were things not to be forgotten.”<sup>7</sup>

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For many days after the first slight draft of the present Memoir appeared, I received from his Clergy spon-

<sup>7</sup> Dec. 30th, 1884.—Obvious it is to recall 1 Pet. ii. 17.

taneous expressions of attachment to his person, some of which were even touching. "Sincere in every word he spoke,—honest in all he did," (writes one of the Cathedral body<sup>8</sup>):—"in favour with GOD as well as with men: a man of Truth: he ever effaced himself, and was the most humble man I ever knew. He did not know what it was to be self-conscious." . . . "I loved him as a Father," (wrote his Archdeacon and examining Chaplain<sup>9</sup>). "Indeed, I need not use the past, I ought to say 'I love,' for *that* bond is eternal." . . . "Towards myself," (wrote James Fraser,<sup>1</sup> late Bishop of Manchester,) "ever since I have been a Bishop, he has always been as an elder brother. I went over to Chester to see him and get his blessing, not so very long before he died: and it was beautiful to see his calm, resigned temper. I heard a charming passage about him in a sermon preached by Archdeacon Bardsley on Thursday last, at the annual meeting of the Clergy Charities at Warrington." . . . "Of him" (writes the Archdeacon),

"As of Bishop Sanderson, it might pleasantly be said, (in the words of Izaak Walton,) that he possessed 'many happy infirmities;'—infirmities, for in men placed in high estate we must count as infirmities the singular humility and caution which restrain the self-assertion that becomes their exalted office; and yet '*happy* infirmities,' since they commend and endear the possessors in their private life to all who know them.

"Coming late to the bench, Bishop Jacobson never lost sight of the approaching shadows of the night, 'when no man can work,' closing around him. With characteristic humility, as he reviewed his past episcopate, he appropriated the words of Henry Martyn, 'The more I see of my own works, the more I am

<sup>8</sup> Canon Hillyard.

of Chester,—July 31st, 1884.

<sup>9</sup> J. L. Darby, the present Dean

<sup>1</sup> To myself,—Aug. 11th, 1884.

ashamed of them.’<sup>2</sup>. . . Resigning an office he regarded himself as unequal to fulfil, he spent his remaining days in prayer; and bequeathed a name and a memory which will often occur when, in years to come, we commemorate ‘those who have departed this life in GOD’s faith and fear.’”<sup>3</sup>

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And this must suffice.—In consequence of Richmond’s masterly delineation of his features, when about fifty-two years of age, William Jacobson will be more than seen by posterity. His voice will be almost *heard*. It is related of Michael Angelo that he used to say to Donatello’s statue of S. Mark, at Florence,—“*Marco, perchè non mi parli?*” I never look up at the engraving of my friend, as it hangs on the wall of our dining-room, without expecting that he will speak to me. I am sure, if he does, it will be to say something kind.

<sup>2</sup> ‘Charge,’ 1871,—p. 1.

‘Warrington Guardian,’—Aug. 9,

<sup>3</sup> Archdeacon [now Bishop] 1884.  
Bardsley’s Sermon, quoted in the



(XI). CHARLES PAGE EDEN:

*THE EARNEST PARISH PRIEST.*

[A. D. 1807—1885.]

WHEN the original draft of the ensuing Memoir appeared,<sup>1</sup> the Bishop of S. Albans (Dr. Claughton) wrote to me as follows:—"If ever one of those short memorials of a life that appear from time to time in the '*Guardian*' was calculated to do good, it is your sketch of Charles Page Eden's life and character. How wonderfully it developed: and what a lesson comes from Aberford to every young, aye, and to every old Clergyman! I thank you for it from my heart." . . . Besides the gratification it affords me to put on record such testimony from a dear, honoured, and likeminded friend, it seems to me that in no way am I so likely to make the perusal of the following pages profitable to my reader, as by quoting the Bishop's spontaneous tribute to the worth of the man therein commemorated. What was but briefly set down before, shall be now considerably enlarged. Many an Oxford man, belonging to a bygone generation, will desire some fuller notice of the sometime Fellow of Oriel and vicar of S. Mary-the-Virgin's; who, both as a scholar and a divine, was a conspicuous figure in the Oxford of 1830 to 1850. Let it be added, that the

<sup>1</sup> Viz. in the '*Guardian*,' of Jan. 27th, 1886,—p. 143.

affectionate sentiment thus ascribed to many old members of the University is largely shared by not a few in the Northern Province, where the last five-and-thirty years of Canon Eden's life were passed, and where he has left behind him a name universally revered and lamented.

CHARLES PAGE EDEN, youngest but one of the eight children of the Rev. Thomas Eden,—and Ann (daughter of the Rev. Charles and Ann Page of Northleach in Gloucestershire) his wife,—was born at Whitehall, S. George's, near Bristol, March 13th, 1807. He was collaterally descended from William Patten, better known as William of Waynflete, Chancellor of England, and founder of Magdalen College, Oxford; his grandfather, John Eden, having married Elizabeth Patten, sister of Thomas Patten, D.D., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and rector of Childrey, Berks. His father held a Curacy in or near Bristol, and took pupils. All that is traditionally remembered of that long since vanished home indicates an atmosphere of intellect, taste, and cultivation. Musical skill was not wanting; and Coleridge recited to the family circle at an evening gathering at Whitehall the rough draft of his '*Ancient Mariner*.' . . . Eden's elder brother, Robert, honorary Canon of Norwich Cathedral and vicar of Wymondham in Norfolk,—who has achieved for himself celebrity as an author and as a Divine,—yet survives of that elder generation.

The subject of the present Memoir always spoke of his Mother with intense affection. He owed everything (he said) to her wise training and bright example. She survived her husband thirty-seven years. Shortly before the close of her life (March 25th, 1846), on being invited by her son to inscribe her name in a private memorandum

book, she recorded the experience of her 82 years of life as follows:—"The LORD will destroy the house of the proud, but He will establish the border of the widow." His Father, Charles Page Eden never knew,—Thomas Eden having died (July 22nd, 1809, aged 57,) when his son was but two years old, leaving a widow with eight children. These, it is allowable to presume, were but slenderly provided for,—seeing that little Charles's nurse offered, in her own and her husband's name, if Mrs. Eden would consent to part with the infant, "to bring him up as their own, to be—a *collier*."

The widowed Mother battled bravely for her little brood, the eldest of whom was but twelve years of age, parting with none of them. Charles, till he was fourteen, was sent to a day-school in Bristol. Afterwards he was placed at the Royal Institution School at Liverpool, under the Rev. John Boughey Monk,—a scholar whose valuable teaching he always remembered with gratitude.<sup>2</sup> Next, he obtained excellent help—and was himself a teacher—in a school which ranked second only to the Royal Institution. It was conducted by his cousin, the Rev. John Charles Prince. Thus it happened that, gifted with excellent abilities, Charles Page Eden enjoyed continuous classical training, until, at the age of eighteen, he went up to Oxford, and was admitted at Oriel as Bible-clerk (October 25, 1825),—supremely fortunate in thus coming at once under the influence of the accomplished scholars and admirable men who at that time were the college Tutors. In a very private devotional paper enumerating the chief blessings of his life, he was careful to record—"The good education so wonderfully provided for me, one stage after another, and good success granted me

<sup>2</sup> He was *the first* Head Master, Johnson, who now presides over the —1818-28. (From the Rev. H. J. School.)

therein;” adding immediately after,—“The having been sent to an excellent College,—but in a position” (alluding to his Bible-clerkship) “calculated to guard me from idleness and expense.” At the Michaelmas examination of 1829, his laborious undergraduate career was rewarded with a first class *in Literis Humanioribus*.

In the ensuing year he took his B.A. degree, and competed successfully for the Ellerton theological prize. In 1831, he obtained the Chancellor’s prize for the best English essay. The subject of the former was,—‘*Whether the doctrine of One GOD, differing in His nature from all other beings, was held by any Heathen nation or sect of Philosophers, before the birth of CHRIST:*’—the subject of the latter,—‘*On the Use and Abuse of Theory.*’ At the Easter of 1832, after two failures, he was elected Fellow of Oriel. In the next year he took his M.A. degree, and received Deacon’s Orders.

In the enumeration of signal blessings (set down in the private paper already quoted), his next memorandum is,—“My friends in Oxford,—the choice men of the day.” A juster ground of thankfulness cannot be imagined. His brother-fellows were some of the most delightful and accomplished gentlemen one has ever known,—Keble, Newman, Froude, Denison, Walker, Rogers, Marriott, Church. But it would be untruthful in a biographer were he to disguise the fact that there were occasions, not a few, when Eden strained those friendships severely. Whatever the cause may have been,—(and it is easy to invent more than one honourable excuse for the man one loved),—in those early days he was apt to show himself arrogant and conceited: or he could be tiresome and provoking in a high degree. Strange, that one who did so yearn for sympathy from others, could be

constantly inconsiderate, sometimes even rude! Stranger yet, that so holy a liver should, in his social relations, have so often seemed unmindful of that unwritten conventional code which enables men of the highest culture, though exhibiting great diversity of individual character, to live harmoniously, even very happily, together! But so it was. Let it, however, at once be stated, and in the plainest terms, first—That it was only the outside bark that was so rough. All might see that there was thoroughly good stuff within. And next—That Eden greatly mellowed and softened as he advanced in life; fought against his older self, and in the end effectually overcame it. Yes, and I must add that so entirely were these faults of manner external,—unconnected, I mean, with the inward man,—that I once heard him exclaim softly, (with something very like a tear in his eye),—“I know somebody *who is very sorry for it afterwards!*”

Eden was speedily appointed Tutor,—later on, he became Dean of his College. He was, I suspect, too conscientious in the matter of discipline to be popular in the latter capacity; too laborious a student himself, to be able to make himself pleasant to those who came unprepared to his lectures. But the cleverer men,—(and undergraduates are capital judges of a Tutor’s abilities and attainments,)—recognized his merit as a teacher. His Greek and Latin scholarship in fact was excellent: not showy but sound and thorough. No one was surprised to learn that he was a candidate for the Greek Professorship in the infant University of Durham; nor to find his candidature supported by his brother-fellow, John Henry Newman,—who wrote concerning him to Hugh James Rose as follows:—

“I find Froude has mentioned to you the name of our

friend Eden, as a man likely to suit for the Greek Professorship at Durham. He is a very clever man, and (as far as I know him) sound in his principles, though, at the age of 26 or 27, he cannot be supposed to have them altogether settled; but I know nothing to the contrary. He is a simple-hearted man, which makes him seem somewhat egotistical, though he is not so in mind (I believe) more than other men,—and he is much improved of late. I do really believe that he would do credit to the situation.”<sup>3</sup>

It should also be recorded that, though the actual course of his Tutorship was not happy, either with his pupils or with the Provost, it remains true that the men who had disliked him as undergraduates reverted afterwards to those days with the greatest gratitude for his counsels, and real understanding of their wants and dangers. Many are known to have expressed this feeling heartily. His lectures are remembered to this hour for their sterling value. A friend and neighbour<sup>4</sup> once remarked to me,—“I learned more from him at Oriel than from any other tutor in College. His clearness, vivacity, and power of illustration, interested and stirred me up. He threw a light upon Horace’s Satires which was quite new and engaging to me. *I have never forgotten it.*” Another old friend,—a distinguished scholar, unfortunately no longer a neighbour,<sup>5</sup>—sends me the following as his prevailing recollection of the same period:—“He was an unsparing critic of our compositions (our English compositions especially), but *a very useful one.*”

But I am getting on too fast. Eden having taken Priest’s Orders in 1834, first made proof of his Ministry

<sup>3</sup> Postscript to a letter dated, ‘Oriol College, 16 Aug. 1833.’

<sup>4</sup> Rev. Carey H. Borrer, Treasurer of Chichester Cathedral, Rec-

tor of Hurstpierpoint.

<sup>5</sup> Rev. D. P. Chase, D.D., Principal of S. Mary Hall.



as Curate to the Rev. John Calcott, then Chaplain of S. Michael's, Oxford. His connection with that parish began in the Long Vacation of 1835, and terminated before the Easter of 1839. Here, he established his reputation as an energetic parish Priest. His sermons at S. Michael's became even famous in the University. He was appointed select Preacher in 1838,—again in 1853. In 1835 he published a pamphlet: its title,—“*Self-protection, the case of the Articles*, by Clericus.”

The Deanship of his College, to which he was elected in the October of the same year, was of course incompatible with the necessary demands of a Curacy. Eden had given his heart to his sacred calling, and his zeal was as conspicuous when he was without a parish as when he was in charge of one. Oriel College had recently purchased the Littleworth (then called the ‘Wadley’) Estate,—a hamlet of Faringdon, which was as yet unprovided with either Church or Chapel. As a necessary consequence, the peasantry were almost in a heathen state. An aisle of Faringdon Church used to be known as the ‘Littleworth Aisle’; and a short cut across the fields (still called ‘Church-path’) was made for the convenience of the inhabitants. But they were utterly neglected. Eden, finding the College indisposed to build a Church at Littleworth, at once set about soliciting subscriptions with a view to erecting one; and was so strenuous in his canvass that, in the end, a Church was erected.<sup>6</sup> The Provost and Fellows, with other members of the College, contributed in all upwards of 1300*l.* towards the Building and Endowment Fund. Littleworth Church was consecrated on the 29th May, 1839,—on

<sup>6</sup> The architect (Underwood) was the same who furnished designs for

the little Churches of Summertown and Littlemore.

which occasion, the Provost of Worcester (Dr. Cotton), who had been a munificent contributor to the work, preached the Sermon. It was the commencement of a new era.

The first Curate (1838) and Incumbent (1839) was the Rev. Joseph Moore (Vicar of Buckland-cum-Littleworth), who long after (*viz.* in 1875) at his own expense (800*l.*) added a Chancel to Littleworth Church, as well as increased the slender endowment of the cure.<sup>7</sup> Moore was a great friend of Eden's,—who in Vacation time, delighted in riding over and officiating as honorary Curate. Still lingers on with old Oriel men the memory of the anecdotes he had to relate concerning his horse, and his rides to and fro; and how, on principle, he gave the animal its day of Sabbatical rest *on a Monday*.<sup>8</sup>

I recall with interest a visit to Littleworth on the 22nd April, 1847. That hamlet is only a mile distant from Wadley House, where (as lords of the manor) Oriel College used every year, soon after Easter, to hold a "court baron and leet." A certain old-world charm there was in those expeditions which made them agreeable; but the actual proceedings—except when they were picturesque—were tedious and the reverse of interesting. The Provost (in full Canonicals),—supported by the legal functionary of the College, and attended by as many of the Fellows as were disposed for a holiday,—of course presided. I have seen the whole body engaged in unrolling

<sup>7</sup> At the instance of the Rev. Edw. Thorp, and chiefly through the liberality of Oriel College, a parsonage house was built at Littleworth in 1884. The endowment has also been increased through the exertions of the same gentleman. So eminently has the good work which C. P. Eden initiated some 50

years ago, grown and prospered!

<sup>8</sup> "Mr. Eden," the hero of Charles Reade's novel, (*"Never too late to mend"*), corresponds only in name,—and to some extent in respect of scene,—with the subject of the present memoir. The connection, I am assured, is wholly fortuitous.

yard after yard of the inconvenient records of the Court, with a view to ascertain whether there existed '*temp. Jacobi I.*' traces of a right of way over certain lands &c. &c. ('Wisdom of our forefathers!' Chase was heard to ejaculate gravely at every fresh revolution of the ponderous roll.) . . . The practice of those days was to dine on our way back at a little roadside Inn, at Pusey Furze,—some three or four miles short of Wadley. Such of the Fellows as could not spare the whole day would ride over, and meet the rest of the party at dinner. On the occasion already referred to, little eloquence was required on Eden's part to persuade me, about noon, to slip away with him,—in order to become introduced to Littleworth, and to end the day by dining with his friends at Buckland. The Rev. Joseph Moore had recently married the youthful daughter of Davison, sometime Fellow of Oriel, and author of the famous "*Discourses on Prophecy*,"—a circumstance which made her an object of supreme interest in my eyes. We made out our little expedition very successfully, had a delightful afternoon and a charming evening:—Eden, all the while, in the highest spirits at finding himself in the locality which was so dear to him, and in the society of the man who had so strenuously helped him to fight and win the battle of Littleworth. He was asking after everything and everybody; and all the way back tried to persuade me that there was no place and no people in the world like Littleworth and its natives. But indeed, the neighbourhood had been singularly blessed. Denchworth, which is only a few miles off, has been mentioned in a previous memoir as the scene of Dr. Cotton's energetic ministerial labours and munificent exertions on behalf of the peasantry of Berkshire.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> See above, pp. 73-7.

I have been speaking of a phase of Eden's life, and an aspect of his character, with which his College friends were not generally acquainted. When I have asked any of them for anecdotes of this period of his life, they have shown themselves familiar rather with grotesque and incongruous images. Thus, Dr. Greenhill (on reading the first sketch of the present memoir,) wrote,—“I think you might have told us about his adventures in the mob, with Rogers and Church, on the 5th of November, '38 or '39.” (Far be it from me to attempt to describe what Lord Blachford and the Dean of S. Paul's could narrate so much better.) A famous Archdeacon, also a brother-fellow, on being asked for any recollections of those days,—(after a dramatic rehearsal of the well-known incident to which Dr. Greenhill refers,)—proceeds as follows :

“In our old Waterperry times, Eden was constantly over there on Sundays. With an old French friend, a governess of the girls, he was often in controversy; but his French was indifferent, and his manner positive. Many times he would say—‘*Madam*’ (as if there were two *m*'s at the end)—‘*Ma'lam*, je déteste les Français;’ adding in English, out of very kindness of heart—‘I hope I haven't gone too far?’”<sup>1</sup>

Another story of the same class, which belongs to Oriel proper, will be best appreciated by Oriel men. Heavy complaints against the College cook having been brought by the undergraduates to Eden (in his capacity of “Dean”), he sent for the offender, recapitulated his several delinquencies, and in the most slashing style “slanged,” even threatened, him. After a pause,—“La, Mr. Eden,” rejoined the cook, in a confidential tone,—pleasantly tossing his head, and assuming a bland, patronising smile;—“it's of no manner of use attending

<sup>1</sup> From the Ven. Archd. Denison.

to what the young men tell *you* about *my* dinners. Why, you know, Mr. Eden, they come just in the same way to *me*, and complain about *your* lectures." Eden (who had the keenest sense of the ridiculous) was so overcome with a dreadful inclination to break out into a guffaw, that he dared not reply. I believe he fled into his bedroom and bolted the door. Anyhow, the cook remained master of the situation.

It may have been the recollection of that unsatisfactory encounter which induced Eden, next time, to manœuvre more skilfully. A prebendary of this Cathedral, Rev. R. C. Powles, describes the scene at the end of 40 years.—It was a high-table dinner, and Eden (as "Dean") was in the chair. The cook was sent for into Hall, (a proceeding highly annoying to the functionary, who perforce appears in the insignia of his office—paper cap, &c.)—has to march up towards the high-table,—and, in the presence of the assembled guests and the whole body of the undergraduates, is constrained to listen to an allocution which is sure to prove the reverse of complimentary. "Mr. King!" (here, Eden applied the fingers of either hand to the sides of the hot-water plate before him: then, erecting the forefinger of his right hand, he exclaimed with a voice of menace,—“Not a word, Mr. King! These plates—not a word!” (again imperiously erecting his forefinger) “were meant to be—hot. They are—cold.” (Up went the forefinger again.)—“Not a word, Mr. King!” (*Exit coquus*, pursued by a shout of derisive laughter.)

While on this head, I may not fail to mention what an exceedingly witty man Charles Page Eden was. Chiefly was he felicitous or droll,—as the case might be,—in his classical allusions. "*Cereus in vitium flecti*,"

he once exclaimed at dinner, (for we did not as yet burn gas in hall), when the guttering from the wax candle,—first, stiffened into a curve,—then, broke away,—and finally, invaded his plate. . . . While he was engaged on his edition of Jeremy Taylor, it was obvious (sitting by his side) to inquire, ‘What discoveries he had made to-day?’ “I think I have caught the good man tripping,” he once replied, “but the company shall judge. Jeremy is made to say that some monarch of antiquity gave to his daughter *America* for her portion.” “Why, *America* had not yet been discovered!” some one sapiently remarked. “No, to be sure,” ejaculated Eden, “‘*nota quae sedes fuerat Columbo.*’” (He explained that it was a misprint for ‘*Armenia.*’). . . . But his pleasant-ries were without number. . . . Once, at dinner, (the day having been piping hot), some one broke silence with,—“Well, *I’ve* been doing a cool thing.” “What!” (exclaimed Eden, gazing at the speaker with well-feigned amazement),—“*To-day?*” . . . Asked by a pupil, ‘What books he had better get to read on the XXXIX Articles?’ —“Books on the Articles?” exclaimed Eden, “Why, buy Tomline—and Burnet,” (which of course he pronounced “and *burn it*”) . . . When one hears witty things said without effort at every meal, it is little supposed that the time will come when one shall remember such scintillations as curiosities.—I recall, after my Ordination, asking Eden if he had any advice to give me about Sermon writing. He looked graver than necessary, took up a visiting-card, and wrote at the back of it,—“Beware of putting *all the Divinity you know* into your first Sermon.”

In the great Oxford movement, throughout the whole of which Eden was resident at Oriel, I suspect he was not a little indebted for his security to the practical



outlet provided for his cravings,—moral and spiritual,—by the active parochial work of which I have spoken somewhat largely, and which may be truly declared to have been one of the requirements of his nature. Besides this, he had happily imbibed the genuine Catholic spirit of our great Anglican Divines, by a patient study of their writings; and thus was proof against that sectarian Romeward leaning which so miserably disfigured the later movement, and proved fatal to the faith of so many. But throughout that sifting and trying time, every resident of mark found himself in a measure compelled to take a side; and it is needless to say that Eden was heartily with the (so called) “Tractarian” party.

Report assigns to him the authorship of Tract No. 32 (*‘The Standing Ordinances of Religion’*).<sup>2</sup> At the end of fifty years after its production, on being appealed to on the subject,—‘It certainly may be called mine,’ (he wrote to Mr. F. H. Rivington,) “and I am happy to appear in such good company as the authors of Tracts, vol. i.” In his own copy of *‘Tracts for the Times,’* is found the following memorandum, written in the last year of his life:—

“I believe that Tract 32 (on *‘The Standing Ordinances of Religion’*) was written by me,—whether touched up by J. H. N. on its passage to the Press, I cannot say.—J. H. N. in starting the series, (under the circumstances set forth in the preparatory Advertisements and early Tracts), allowed some of his junior friends to furnish contributions; but gradually the work gathered itself into the hands of the more learned few, with a more marked line of doctrine than some of us,—including myself,—could see our way to follow.

“CHARLES PAGE EDEN, Easter, 1885.”

<sup>2</sup> *‘Whitaker’s Almanack’* for 1883, pp. 442-1.

In 1845, he published a '*Letter to the Bishop of Oxford concerning Tract No. 90*,' in defence of the Author,—although himself an Anglican to the backbone. Finally, on the resignation of Mr. Newman, Eden succeeded to the vicarage of S. Mary-the-Virgin's, October 17th, 1843. When the '*Apologia*' appeared, he was heard to exclaim—"Intense unconscious love of power!"

He retained S. Mary's till the Easter of 1850, when he was in turn succeeded by Charles Marriott. A perilous undertaking, truly, it was to succeed to that pulpit after such an one as John Henry Newman. But S. Mary's is a thoroughly delightful parish to serve, and Eden was not wanting in devotion, earnestness, or ability. He formed a Bible-class for the young shopmen of the parish. It was impossible to listen to him, Sunday after Sunday, without making advances in Divine knowledge. He was by many greatly beloved; for he was known to lead a singularly consistent and holy, as well as an eminently useful, life. Large-hearted, open-handed, self-denying, sincere,—he was looked up to by every one in the University whose good opinion was worth having.

What were Eden's political opinions, may be readily divined. A correspondent of the '*Guardian*,' who signs himself '*Canonicus*,' relates of him as follows:—

"When Mr. Gladstone's seat was first threatened at Oxford, a brother of mine then residing there, (to whom Eden had showed much kindness), to his great surprise saw his name appearing on Mr. Round's Committee. He expressed his astonishment to Eden, remarking that he thought all his sympathies, ecclesiastical and theological, were with Mr. Gladstone. 'So they are,' was his reply, 'but I have no confidence in his stability. He is a man who can persuade his conscience to anything. He swims with the

stream, and I should never be surprised to see him voting for the abolition of Church-rates, or for the exclusion of the Bishops from the House of Lords.'"<sup>3</sup> Eden however meddled little with politics. He was essentially a learned and thoughtful Divine.

He was also certainly one of the most original of Preachers. Having folded certain large sheets of paper into an octavo pamphlet of about twenty pages, he would produce this document in the pulpit, unadorned with cover or disguise of any kind; hold it close to one of the pulpit candles, (for he wrote small and his sight was not strong); toss his head slightly back, and with fixed gaze and solemn emphasis proceed to read. There was no verbiage, no redundancy of expression anywhere discoverable. All was clear, terse, logical, scholarlike. The points in the Sermon were unmistakable, even as the sincerity of the Preacher was conspicuous; moreover, they were all *very good* points. There was just a dash of quaintness in the entire exhibition,—call it originality if you will,—which rather added to, than detracted from, its attractiveness. I recall an occasion on which, (his eyes fastened earnestly on his manuscript), he began somewhat as follows:—"My brethren, my sermon last Sunday afternoon struck me as being so very important, that I propose to-day to read it over again." And read it he did,—I cannot describe how deliberately.

He was as sound, as learned, and judicious a Divine as any I have had the happiness of numbering among my friends. Not particularly addicted to fishing in Commentaries, he had found out the far "more excellent way" of being all his life a truly thoughtful and laborious student of the Bible itself. He fed upon it: lived upon it: to employ a phrase of one very dear to us both

<sup>3</sup> From the *Guardian* (Feb. 10, 1886),—p. 217.

(Charles Marriott), he habitually "*intended* his mind" upon it. In consequence, being thoroughly sound in the faith,—(for he was a great master of Anglican divinity),—blessed with a calm, clear, and vigorous understanding, as well as gifted with a chastened imagination,—he had always something valuable as well as interesting to offer about any place of Scripture, whether difficult or easy. His remarks reminded one of Bengel's. The secret of his success as an expositor was his profound reverence: his fine theological instinct: and, not least, the interesting language in which he habitually clothed his thoughts. Take, as a specimen of this, his handling of the story of Adam's Fall.<sup>4</sup> It is much to be regretted that he published so little. What he did write deserves to be far better known than it is. I allude especially to a volume of '*Sermons preached at S. Mary's, in Oxford*,' published in 1855, and dedicated to the Provost of Worcester College, Dr. Cotton, "in remembrance of the blessing of his long and faithful friendship." Of those sixteen discourses, ten were delivered before the University at intervals between 1388 and 1854. Those on the '*Inspiration of Scripture*,' on the '*Unity of Design in Holy Scripture*,' and '*On the Study of Prophecy*,' are especially deserving of attention.

A copy of this volume lies before me, which Eden sent to his friend the Rev. Joseph Moore, with the following letter written inside the cover. I the rather give it insertion because it recalls, not ungracefully, the names of persons and places which have already come before the reader; as well as exhibits Eden as if he were actually speaking:—

<sup>4</sup> In a highly effective sermon, entitled, '*Results of Breaking God's Law*.' Michaelmas, 1854. It is

the second in the volume next mentioned.

“Aberford, Milford Junction, All Saints, 1855.

“My dear Moore,—I beg your acceptance of this little volume.

“One of the pleasures of authorship is that it gives one the opportunity of sustaining converse, as it were, with a distant friend. I remember with much satisfaction that you remarked, on hearing one of these sermons many years ago, that it was ‘scriptural.’ I trust that you may be able to express the same judgment of the whole volume, and that thus it may minister to the continuance of our friendship.

“I shall be interested in knowing whether yourself and Mrs. Moore are able, in reading these pages, to detect my obligations to my favourite author,—the writer of the admirable ‘*Discourses on Prophecy*.’ I must be excused for not having expressly acknowledged those obligations in the course of my own pages; the work to which I allude being one of those which,—once known,—become part of one’s own mind for the future, and identified with one’s best principles.

“Believe me ever sincerely yours,

“C. PAGE EDEN.”

I cannot dismiss the volume of Sermons which has occasioned the foregoing remarks, without again declaring that it deserves to be inquired after, and diligently read. Often was Eden urged by his friends to give the Church another selection from his manuscript stores, but he had one answer for us all:—

“In reply to your (and Burgon’s urgent) suggestion that I should publish,—experience seems to decide against it. I once published a little volume [of Sermons], and while I received many gratifying notices of them from persons whose judgment would carry weight, *the market* did not endorse their opinion. An issue of 500 hardly went off. A remnant hangs on the publisher’s hands.”<sup>5</sup>

In a previous page, something was said about Eden’s

<sup>5</sup> To the Rev. J. H. Moore, his former Curate,—Sept. 1, 1877.

Greek and Latin scholarship. A circumstance which strikes me as scarcely less deserving of friendly notice was his mastery of the English language. He wrote *classical* English,—a rare accomplishment at our Universities. Every one must have known thoroughly good Latin scholars who yet seemed quite incapable of writing a page of English without a solecism,—much less with elegance and classical propriety. Eden's skill and felicity in this respect must, I should think, have struck those who listened habitually to his Sermons at S. Mary's. For my own part, I never knew a preacher less apt to encumber his meaning with superfluous words, or to render it uncertain by illogically constructed sentences. He said the thing he wanted to say without circumlocution,—put it very clearly,—and *let it alone*. Without the exquisite idiomatic felicity of Newman, or the graceful vigour of Church, he certainly knew exactly what was in his own mind, and how to express it in language which should not offend the most fastidious taste. He was a thoroughly good English *scholar*. Perhaps it is worth adding that (to judge from several specimens of his autograph manuscripts),—he wrote his meaning off at once; did not (I mean) toil over his written pages,—correct and re-correct them,—as the manner of some is.

While on this head, I cannot help recalling (with a smile) his inveterate habit of writing very short (as well as meagre) letters. But in fact his letters (strange to relate) were always *notes*,—were written, I mean, on paper measuring  $4\frac{3}{4}$  by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Not unfrequently he would have recourse to a second sheet. But I never remember having received (or seen) a letter from him commenced on larger paper. No, nor have I ever received or seen a letter of his which did not appear



to have been written in something like a *hurry*. Let it however also be stated, in all faithfulness, that though there was not a word wasted,—he never failed to say plainly and well what he had in his mind to say. Nor was there any lack of courtesy, not to say of kindness, in those curt and sometimes rather disappointing communications.

A solitary exception to the foregoing remark presents itself,—so interesting, so important even, that I venture to insert it entire, as it has been sent (by Dean Church) to me.

“Aberford, Leeds, 9 Nov. 1880.

“My dear Dean of S. Paul’s,—In compliance with your wish I put on paper the anecdote I gave you.

“In the year 1832 or 3, being in Bristol, I heard that it was proposed to put up a mural tablet in the Cathedral to the memory of Bishop Butler. A gentleman who was taking a leading interest in the design told me that the sum required was (I think) 130*l.*, and that the contributions halted at 10*l.* short of that. I promised to apply to the College, Butler having been an Oriel man,—(which I did, and they immediately made up the sum.) My informant also told me that they had applied to Mr. Southey the Poet Laureate, a native of Bristol, to write an Inscription. Mr. Southey’s reply, which was shewn me, was remarkable. He said he was sorry they had applied to him, because he was not the man to do it: an Inscription, (he said,) should be written with much precision, and have no faults; whereas his rule in writing had always been to think as much as possible about what he had to say, and as little as possible about the manner of saying it.<sup>6</sup> However, he would try. He sent an Inscription, a prose sentence, which I thought excellent. Not so however the Prebendary then ‘in residence,’ Dr. Samuel Lee, the great Oriental scholar; who criticised it severely, and was making several alterations.

<sup>6</sup> The reader is invited to refer to what is written above, about Dean Mansel’s practice,—in p. 222.

But the vernacular was not his *forte*. I was petrified at his proposals, and urged my friend at all hazards to ignore them. He told me this was impossible, Dr. Lee being for the time the paramount authority. At last, I prevailed upon him to risk it, and the Inscription was,—I believe entirely,—saved. One of the Doctor's requirements, I remember. “‘It was reserved for him.’—‘Reserved?’ *Who* reserved it? I suppose he means, ‘it remained’; put it so.” &c. &c. This was nearly fifty years ago, but I think I can trust my memory for the particulars.

“Southey was reckoned the best prose writer of his day, and it is interesting to learn from himself what his rule for composition was. It will remind you of an elegant paragraph in Cicero (*‘Orator.’* 23). Speaking of the *numeri* to be sometimes observed in Oratory, he mentions favourably a style, *‘quod indicet non ingratam negligentiam, de re hominis magis quam de verbis laborantis . . . . Illa enim ipsa . . . non negligenter tractanda sunt, sed quaedam etiam negligentia est diligens. Nam ut mulieres esse dicuntur nonnullae inornatae, quas idipsum deceat, sic haec subtilis oratio etiam incompta delectat. Fit enim quiddam in utroque quo fit venustius, sed non ut appareat.’* . . . Is it not a charming sentence?

“Ever most truly yours

“C. PAGE EDEN.”

Subjoined, will be found Southey's fine Inscription on Butler's mural tablet in Bristol Cathedral,<sup>7</sup>—which “it

<sup>7</sup> “Sacred | To the Memory | of |  
JOSEPH BUTLER, D.C.L. | Twelve  
years Bishop of this Diocese, | and |  
afterwards Bishop of Durham; |  
whose mortal part is deposited |  
in the Choir of this Cathedral.

Others had established | the His-  
torical and Prophetical grounds |  
of the Christian Religion, | and |  
that sure testimony of its truth |  
which is found in its perfect adap-  
tation | to the heart of man. | It  
was reserved for him to develop |

its analogy to the Constitution |  
and Course of Nature; | and, lay-  
ing his strong foundations | in the  
depth of that great argument, |  
there to construct | another and  
irrefragable proof; | thus render-  
ing Philosophy | subservient to  
Faith, | and finding in outward  
and visible things | the type and  
evidence | of those within the veil. |

Born A.D. 1692. Died 1752.”

(This follows in a panel, be-  
neath):—

was reserved " for the subject of these pages to preserve from barbarous mutilation. Eden's next letter to Dean Church is (of course) a *note* :—

"Aberford, Leeds, 12 Nov. 1880.

"My dear Dean,—Pray make any use which suits you of my anecdote. I also corrected the notice of Butler's *degree*. It used to be written 'L.L.D.' This was a mistake frequently made.<sup>8</sup> Dr. Bliss told me the University of Oxford had not given degrees in *Canon Law* for centuries. 'LL' means 'Legum,'—Civil and Canon. In the published list of Graduates, Johnson is given as D.C.L.

"Ever truly yours, C. P. EDEN."

"P.S. Of course you know Blunt's (J. J.) two papers in the Quarterly, on Butler's (1) Works: (2) Memoir. They are in the collected volume, '*Blunt's Essays*,'—and will repay the reader.

"Did it ever occur to you that Butler's great argument in the Analogy is exactly that of 1 Cor. xv. 36? The case standing thus :—

"*Obj.* 'I cannot swallow the notion of the Resurrection of the Body.'

"*Ans.* 'Whatever becomes of your difficulty, I point out to you that GOD certainly does the like in Nature.'"

What immediately precedes has interrupted my narrative somewhat too largely; but I was unwilling to withhold such interesting materials, and I knew not where to introduce them with greater propriety than here. It was of Eden as a Preacher, and of Eden's Sermons, that I was speaking. By far the most successful of his efforts of this class was a sermon preached

"He who believes the Scripture to have proceeded from Him who is the Author of Nature, may well expect to find the same sort of difficulties in it as are found in the constitution of Nature."

Origen, '*Philocal.*' p. 23.

(For the above, I am indebted to the Rev. W. Mann, Precentor of Bristol Cathedral.)

<sup>8</sup> It is so engraved on the silver coffee-pot(?) which Butler presented to Oriel College.

before the University in 1840, entitled by himself '*Waiting on the LORD*,' but which ought rather to have been entitled '*Early Prayer the Secret of a Holy Life*.' It made a wonderful impression on the academic auditory, and has been referred to by many with grateful emotion at the end of twenty or thirty years. Eden was prevailed upon to print it for private circulation, and it subsequently reappeared as a tract. It occupies the foremost place in his published volume, and was again reprinted (by myself) for distribution among the undergraduates, in 1867. This truly precious composition ought to be put into the hands of every young man on his first going up to the University. Its argument may be inferred from the text (Is. xl. 31),—"They that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength."

Two discourses by the same author are to be found in two of Bishop Wilberforce's Lent courses at S. Mary's.<sup>9</sup> Two other sermons appeared in a volume compiled for the use of pupil-teachers. One, on "*Retribution*," was privately printed by himself.<sup>1</sup> Another (it is a very brief one) on the "*Ember Prayers*," was preached in York Minster on the 14th Sept. 1873. A Sussex magistrate, who happened to hear that sermon, offered to defray the expense if the preacher would consent to publish it.<sup>2</sup> His only other separately published sermon will be found described at p. 331. A sermon which he delivered in York Minster on the Athanasian Creed (Quinqua-

<sup>9</sup> I have only a memorandum of his Sermon (preached Mar. 3rd, 1885) on '*Shallowness in Religion*.'

<sup>1</sup> On S. Luke vi. 38,—reprinted from '*The Church of England pulpit*.'

<sup>2</sup> On Jeremiah iii. 15.—Parker,

Oxford, pp. 15, 1873.—There are Sermons of his in certain '*Sermons on the Epistles and Gospels*' published by the S.P.C.K.: viz. at p. 181 (S. Matth. vii. 21), and p. 281 (Gal. iii. 19).

gesima, 1871), is the best defence extant of that priceless feature of our Liturgical inheritance.

But it was as an Editor that C. P. Eden submitted to the severest literary drudgery. For the '*Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology*,' he is known to have conducted through the press with infinite labour (in 1846) a new edition of Andrewes' '*Pattern of Catechistical Doctrine, and other Minor Works*,'—a truly admirable volume which every Divine should possess. A characteristic passage from his editorial 'Notice' prefixed to the volume deserves to be transcribed:—

"There are now but a very few references in the whole book which have not been verified: a statement which they who know the works of that period will understand the importance of. The toil which this has required, the strange disguise under which some of the names were lurking,—'*Agesilaus*,' the holder of a remarkable view, turning out after every biographical notice of every '*Agesilaus*' had been ransacked, to be no King of Sparta, but the philosopher '*Arcesilas*,' (p. 26):—the '*Rabbi Abbidelus*,' after being hunted through all the regions of Hebrew literature, disclosing himself as the ancient historian '*Alydenus*,' (p. 49):—the people called '*Caes*,' after having been nearly abandoned as a lost nation, turning out to be the people called '*Seres*,' (p. 375):—'*Outerus's ancient descriptions*,' found by a happy conjecture to be Gruter's valuable work in disguise:—these, and the like, are recollections for an Editor, but of little interest to others."<sup>3</sup>

Even more characteristic of Eden is it, that, after such a prodigious expenditure of toil, he has nowhere identified himself with the volume in question,—not even by somewhere introducing his initials. I am reminded of

<sup>3</sup> Notice,—p. 5.

a feature of character which has already come before us in the Memoir of Bishop Jacobson,—p. 269-70.

His most famous effort of this kind was his new edition of the '*Works of Bishop Jeremy Taylor*.' It appeared in ten volumes in 1847-54. Altogether incredible is the amount of learned research which these two works, (but especially the latter,) occasioned him,—so scandalous was the inaccuracy, or rather the absence of care, with which Bishop Heber's edition had been carried through the press. These were Eden's contributions to the grand effort which was about that time made to recommend to a generation singularly careless of the Theology of their sires, the works of the most famous Anglican Divines.

An enumeration of the 'works' (in a different sense) of the world's 'unknown Benefactors' would be in a high degree interesting and edifying. With Eden, I believe, originated the scheme for obtaining those three Cemeteries which have proved so great a blessing to Oxford. For him, I am certain, 'it was reserved,' by his individual zeal and earnestness, to give effect to the design. A '*Report of the Oxford Parish Burial-ground Committee*,' dated February 1, 1844, which lies before me, indicates as fitting sites:—(1) '*The Holywell Fields*;' (2) '*The Field in St. Giles's Parish, where the Cholera Hospital was erected in 1832*;' and (3) '*The Field near Osney Mill*.' Long before he left Oxford, Eden enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing the three sacred enclosures thus indicated, fully established and universally recognised as a splendid public benefit.

This enterprise is alluded to by Charles Marriott, writing to the Rev. William Cotton (Sept. 24, 1844) in New Zealand:—

"Oxford has been rather disturbed of late by a con-



troversy about Burying-grounds. A plan was proposed for an 'omnium gatherum' Cemetery,—part to be consecrated; part, not. Eden, and the parochial Clergy, got up another plan for additional Parish burying-grounds." —[Next year (Feb. 26, 1845), Marriott writes:—] "They have at last completed the purchase of a piece of ground, (which turns out to be the old Osney burying-ground), for an addition to the churchyard room of Oxford. This is a great point gained; as there is a party which would much prefer a Cemetery with a line across it, for churchmen and for sectarians. There have been great difficulties and delays."

His connection with S. Mary's came to a close at the end of six years and-a-half. He was presented by Oriel College to the vicarage of Aberford, Yorkshire, (the Founder's earliest acquisition), on the 22nd of March, 1850. On arriving there, Eden rose to the requirements of his new sphere of duty with vigour and alacrity. He built a new and very commodious Parsonage-house, the site of the Vicarage being at the same time added to the churchyard; and he completely restored his Church, devoting towards the work nearly a whole year's income. A public footpath through the churchyard, he caused to be stopped; and never rested until he had made the sacred enclosure a very model of neatness and order. In due time, he improved and enlarged the Schools of the parish. Thus, it was not with him, as it is said to be sometimes with Fellows of Colleges who accept a remote country Cure in mature life,—namely, to find themselves 'out of their element': out of harmony with their unlettered neighbours: unable to accommodate themselves to the environments of humble pastoral life. Rather was the removal to Aberford, in Eden's case, a returning to his "first love." He threw himself, heart and soul, into every requirement of the time, and of the place, and of

the people; and was at once rewarded by what the wise man assures us is "from the LORD,"<sup>4</sup>—viz. a good Wife. He was so happy as to win the affections of the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the former vicar of Aberford. On the 16th of November, 1852, he was united (by a brother Fellow) to Isabella Jane, youngest daughter of the Rev. James and Anne Landon.<sup>5</sup> It was the beginning of his own complete felicity.

She was a lady of excellent understanding, as well as of delightful manners,—or she could never have proved the joy and solace of Eden's life. With a fine womanly instinct she appreciated her Husband's sterling moral worth,—revered his humble piety,—delighted in his intellectual power. She thought, (as was graceful and right,) that she leaned entirely upon him,—her 'oracle, her guide, and help.' "He was always able" (she said) "to answer a question, or to tell me where I could find an answer." But I strongly suspect (for I knew Eden *very* well) that, without being aware of it, it was *he* who leaned entirely upon *her*. On being told long after that some one had been struck by her husband's quaintness of manner in the pulpit, Mrs. Eden replied,—"*I* see him, and all he was, and did, through the softening veil of the affectionate intercourse of years. It was only those who had constant intercourse with him who knew him for what he really was." So completely did Eden realize by a blessed experience what it is to be (in Horatian phrase) "thrice happy, and more." . . . Four children were the fruit of their union, of whom the two elder are

<sup>4</sup> Prov. xix. 14. Comp. ch. xviii. 22: xxxi. 10.

<sup>5</sup> Eden's immediate predecessor

at Aberford was a younger brother of the Rev. Whittington Landon, D.D., Provost of Worcester College.

married.<sup>6</sup> All have proved a comfort and a blessing to their Parents.

An unknown writer relates as follows:—

“Mr. Eden, in 1851, soon after his removal to Aberford, preached, and afterwards printed, at the request of the clergy, a very helpful Visitation sermon—‘*The Things written aforetime written for our Learning.*’ The argument of the sermon is summed up in one sentence of it:—‘If GOD permitted Israel to fall into troubles, when it was His purpose (as in the sequel was made clear) to raise her from those troubles, the discovery that our own difficulties are the same, or strikingly parallel with those which our elder sister, the Church of Israel, was permitted to fall into, should give us an interest in the record of the deliverance which GOD granted to her’ [p. 4]. The parallel is worked out with characteristic skill and thoughtfulness.

“Towards the end of the sermon [p. 16] there is a word of wise admonition which I venture to think may suit these times as well as those:—‘I am not sure whether it has always occurred to the English Clergy of late, especially to the younger portion of them, how much they lose by eccentricity of Ritual, and the like. I am not sure whether it has been always remembered by them how they weaken the force of their moral teaching by it, by giving (namely) a handle to those who like not their teaching, to put each item of it aside as part of their eccentricity.’”<sup>7</sup>

The impression which Eden at this time of his life made on those who knew him most intimately, deserves to be recorded. His conscientious stewardship of his opportunities struck one person most: “the wonderful

<sup>6</sup> Rev. Charles Page Eden, Rector of Catsfield, Sussex:—Anne Isabel, (m. to Walter, son of the late Rev. W. Neate, Rector of Alvescot, Berks):—Thomas Bainbridge, and Mary Anne Eden.

<sup>7</sup> From the ‘*Guardian*,’ (Feb. 10, 1886),—p. 217. The letter is signed “J. K.”—This truly excellent Sermon was preached at Pontefract, at the Visitation of Archd. Creyke, April 30, 1851.

and methodical way in which he mapped out his time, and the scrupulous exactness with which he kept up his own private Theological reading."

He devoted an hour daily to studying a portion of the Old Testament in Hebrew: gave his whole attention to whatever he had in hand: and inculcated the same habit of close attention on those who came to him for counsel. The devout and exceedingly impressive way in which he conducted Family Prayers, is another point much dwelt upon. He used to preface them by a few verses of Scripture, on which he made suitable remarks,—always to the point. They were held in his study, where he habitually knelt in the same spot, close to a favourite engraving of the Last Judgment, in front of which hung a curtain.

One who, by the advice of the Rev. Arthur W. Haddan, went to read Divinity with the vicar of Aberford in 1856, bears eloquent testimony to his faithfulness and zeal. He relates of Eden that he was simply indefatigable in visiting from house to house, and that his ministrations to the sick were truly edifying. In the Almshouse (a large and rather grand Gothic building) his plain loving manner with the old men was admirable,—riveting their attention to his teaching, and winning their confidence. In the School, he almost invariably taught for an hour daily. "But no words of mine" (proceeds my informant) "can do anything like justice to his Sermons. Who could ever forget them?" . . . The Rev. F. G. Inge proceeds as follows:—

"There was no particular charm of manner or delivery,—rather the opposite. When he preached at Cambridge it was remarked that 'he was always saying striking things which fell to pieces in the pulpit'; and an ignorant rustic parishioner wondered why so many came to

listen to him, saying he himself could preach as well. But, once used to the quaintness of his manner, you became conscious that the importance of his matter grew upon you. It was always so sound, solid and good,—so thoughtful and suggestive,—as well as in a high degree practical. A visitor at Aberford remarked that ‘there was no need to go to London to hear good Sermons.’ The fertile and original mind made old topics seem new. His method of handling them was all his own. Many a hearer confessed that the Preacher had unravelled to him the secrets of his heart. When first he came to Aberford, he attempted to preach without book; but finding such addresses less acceptable to the congregation than written ones, (like Henry Martyn), he discontinued the practice entirely.

“He seldom allowed himself a holiday; and though furnished with an inexhaustible fund of amusing stories and racy anecdotes, was shy of dining out. When he did, he was rather apt to startle people. Once, at a party of squires and fox-hunters, the conversation becoming very dull, he suddenly propounded the question—‘Gentlemen! how do you justify fox-hunting?’ There was an immediate chorus of surprise and perplexity, and the animated discussion which followed was only closed by the hostess declaring that she ‘believed the fox liked it.’

“In his Parish he was an untiring and excellent visitor; often employing his evenings for that purpose, in order to catch *the men*. He would divide the Village with his Curate; and, at the end of a few months, exchange spheres with him,—when the discovery was generally made that he had accomplished more than the other, who was probably not half his years. He was diligent also in cottage lectures, and for some time in Night-schools. Like Mr. Keble, he constantly taught (with his Curate) in the Day and Sunday School, and catechised the choir-boys in the Church at the afternoon service. In fact, he lived in and for his parish,—never going away on Sundays; except to preach, in his turn, as Canon in York Minster; nor on week-days, except to attend, as Proctor, the York

Convocation. When he lost the use of his lower limbs, he persisted to the last in being wheeled into the Church, reading the Lessons, and addressing the people from his chair. Of the Clerical Society which met periodically at his house, it is needless to say that he was the life and soul. He commended Religion to all by his unfailing brightness and cheerfulness; and one person at least, through what he met with in that pleasant Yorkshire parsonage, completely recovered from the shock of the greatest bereavement which Man can undergo.”<sup>8</sup>

It deserves to be recorded that no one ever had more excellent or more devoted Curates; also, that no one ever appreciated the worth of his Curates more thoroughly, than he. In truth, the faithful Pastor *makes* (to some extent) the zealous Curate. There lies before me one of Eden’s letters to the Rev. J. H. Moore, (who had written to him from Florence,) dated,—“Aberford, the dear old study, connected with the memory of nine Curates, all of them now my friends, dotted over England, not to say Europe.”<sup>9</sup>—How true it is that the best *School* for the Ministerial Office is the Parsonage house,—the precepts and the example of such an one as Charles Page Eden!

Nor should the record be omitted that there were other lessons to be learned of him, besides those of personal holiness and strenuous practical piety. He was a truly *intellectual* companion. His brilliant wit and fine philosophic vein, at any time of his maturer life, must have struck every one. He was witty and thoughtful to the last. His passion for the books he had once made his own, revived and strengthened as he drew near the end of his course. His enthusiasm for Butler was always intense. When some young man, in prospect of a coming examination, complained in his hearing that he

<sup>8</sup> From the Rev. F. George Inge, Rector of Walton, Berkswich, Stafford.

<sup>9</sup> Written in or about 1881.



‘could not keep his books in his head,’ I remember hearing Eden ejaculate to himself softly,—“*My* difficulty would be to keep them *out* of mine!” To the last, in the evening, he used to resort to the pages of some ancient author. Homer was his latest favourite. He kept up his Hebrew and his German, by daily reading something, though it was but little, in both languages. It was the fault of those who were intimately associated with him if they did not kindle their torch from his, and bear it joyously onward in life’s race.

A letter of Eden’s to one of his Curates will probably be perused with interest by some:—

“I appreciate the kindness of your letting me be a partner in your difficulties. If I answer briefly to your questions, it is not because I have thought little about them, but because I have thought much.

“My difficulties, at your age, were greatly like your own. I recognise the picture at once. Had I to spend my years in the Ministry over again, I would (with GOD’s help),—

“1. Never linger in reproaching myself with having so little love to GOD, but spend more time in meditating on encouraging objects. I would gaze, until I saw it in the heavens, on the crown which CHRIST had for me, as the reward of my keeping up. I would see Him on a distant hill, holding it forth in my view, and beckoning me to come and have it, *through* the difficulties which I find in my way; not others, but those: for remember, my dear friend, it is by combating the real difficulties of your path, such as you find them, that you are pleasing the LORD and showing forth the power of His Spirit, the Spirit of faith and love.

“2. I would read the Bible more, and always as a communication directly from GOD to myself, intended to give me some instruction and encouragement in reference to the duties of the coming day.

“3. I would live strictly by rule, as far as the laying out of any day rested with myself. It is astonishing how lightly this makes the day go.

“By all means go in for Priest’s Orders.

“Touching your own despondency, do this. Look out people in your district who want to be *cheered* and encouraged in their Christian race, and look out suitable passages of Holy Scripture to go and read, and expound to them: and watering, you shall be watered again.

“Never despond. Patience worketh experience, and experience, hope; and [hope] maketh not ashamed; because the love of GOD is shed abroad in our hearts by the Spirit which is given to us.

“Let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due time we shall reap if we faint not.

“Write to me again, dear friend, when you feel that a word of sympathy will be a comfort to you.”<sup>1</sup>

In the summer of 1884, he determined to carry into effect a long-standing wish to have a parish ‘Mission.’ He turned for help (26th June) to an admirable former Curate of his own,—a man whom he heartily loved and appreciated, the Rev. James H. Moore, now Rector of S. Mary’s, Truro. This intended Mission came to nothing,—as well it might, projected under such unfavourable circumstances; but it is striking to meet with such a token of pastoral earnestness in one who was, at the same time, constrained to say for himself,—

“*My* work is done. Through the last four months I have been losing power in my lower limbs, by steady and unmistakable degrees. I fear I shall not be able to mount my pulpit-steps again: and, when up there, I cannot stand. It remains that I thank the LORD for giving me warning, and that I ask for grace to listen to His voice.

<sup>1</sup> To the Rev. J. E. Eadon, Preston, Hitchin,—Sept. 22nd, 1858.

"Surely, loving kindness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life: and I shall dwell . . . yes, I shall dwell. I know whom I have trusted.

"In reviewing my life and its blessings, I reckon among the chief the friends I have had.

"Yours through the days on earth and beyond, C.P.E." <sup>2</sup>

Let me, ere I conclude, gather together some of the evanescent records which have reached me concerning this, the latest period of Charles Page Eden's life. His wife relates as follows:—

"His last two years of work were a great effort to him; but we were very happy, in spite of the anxiety at his failing strength. The last year, a married parishioner, a collier, waited on him as tenderly and patiently as a woman. He wheeled the Vicar out in his chair in the afternoon, sometimes *into* cottages. The little children loved him so, that they gathered round his chair, and no scolding of their relations would keep them away,—to the Vicar's great delight. I think it was remarkable that coming to Aberford after forty years of age, he should have loved the place so much; for there were trials and hindrances which would have discouraged many, and made them think they must change. He was quite indignant when some one told him he was wasted in such a retired position. I remember him only once making application for any thing, and *that* was the Bampton Lectureship. He sent in his paper to the Provost, who gave some reason against it. It was about two years after our marriage. His sermons as Select Preacher were over, and he would have greatly liked the glimpses of the old Oxford life which the appointment, had it been made, would have afforded him. But the privilege of delivering a course of Bampton Lectures was not to be his." <sup>3</sup> . . . He had selected the early chapters of Genesis for the subject of his course.

From these and many similar notices which have

<sup>2</sup> Aberford, 3rd July, 1884.

<sup>3</sup> June 28th, 1886.

reached me, there was evidently in Charles Page Eden a fixed determination to devote all his remaining strength to his Master's service. His opinion and counsel were largely sought by the neighbouring Clergy. More than one declared afterwards,—“I always felt the better for being in his company. His self-denying and saintly life was an example to us all.” . . . His charitable interpretation of other people's words and actions increased as he drew nearer to the close of his days. A game-keeper in the parish remarked,—“He was always a peacemaker.” . . . “His careful and regular observance of the duty of self-examination” is singled out for remark by her who knew him best. “He never neglected it.”

It has been already fully implied that Eden's intellectual vigour never forsook him. He always had some book on hand. His wife relates that he used to read aloud to her of an evening, and during the last Autumn had entertained her with an English translation of the ‘*Paradiso*’ of Dante. He read to himself a sermon by Isaac Williams, or Newman, or Pusey, every day.

How calmly he looked forward to the great change which awaited him, is shown by the following sentences,—traced in uncouth trembling characters,—to a friend of other days:—“I am breaking up, not to say broken. You will certainly receive a different account ere long. Suffering, but with great comforts . . . ἰδε πηλίκους.”<sup>4</sup> This was written on the 30th September, 1885.

The last time he preached (“Gather up the fragments that remain”) was on a Wednesday, just before the beginning of Advent,—a wild and rainy, as well as very dark night. On reaching the Church he told his Curate

<sup>4</sup> Alluding to Galat. vi. 11.

and his Clerk, (an old and trusted helper), that he doubted whether he ought to have come, and reproached himself for the distress he had occasioned his Wife by coming. On his return home he seemed none the worse for the effort, but remarked that ‘he had preached for the last time.’

After this, he grew rapidly weaker. On the 23rd of November appetite and strength failed, and it became evident that he was sinking. He requested his Wife daily to read and pray by his side. When at last his son arrived out of Sussex, he received at his hands the Holy Communion, greatly to his solace and satisfaction; repeating to himself the “comfortable words” from time to time throughout the day. He was full of thankfulness and gratitude, full of love and kindness to all. He spoke of many of his old friends, to whom his mind was evidently reverting at the last. “I must wait God’s time,” he said, “but I long to be at rest.” He asked his children severally what would be their hope and trust when the like hour came to them? spoke to his Wife about their approaching severance; and asked her what she thought “it would be like?” meaning dissolution. It comforted him to have hymns repeated to him. The last Psalms he followed were those for the tenth day.

Late at night, on the ensuing Sunday, it became clear to his Wife and Children, who were assembled round him, that the end had arrived. The commendatory prayer was read by his Son. At two on Monday morning (December 14, 1885) his spirit passed away.

In pursuance with his request that he might be “carried to the grave by loving hands,” his Choir volunteered their services. His Curates, with whom he had

always kept up his connection, and whose friendship he greatly valued, assisted in the Burial Office, and followed their loved Vicar to the grave. His first Curate, Canon Moore, came up all the way from Truro for that purpose. What need to add that by his parishioners, to whom for five-and-thirty years, in life and in death, he had so faithfully ministered, Charles Page Eden was sincerely revered, as well as cherished, and for many a year to come will be faithfully lamented?

I propose to conclude the foregoing sketch of a truly *exemplary* life in a somewhat unusual way,—namely, by appending to it part of one of Eden's unpublished sermons. It was preached in York Minster on Quinquagesima Sunday, 1881: its text, Isaiah lvii. 2: its subject, "*The Intermediate State.*" I seem to hear the interesting, earnest, thoughtful cadences of the preacher's voice, while I read as follows:—

"Once more. There are who entertain the thought of more than probation, even of a reversal of doom in the unseen world. They claim it in the interests of Divine Mercy. I have not space to allude even to the arguments wherewith this extreme view is sustained; nor is it needful perhaps for the edification of those who now hear me. I am content to say that those who desire to expatiate in that topic, (the sunshine of the Divine benevolence,) may find a safer direction for their thoughts than in the attempt to reset the ancient sentence that 'in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be.'<sup>5</sup> Let them be content to draw more mercifully than perhaps they have been wont, their line of *who* may be hoped to be in the state of grace, 'in Mercy's sight.' GOD looketh on the heart; and reads perhaps the dispositions which He loves, where men fail to discern them. There may be an orthodoxy, cold and rigid, which hath little of the *mind* of the Gospel. There may be minds very

<sup>5</sup> Eccl. xi. 3.



imperfectly enlightened as to the doctrines of the Divine scheme, (like that of the poor woman who thought she could come and touch CHRIST's garment without His knowing it), but in whom the principle of Faith is clear and strong, and whom CHRIST judges thereby. There may be the other poor woman whom man would push aside, but whom CHRIST permits even to touch His sacred Person, because 'she loved much.' Let the assertors of Divine Mercy expatiate in *that* direction. They believe, doubtless, that heathens may be saved through CHRIST, if GOD sees in them the mind which in the believer accepts CHRIST; and would, had it known Him, heartily have accepted Him unto Salvation. Let them be content that Divine Mercy deal by like measure with those who, in a Christian country, are practically in a like case with the heathen.

"The pastor of a large parish knows what I mean. He has learned, after a long experience, to judge gently of his people, and in particular to give weight to their domestic and neighbourly charities among themselves; remembering how remarkably this feature is brought forward in our LORD's picture of the final Judgment, where *all* nations are gathered before the throne, and, (there being many who could not have heard of CHRIST), are judged by the rule of Charity; and the merciful and considerate are put on CHRIST's right hand,—the opposite characters, on His left. Yes, never let it be forgotten, (and GOD be thanked for the information!) that in the Last Day many shall find a gracious acceptance of their lives and persons which they dreamed not of. 'LORD, when saw we Thee'—and so on; and JESUS shall tell them when; and shall deal with them accordingly, shall set them on His right hand.<sup>6</sup>

"Do I mean that it is matter of indifference whether we name CHRIST's Name, and look for acceptance through Him and Him alone? No, brethren, we are in the light. I speak of those to whom little has been given, little light, and whom GOD can judge according to that little. May we, meantime, hope much; diligent

<sup>6</sup> S. Matth. xxv. 31-46.

to shew to others the light we have, to reach to them the torch which GOD has put into our hands, may we cultivate in ourselves the mind which shall prepare us, under GOD'S Mercy, for the place of rest and tranquil hope. Thither the chastened soul takes its flight when life's conflict is over. Yea, and at once, as far as we are told. The Judgment Day looks distant, but the place of rest is near: life's last moment joins on to the first experience of Paradise; we hear the word from white and quivering lips, 'Come, LORD.' We all but hear the reply,—we all but see the gate open,—the blessed 'mansion' receive its guest! The departed one comes back to us in the hour of prayer and Communion, not to tell us what Paradise is—(*that* could not be!)—but to cheer us in our warfare, as with the silent message,—'O could you know what we know!'"

Longuet

(XII). CHARLES LONGUET  
HIGGINS:

*THE GOOD LAYMAN.*

[A.D. 1806—1885.]

IT is not often that the grave closes over one who, without claiming to be in the ordinary sense of the word “a public man,” has been so widely known, beloved, revered, throughout his native county and neighbourhood, and indeed far beyond it, as the dear friend and brother, the story of whose precious life I am about to trace in briefest outline. Sitting in his library, surrounded by the books which till yesterday he called his own,—(he used playfully to call the library *mine*, so many long studious days have I passed without stirring, or wishing to stir, from my place near the window),—I find it difficult to divest myself of the belief that he may at any moment enter in quest of a volume, or to exchange words of kindness with me. It is a strange and a sad sensation with which to set about disentangling the pleasant memories of half a century of years; and to write of one who has so recently entered upon his ‘Saint’s rest.’

CHARLES LONGUET, eldest of the three children of JOHN HIGGINS, esq. of Turvey Abbey, Bedfordshire, was born

under his Father's roof on S. Andrew's Day, 1806. Five generations at least of his forefathers had resided at Weston Underwood,—a pleasant Buckinghamshire village about six miles distant from Turvey, where by the latter part of the XVIIIth century they had grown into two distinct families. John and Bartholomew, cousins, (grandsons of Hugh Higgins 'the elder'), then respectively married Ann and Elizabeth, daughters of Charles Kilpin, esq. by Ann, sister of Bartholomew Clarke of Hardingstone, whose only daughter and heiress married Sir Jacob Bouverie, afterwards Lord Folkestone. Charles Higgins, born in 1727, (second son of John and Ann),—Sheriff of London in 1786–7,—was the first to reside at Turvey Abbey, having purchased the manor of Turvey in the same year, together with a considerable estate in the parish, of Charles Henry, fifth and last Earl of Peterborough.<sup>1</sup> He was one of those with whom love of kindred, joined to an ardent attachment to their birthplace, is the ruling passion of their lives. His one ambition throughout a long, honourable and successful career, had been to end his days amid the friends of his youth, and in the scenes of his boyhood. I have heard him described as a man of large charity (to which indeed his local benefactions bear sufficient testimony), earnest but unpretending piety, much kindness of heart. He it was who established the Sunday School at Turvey in 1790. Thomas Scott, the Commentator, relates,—

“A house at Weston belonging to Mr. Charles Higgins became vacant and was offered to me at less than half the rent which I had previously paid. I accordingly

<sup>1</sup> In the person of this nobleman expired (in 1814) the honours of an illustrious and powerful house which, coming over with William the Norman, had been lords of the

soil of Turvey before the time of King Richard I. Several particulars concerning this family will be found in the ensuing pages.

removed to it.<sup>2</sup> Mr. H. took no rent of me, but *a hamper of pears* annually from a fine tree in the garden,—for which he regularly sent me a receipt.”<sup>3</sup>

Dying unmarried at the age of 66 in 1792, he became the founder of two families. His favourite nephew, John, was the father of the subject of the present memoir. He succeeded his uncle at Turvey Abbey in the ensuing year.

Of this gentleman, who was born at Weston Underwood May 3rd, 1768, the only son of singularly virtuous parents, my memory furnishes the living image. He was a country Squire of the best type; not by any means disinclined to the traditionary delights of his class, but with a soul above them. A Tory in politics (of course), he cherished wholesome traditions concerning “Church and King.” His domestics never left him: in three instances he had had servants for three generations out of the same family. Landscape-gardening and concern for his tenantry were his prevailing *hobbies*. But then he possessed much refinement,—was a capital letter-writer,—had a taste which amounted to a passion for poetry, painting, antiquities, books,—was beyond all things a lover of goodness, and conspicuously “a lover of good men.” Given to hospitality, he had an ample fund of agreeable stories,—some of which I have heard him tell more than once. Not a few quaint sayings too

<sup>2</sup> He removed from the picturesque house by the road-side, called ‘The Lodge,’ which was subsequently occupied by the poet Cowper.

<sup>3</sup> *Life*,—p. 126. ‘Pear-tree house’ is quite a picturesque object in Weston Underwood. The same rent continued to be paid to Mr.

John Higgins until Scott’s death. In that house Scott wrote his ‘*Force of Truth*,’—of which the first edition is dated Feb. 1779. “*It was revised by Mr. Cowper*,” writes the author; “and, as to style and externals, but not otherwise, considerably improved by his advice.” (*Ibid.* p. 127.)

he had, which—like his wine—had the merit of being old and wholesome.

A kinder host, a more agreeable and entertaining companion, is rarely to be met with. Once, on hearing me speak with rapture of the pleasure I had derived from an exquisite portrait of ‘Nelly O’Brien’ by Reynolds, he kindled with emotion,—described how very lovely she was,—recalled his young days when she was a toast at Northampton, and when to win her hand for a dance used to be a prime object of ambition with every young man in the room. He was old enough to remember a ball at (what are *now*) ‘Houghton Ruins,’ near Amptill. He had been a patron of William Collins, R.A.,—one of whose sweetly painted pictures (‘Boys bird-nesting,’ executed in 1826), hangs in the drawing-room;<sup>4</sup> and he had many amusing things to tell about the painter while on a visit to Turvey. Especially interesting was it to hear him descant on certain passages in his own youthful life;—as, the supreme benefit which (thanks to his pious parents) Scott’s ministry had been to himself in what must have been for the Church a dismally dark day.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> In a letter (dated 11 *New Cavendish Street, March 28, 1826*), the artist writes,—“During the summer and autumn I painted two pictures,—a group of children picking hops, and a large one of prawn-fishers, for the King. The former, I intend for the Exhibition: the latter, I took by his Majesty’s desire to the Lodge at Windsor, where I had the honour of an interview,—which was, I assure you, one of the most gratifying circumstances of my professional career.”

<sup>5</sup> “My congregations” (Scott relates) “were small but very select: at Ravenstone, on an average, not more than 40: afterwards, at Olney, (though that town contained about 2500 inhabitants,) seldom above 50 or 60: and at Weston, often under 30.”—*Life of Scott*, p. 160. He went to Ravenstone in 1775: removed to Weston Underwood in 1777: to Olney in 1781: to London in 1785. His three country cures are all within a couple of miles of each other.



“Scott’s energy in the pulpit” (writes Charles Longuet, his son,)

“was considerable; but being afflicted at times with asthma, he was often obliged to stop in the midst of his discourse to regain breath. Then, leaning forward, with a flourish of his arm in the air, and with what almost amounted to a shriek, he would commence again. It was on such an occasion, that, having attracted the wondering attention of my Father who was then quite a lad, and who was sitting just below the pulpit,—perhaps with a smile on his countenance at the grotesque manner of the dear old man,—Scott, thrusting out his arm straight towards him with an unusually vigorous flourish of the fist, ejaculated—‘It is very commonly said the devil is in you, but you little think how true it is.’”

One of the preacher’s shrewd maxims was this,—“When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has a very good reason for letting it alone.” “I have often” (my informant added) “acted on Mr. Scott’s saying, and found the benefit of it.” Cardinal Newman speaks of “Thomas Scott of Aston Sandford” as,—

“The writer who made a deeper impression on my mind than any other, and to whom (humanly speaking) I almost owe my soul. I so admired and delighted in his writings, that, when I was an undergraduate, I thought of making a visit to his Parsonage, in order to see a man whom I so deeply revered. I had been possessed of his Essays from a boy; his Commentary I bought when I was an undergraduate.”<sup>6</sup>

Interesting beyond all things, however, were my friend’s recollections of the graceful hospitalities of ‘Weston Hall,’ the picturesque old mansion of the Throckmortons, where he always found delightful society. This invariably led him off into something entertaining concerning

<sup>6</sup> *Apologia*,—p. 60.

the poet Cowper, who, in November 1786, at his cousin Lady Hesketh's suggestion and the Throckmortons' request, had removed from his house in the Market-place of Olney<sup>7</sup> in order to reside at Weston, (only two miles distant), in what was called "the Lodge." There the poet spent what proved to be the nine happiest years of his life.

He had just emerged into celebrity by the publication, at the end of four years, (namely in 1785,) of a second volume of poems, which caused him to be at once recognized as one of the most successful of English poets. My friend was then but 18 years of age. On learning that a neighbour of his was able to repeat any of his poems by heart, Cowper invited his youthful admirer to 'a dish of tea'; which was the beginning of a friendship to which Mr. Higgins ever after reverted with affectionate delight and excusable pride.

I greatly regret that I never committed to writing the entertaining reminiscences which Mr. Higgins, when first I knew him, used to produce concerning Cowper,—Mrs. Unwin,—Lady Austen,—Lady Hesketh,—and the two accomplished and cultivated brothers, John and George Throckmorton. These must have formed a delightful group indeed, to which John Newton, (Curate of Olney from 1765 to 1779,) contributed an interesting, though a somewhat grotesque, element. Of Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Throckmorton, the poet writes:—

"It is not possible to conceive a more engaging and agreeable character than the gentleman's,—or a more consummate assemblage of all that is called good-nature, complaisance, and innocent cheerfulness than is to be seen in the Lady."<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> He and Mrs. Unwin had arrived there Oct. 14th, 1767.

<sup>8</sup> (May 10th, 1784.) *Correspondence*,—i. 324.

Between the inmates of 'the Hall' and of 'the Lodge' there was constant intercourse.

"There are few days in which we do not meet," (writes the poet to his cousin, Lady Hesketh,) "and I am now almost as much at home in their house as in our own. Mr. Throckmorton having long since put me in possession of all his grounds, has now given me possession of his library: an acquisition of great value to me, who never have been able to live without books since I first knew my letters, and who have no books of my own. . . . Mr. George Throckmorton is at the Hall, and the whole party drink tea with us this evening."<sup>9</sup>

It is evident from many a hint in Cowper's letters, and especially from what I used to pick up from Mr. Higgins, that the great charm of those social gatherings was the table-talk; to which—what need to say it?—Cowper was ever the chief contributor. "We dined yesterday at the Hall," (writes the same to the same, a few months later,) "and spent our four or five hours there very agreeably,—as we always do, *except when the company is too large for conversation.*"<sup>1</sup> Mr. Higgins used to explain that it was not so much *what* "Mr. Cowper" said, as the way he said it,—his *manner* of relating an ordinary incident,—which charmed his auditory, or convulsed them with merriment. Moreover, they knew that something delightful was coming before it came. His eye would suddenly kindle and all his face become lighted up with the fun of the story,

<sup>9</sup> 'The Lodge, Aug. 30th, 1787.'

<sup>1</sup> Hayley (i. 262-3) withholds the first half of the letter from which I quote. And why does he suppress Cowper's tribute to Mr. George Throckmorton's pleasantness? "He has too a considerable share of drollery and quickness, of thought and fancy, of a kind which none of

the family seem to partake with him."

The dinner-hour of those days must have been a wondrous early one (I believe it was 3 o'clock), for Cowper elsewhere speaks of partaking of "*supper*" after his return home.

before he opened his lips to speak<sup>2</sup>. At last he began to relate some ludicrous incident,—which, although you had yourself witnessed it, you had failed to recognize as mirthful. A bull had frightened him and caused him to clear a hedge with undue precipitancy. His ‘shorts’ became seriously lacerated; and the consternation with which their modest occupant had effected his retreat home,—holding his garments together, in order that his calamity might escape detection,—was made extravagantly diverting.—Once, in the grey of the evening, while adjusting his shoe-buckle on the step of a stile, the village post-woman advanced towards him, and on reaching the stile,—little dreaming who was behind it, and what he was about,—inadvertently planted the sole of her foot on the back of the poet’s head. He,—as little dreaming who was overhead,—tossing up suddenly, seemed to himself to have caused the astonished female to make a kind of rotatory somersault in the air.—The fun of such described adventures of course depended in part on your knowledge of the persons and of the localities discoursed of; but above all, it resulted from the playful humour,—call it rather *wit*,—which was at all times prepared to construct out of the slenderest materials an amusing incident. So ready and so graceful in fact was the poet’s fancy, that he knew how to make an amusing story out of *nothing*. Did there exist any way of writing down the buzzing of a gnat,—so as to distinguish the droning noise he makes at the distance, from the stridulous sound by which he announces that he has at last found you out on your sleepless pillow,—I would convincingly illustrate what I have just been saying. But it is *not* possible; and

<sup>2</sup> The reader is invited to refer back to what was said concerning Dean Mansel,—pp. 210–11.

so, the story must remain unwritten, and at last depart with me.

Aware of his reverential admiration of Cowper, Mrs. Unwin used to indulge Mr. John Higgins with a sight of many of the poet's lesser efforts,—“spic and span” as she phrased it,—transcribed in her own beautiful Italian hand. One of her communications lies before me:—

“Mrs. Unwin presents compliments to Mr. Higgins, and as she is no stranger to his partiality for Mr. Cowper's poetical productions, has sent him two spic and span new pieces. One bears its origin on its face. The other is addressed to a Miss Stapleton,—a very amiable young Lady who was lately at the Hall; sings finely, and as soon as requested.

“Thus Mrs. Unwin would endeavour to make some little return to Mr. Higgins for the ornament he lately gave to the study. His drawing is framed and glazed, and the execution of it is much admired by all who have seen it.”

The note is unfortunately undated. But if (as I suspect) it refers to ‘*the Cockfighter's garland*,’<sup>3</sup> it must have been written in May 1789. However this may be, “Miss Stapleton” became in 1792 the wife of Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Throckmorton, and is the “Catharina” to whom the poet addressed the well-known verses in which her delightful voice and skill on the harpsichord are so gracefully commemorated. Of the many notes addressed to himself which he once possessed, (the rest had been begged by friends as autographs), Mr. John Higgins retained none but the following. It evidently belongs to the first days of Cowper's residence at Weston:—

“Mr. Cowper presents his compliments to Mr. Higgins,

<sup>3</sup> Only two other of Cowper's pieces transcribed by Mrs. Unwin have been preserved by the family,

—“*Pairing time anticipated*” and  
“*The needless alarm.*”

and the following extract from Lady Hesketh's letter:—  
'I send a waistcoat, which I beg you will present in my name to Mr. John Higgins. It is a miserable return for his beautiful drawings, but he must consider it as the widow's mite. Did I know anything that would be useful or acceptable to him, either in the drawing way, or in any other, I should be happy to send it him. Pray tell him his performances are approved by everybody. People regret that he is born to affluence since it threatens to deprive the world of such a genius.'—Mr. Cowper will expect the pleasure of Mr. Higgins' company at tea this afternoon."

It was for the monument of John's excellent Mother in Weston Church (1791), that the poet wrote the well-known Epitaph, (it appears among his poems,) beginning—'Laurels may flourish round the conqueror's tomb.'—My friend told me that, in the summer of 1792, often standing by while B. Abbot, R.A. was painting Cowper's portrait, on a certain occasion he sat for *the hand*,—the poet, weary of sitting, having forsaken his chair. Those of Cowper's admirers who possess a *silhouette* of him in which a slice has evidently been scraped away from the back of his wig, may care to be told that the very striking likeness in question was obtained by reducing a shadow of the poet's profile made by Mr. Higgins in 1791, —with which Lady Hesketh would not be content until 'a trifle' more than the shadow justified had been taken off. The flatness of the back of Cowper's head was even extraordinary. The ensuing winter (1792) was Mr. Higgins' last at Weston. Three years later Cowper himself took leave of the village,—on which occasion he is found to have inscribed at the back of the shutter of his bedroom window the mournful distich at foot of the page. At the end of about five-and-thirty years, my brother discovered the words, and sent me a copy of them in



a letter.<sup>4</sup> Cowper had promised Mr. Higgins to pay him a visit at Turvey before he left Weston for ever; but the intention had been formed too late.

I may be thought to have enlarged unreasonably, and lingered unduly, on Weston and the poet Cowper. My excuse must be that such as these were the traditions of the boyhood of the dear friend and brother of whose life I have undertaken to write some account. The memory of Cowper and of Cowper's intimates is inseparably bound up with the latest as well as with the earliest associations of his life. Certain relics too of the poet he possessed and cherished. Thus, he constantly wore Cowper's shoe-buckles.<sup>5</sup> The chest of drawers in which '*The Retired Cat*' ensconced herself stood in his bedroom. In an adjoining chamber is a chair furnished with three wheels—it had belonged to the Throckmortons—in connection with which his Father used to describe the poet's comical distress at finding himself on a certain occasion (like his own 'John Gilpin') taking a longer journey than he intended. A merry party of young people, having first set open the doors of every passage-room in Weston Hall, persuaded Cowper to seat himself comfortably in the aforesaid chair; and then,—paying no manner of attention to his urgent

<sup>4</sup> Farewell, dear scenes, for ever closed to me!

Oh, for what sorrow must I now exchange you.

July 28, 1795.

<sup>5</sup> They had been given to the poet's friend and neighbour, the Rev. John Buchanan (perpetual Curate of Weston Underwood); at whose death, in 1826, they were presented to Mr. John Higgins by Mr. Buchanan's cousin and execu-

tor.—A note lies before me (addressed by Mrs. Courtenay [Cowper's 'Catharina'] to Mr. Buchanan) inviting him to dinner at the Hall:—"Mr. Courtenay has a *whimsical* wish come into his head, that he should very much like to have a sight of Mr. Cowper's old *buckles*, which are in your possession. Perhaps you will be so kind as to bring them with you."

entreaties that they would stop,—whirled him, in triumph and in laughter, up and down the whole length of the mansion.—Cowper's verses were ever on my brother's lips; and the scenery of '*The Task*' was more dear, as well as more familiar, to him, than any in the world,—excepting always the immediate environments of his own happy home. Let me be permitted to add, that the more I survey the *idyll* of which I have been endeavouring, in what precedes, to convey to the reader some general notion,—the more attached to it do I become. It is really strange to what an extent the genius of Cowper,—his poems, his letters, his life,—have thrown an atmosphere of interest, a halo of glory rather, over all the surroundings of Olney and of Weston: breathed a soul, as it were, into the landscape which he loved, and peopled the broad silent street of the former village,—the deserted highway of the latter,—with undying forms, and none but graceful images or harmonious echoes. The picturesque mansion of the Throckmortons was dismantled in 1828,<sup>6</sup> but many an adjunct of their ancient dwelling,—‘the wilderness,’ ‘the avenue,’ ‘the alcove,’ ‘the shrubbery,’—yet survives. Neglect (what wonder?) is written everywhere: but there is a nameless grace which seems as if it must cleave to that pleasant locality for ever. The figures are gone, but the frame-work of the picture, so to speak, at the end of 100 years remains unchanged. Nay, the place in a manner repairs its losses by gaining in tender interest from year to year. And now, to turn the page.

After the alienation of 14 lordships in Bedfordshire and Bucks in the reign of Queen Anne, the parish of Turvey

<sup>6</sup> Immediately before its demolition, Mr. Higgins made drawings of its four sides. These have been privately lithographed.

(in the former county) alone remained to the Mordaunts. It was the centre of their vast territorial splendour,—the lordship from which they derived their earliest title. Here was the original seat of the family ('Turvey Hall'), of which not a vestige, nor (it is thought) a representation of any sort, at this time survives,—though its site is plainly marked by the remains of foundations, fishponds, and those many peculiar irregularities of the soil which invariably indicate the whereabouts of an ancient mansion. The park or chase abounded with game,—every hill and dale being thickly covered with ancestral forest timber. But there had been made a general clearance of trees previously to the enclosure of the parish, and the immediately subsequent dismemberment of the Turvey estate, in 1786–7: so that, on succeeding to his uncle's property in 1793, John Higgins found himself the owner of bare acres surrounding the old house (it dates in part from the time of Henry viith)<sup>7</sup> which had long been called "Turvey Abbey,"—it is supposed from some tributary connection with the Abbey of Bec, in Normandy. He set about planting in every direction,—in a soil highly favourable to the growth of timber, as the present aspect of the place abundantly attests. When I first visited Turvey (viz. in 1832) the road, at noon of day, was literally as dark as night to one nearing the village from Bedford. The garden front was most inconveniently embowered,—*buried* rather,—in forest trees.

In 1804 (November 1st), he married Theresa, eldest of the four daughters, co-heiresses, of Benjamin Longuet, esq. of Louth and of Bath.<sup>8</sup> At a long subsequent date,

<sup>7</sup> This is inferred from the ancient fire-places. The dates on the gables are '1603' and '1608.'

<sup>8</sup> The Longuets were a Huguenot refugee family. In consequence of an intermarriage with the Lefroys,

their son and heir,—born, as already stated, on S. Andrew's Day, 1806,—thus referred to the event in a letter to myself written almost at the close of life, carrying in fact its own date on its front:—

“On this day of the year, seventy-nine years ago, my dear Father and Mother were married. The ceremony took place at Queen Square Chapel, Bath. . . . My mother's youngest sister Maria had just before become the wife of Richard Orlebar of Hinwick House. He was rather short of stature; and much addicted, like other country gentlemen, to fishing. At the Bedford county Ball, which occurred just after our mother's wedding, and at which both the brides appeared, some amusement was occasioned by a gentleman present accosting Mrs. Orlebar with,—‘Ah, Madam! You have done pretty well. You have caught a very nice little Dickey. But your sister has caught the great Jack.’

“Do you remember the dinner which always concluded the ceremonies of the anniversary, at which James Chater and Thomas Benbow waited in pea-green coats, cuffs and collars turned up with red, a large red waistcoat, with plush shorts and white stockings, which displayed calves of extraordinary dimensions?

“It was the custom of those days to have all the substantial viands placed on the table at once. Six or seven ribs of roast-beef stood before my Father: a boiled turkey graced my Mother's end of the table; and an enormous ham figured in the centre. It was a marvel how people could eat at all in the presence of such an apparition: but, on the contrary, two assaults on the first only seemed to be provocative of further displays of vigour with reference to the second and third. It was certainly all very hospitable and ‘jolly,’ but I am thankful that things are done somewhat differently now. The only little bit of colour,

notices of them are found in the interesting privately printed ‘*History of the Lefroy family*’ [by

General Sir J. H. Lefroy, C.B.],—pp. x, xv, xvi: 22, 69, 194.

in the way of floral adornment, was the pink lobed seed-vessels of the *euonymus*. How different from our own happy experience! The dear fingers which so lovingly and artistically work in Deanery and Abbey gardens, so order things, that the whole table is easily made resplendent with flowers of every hue.

“Forgive me, dear old Johnny, for recalling such home matters, but the day raised up glowing memories in my mind, and my heart has run through my fingers into my pen.”

A second son, Henry Hugh, was born in 1814; the birth of an only daughter, Mary, having preceded, in 1808. The education of the two young men was conducted at home,—not very triumphantly, it must be confessed, as far as Greek and Latin were concerned; but in Natural History they made themselves great proficient, and to all the manly exercises of their age and condition they were both alike enthusiastically addicted. Let the younger of the two brothers be allowed to speak to this part of the subject for himself. He is addressing, as President, the ‘*Liverpool Naturalists’ Field Club*’;<sup>9</sup> and while professing to review ‘*Thomas Bewick and his Pencilings of Scenes in Winter*,’ he reviews *con amore* a specimen picture of his own early Past, at the end of almost half a century of years:—

“Nothing can efface my recollections of winter scenes familiar to me whilst I was in the home of my young days. I will endeavour to supply from memory the incidents of a December morning fifty years ago. Soon after 6 a.m. a servant awoke my brother and myself with the startling announcement—‘fifteen degrees below freezing, sir!’ A moment’s glance at the frosted window-panes, sparkling like diamonds in the slanting rays of the northern moon, and we were dressing (as may well be supposed) with little care to linger over the last

<sup>9</sup> *Address* at the annual meeting of the Club,—April, 1878 (pp. 12),—pp. 6 to 8.

touches of our toilet. Then came the first steps in the open air, as the door closed after us—softly, for fear of disturbing the sleepers, who in due time were to welcome us and praise our sport on our return. . . . What a morning! Brightly dark it was with the stars shining all in strange places; the stars of spring in the December sky, and the air solid through excess of cold. Good old Pilot (our retriever) meets us, but not with the boundings and barkings proper for starting on a rabbit foray. Demurely and half asleep he follows, with nose close behind our knees, for there is serious work to be done, testing his skill and honour; and he has to earn his basin of hot bread-and-milk,—grateful and comforting to a dog who has done his duty on such a morning.

“It is Charles’ turn to take the longer route, two miles round by the bridge; so I commence my way leisurely by the nearer road across the fields. Crisp needle-pointed ice crystals are growing in the thin and almost invisible sheet of grey mist that covers the turnip-tops; but it is not light enough to see their beauty. The sheep with hoary fleeces are still lying huddled together in their fold of hurdles, and a few larks spring up at my feet, unseen. I reach the meadow, but find myself too soon by twenty minutes. Charles will not have had time to reach his post on the opposite side of the river, so I rest near a low hedge. It is closely thatched by a bank of water-flags and rushes brought down by the November flood, and is bordered on the nearer side by a ditch in which the sedges stand crested and collared with broad frills of thin white ice, from which the water has drained away. My thoughts are intent on sport, but are nevertheless unconsciously drawn to the beauty of the scene. The stars are fading in the early dawn, and how silent and pure is the face of Nature! Hark, surely it is the distant cry of the Curlew, and *that* is a sound seldom heard in our south-midland counties.

“But now, watch in hand, I perceive that the anxiously awaited moment of approach to the river is drawing nigh. Charles will now be crossing the meadow on the further side, and we are to be on the opposite banks of



the river exactly at the same instant. Stealthily, with a creeping motion and a beating heart, the advance commences. A couple of snipes flirt up close to my feet, and fly *scaping* away. Let them go! a shot now would spoil all. Time is up: now for a quick step, or I shall be too late. The river here is very broad, including several small reed-covered islands studded with willow-trees and intersected by shallow winding streams, loved by the mallard and his mate. I am on the worse side, but get as near as I can. A stone is thrown from the opposite bank, and the splash of its fall between the islands is soon followed by the double report of Charles' gun. 'O ye ice and snow!' what a flapping and a quacking—the air is full of birds. A great blue heron jumps up, neck and crop, into the air within ten yards, and almost falls again before the heavy strokes of its wings can bear the frightened awkward creature fairly on its way.

"Whish!—before my very face a compact wedge of widgeon rush past, up the river. Ah, if my shot had been saved, two or three at least might have been bagged,—and they are rarely seen so far away from the fens. Smile not, kind reader! My gun in those days was not a double breech-loader but a single-barreled percussion gun, which in fact had had a narrow escape from being a flint. Well, I had got a good heavy mallard; and Charles, I would be bound, had got *two* birds of some kind. A shout comes from the other side,—'Pretty good *that*! Have you got *yours*?' 'Yes, have *you*?' 'All right,—the widgeon are down again. Hurrah!'"

To the Rectory of Turvey had come in October 1805, the Rev. Legh Richmond,—an excellent specimen of the school to which the Church of England was to a great extent indebted, under God, for whatever she exhibited outwardly of vital religion and practical piety during the last half of the former, and the first quarter of the present century. Whether it be not equally true that to the one-sided teaching, slender churchmanship, and irregular method of the leaders of that school, the

Church is further indebted for not a few of those divisions which at this day are the abiding sorrow of our country parishes,—it would be foreign to my present purpose to inquire. Such an one as Legh Richmond could not fail to exert a powerful influence over the inmates of Turvey Abbey. Besides being a sincerely pious man, he was a very entertaining person: was (what is called) ‘exceedingly good company’: above all, had three sons of his own to educate. It was at last arranged that he should obtain the services of a Curate competent to guide the studies of the boys of both families. Certain of these Curates,—(for there was a succession of them,)—proved but sorry scholars; while certain others, not unnaturally, experienced more satisfaction in trying to win the affections of one or other of the Rector’s charming daughters than in trying to kindle enthusiasm in the hearts of their brothers for Virgil and Homer. In brief, the educational experiment succeeded very badly. The inaptitude of Mr. Richmond’s Curates to teach their pupils Latin and Greek was only unimportant because they seem to have had so little of either language to impart. Certainly, to no help or guidance which he obtained from the preceptors of his boyhood, was Charles Longuet indebted for the extraordinary proficiency he subsequently attained in that varied knowledge which no English gentleman of the best type may be without; but which he, by the mere proclivity of his nature, cultivated through life with zeal, and eventually possessed in rare perfection. His studious, thoughtful habits were all his own. The end of the matter was that with as slender a classical outfit as was practicable, Charles went up to Cambridge, and under the Rev. Legh Richmond’s guidance was entered at Trinity College, on the 24th of May, 1824. Inasmuch however as the date of

his matriculation as a Pensioner of Trinity is found to be Nov. 14th in the ensuing year,<sup>1</sup> it is probable that he did not commence actual residence at Cambridge until the beginning of 1826, being then rather more than 19 years of age. The College 'Admission book' states that his Turvey preceptor had been the Rev. T. Ayre; and that the tutor to whom he was now assigned was 'Mr. Whewell.'

I have said little about my friend's youthful life, and shall dismiss the subject with the brief statement that the future bent of his disposition became conspicuous from his earliest manhood. Quite impossible was it that one of so earnest a nature should ever acquiesce contentedly in the ordinary sports and occupations of a country Squire. And yet, he was one of the best shots in the county, as well as one of the most skilful of anglers; an accomplished rider too, though he never cared to hunt. In whatever he did, he was thorough. He was always successful in killing,—was supremely careful not to wound,—his bird. Every hole and every shallow of the river—(the rights of which were exclusively his own)—he had known by heart from boyhood: while his great personal strength, (for when I first knew him he was like a young Hercules), added to his quick eye and nice manipulation of whatever he undertook to handle, were of paramount service to him as a sportsman. At archery meetings his score was ever the highest, and his arrows had a more point-blank trajectory than those of his competitors.<sup>2</sup> Few could bend his bow. His younger

<sup>1</sup> From the Rev. R. Appleton, Senior Dean of Trinity, and the Registrar of the University,—Rev. H. R. Luard.

<sup>2</sup> From his brother,—who adds :  
—' When a child, out in the fields

with his mother in her donkey-chair, he was told to go and shoot a little bird for her. His bow was an ash sapling, and his arrow a reed with an elder cap. He went and returned with a bird he *had shot*

brother's vivid portraiture of the sport in which they were both engaged one early winter morning is, to say the least, suggestive. But his fondness for such pursuits subordinated to his love of Nature's self. Natural objects were his delight, and natural history was not with him so much a taste as a passion. He collected insects,—studied the ways of birds, beasts, fishes,—preserved shells and fossils: there was in truth no branch of Natural Science which he did not at first pursue with excessive ardour, and in which he did not eventually become a great proficient. But then, over and above all this, it is truest of all to declare that he was, as a young man, enamoured of *goodness* in all its forms: loved holiness: aimed at being a blessing to others: was set on making practical piety the very business of his life. Legh Richmond's teaching doubtless proved helpful to him: but *that* were a superficial view indeed which could mistake a salutary influence for a creative cause. The Rector of Turvey died in the May of 1827.

Charles Longuet once told me casually in conversation,—(it was in the spring of 1884, and, for a wonder, I made a memorandum of the circumstance at the time),—that, on going up to Cambridge in the beginning of 1826, he secretly set before himself three great objects for his after-life. The first was,—To re-edify and enlarge the parish church at Turvey:—the second,—To rebuild the cottages on his paternal estate, as well as to erect new Schools:—the third,—To found a Library for the use of the Clergy of the Archdeaconry (which is co-extensive with the county) 'of Bedford. Such an evidence of matured character and deliberate moral purpose in a youth of twenty had better be left uncommented on and *flying*. He was told to go and he did, and brought it to his shoot another, which accordingly mother.

unadorned. The subject will perforce have to be reverted to immediately: but it may be as well to state at once that the high square pews,—(lined with red or green baize and overstocked with cushions,)—the oppressive galleries, portentous pulpit, and sordid appointments which prevailed in our country churches within the memory of elderly persons,—were to be witnessed at Turvey in great perfection. In this, as in most of the surrounding villages, the public way was also skirted by tenements,—low, thatched, comfortless, and often dilapidated,—which were rather *horels* than cottage residences; many of them carrying on their front evidence of their probable history,—namely, that they were the architectural efforts of their first occupants. Here too the School which his great-uncle had founded in 1792 was carried on in the humblest of buildings. What need to add that the tone of the neighbouring Clergy conspicuously admitted of improvement, and that by no possibility could Festus himself have charged any of their number with mental aberration through ‘much learning’? . . . The characteristic feature of the resolve which my brother carried up with him to Cambridge, and there matured, was, that it was conceived and cherished by him at such an early date. He was among the foremost in a field where not a few have since signalized themselves; but by no means for the most part with corresponding success.

I will here remind those of the present generation,—(to whom such things must sound purely fabulous),—that the improvement in whatever belongs to the Services of the Sanctuary, including the manners, tone, and bearing of the Clergy themselves, since the first quarter of this nineteenth century of ours,—is altogether

extraordinary. The Hymn was given out by the parish-Clerk, who first recited two lines at a time,—in order to let the congregation know what they were required to sing. Charles remembered a worthy man, the Curate of a neighbouring village,—(I will not indicate him more exactly),—who, on coming over to Turvey on Sundays, used, between morning and afternoon Service, to halt at ‘*The Three Fishes*,’ (an old inn near the bridge): to take his repose in the porch: and there, in his shirt sleeves, and in view of all passers-by, to refresh himself with bread-and-cheese and a tankard of ale,—having first suspended his wig on the top of his walking cudgel, and deposited the latter against the wall. . . . The same individual,—(really a worthy and respectable person,)—was overtaken by the Bishop of the diocese walking from Turvey to Bedford one hot day without his coat (which he carried on his arm), and singing lustily ‘My friend and pitcher.’ The Bishop from the carriage window,—“I congratulate you, my friend, on being *in such good voice!*”

At Cambridge, Charles found himself introduced at once to a society of excellent young men, of whom Mr. Simeon was the guiding spirit. My brother zealously attended both his public and his private teaching, but was specially benefited by the latter. The practice used to be to repair to his rooms at King’s College on a Friday evening,—“my open day,” (as Simeon used to call it), “when I receive visitors at tea, frequently more than forty,—all without invitation.” His way was to sit on a high chair,—the gownsmen on forms in front of him. The men were encouraged to propose difficult texts of Scripture,—to ask hard questions,—to ventilate their individual doubts and perplexities.<sup>3</sup> Punctuality in arriving was rigidly exacted, and the instruction lasted

<sup>3</sup> ‘*Life of Simeon*,’ by the Rev. Canon Carus, 1848,—pp. 423 and 452–8.



for exactly an hour. The Rev. Charles Simeon's sermons (at Trinity Church) were largely attended by the more thoughtful and devout members of the undergraduate body. Those discourses are described as very earnest and very impressive. The preacher's *manner* must have been peculiar. With outstretched arm, connecting the extremity of his forefinger with the summit of his thumb, he always seemed engaged in *trying to catch a fly*.<sup>4</sup> And perhaps, in a certain sense, so he really was. One of the friends of those happy undergraduate days (T. W. Meller) wrote to Charles Longuet long after,—

“Does the squire, now owner of the Abbey pew, still go up to worship GOD in His house of prayer with the same earnest loving spirit with which he used, 30 years back, to hurry through Rose Crescent to get to Simeon's in time? You remember those sermons at Trinity Church? and sometimes the friendly cup of coffee afterwards? and then our talking over the sermon?”<sup>5</sup>

There is no greater charm in a man's undergraduate life, than the College friendships which he then forms, and by consequence the many precious recollections of bright and joyous days which he carries away with him,—carries away and cherishes in his inmost heart to the latest hour of his existence. True, that as the years roll out, “the changes and chances of this mortal life,”—new interests,—diversity of pursuits,—added to distance,—are apt to effect a severance: but even these are powerless to quench the memory of the unchangeable,

<sup>4</sup> “His style of delivery, which to the last was remarkably lively and impressive, in his earlier days was earnest and impassioned in no ordinary degree. The intense fervour of his feelings he cared not to conceal or restrain; his whole soul was in his subject, and he spoke and

acted exactly as he felt. Occasionally indeed his gestures and looks were almost grotesque, from the earnestness and fearlessness of his attempts to illustrate or enforce his thoughts.”—‘*Life*,’ p. 52.

<sup>5</sup> *Woodbridge Rectory, Suffolk*, —Nov. 6th, 1860.

blissful Past. Friendships, if they have been founded on some better foundation than pleasures and studies pursued for three years in common, though they may seem to die out, in reality smoulder on, and are ready at any time to break out into a cheerful blaze. At Cambridge, as already stated, Charles found himself drawn into a set of earnest young men, who (like himself) were supremely bent on holy living and on doing good. Perhaps it would be truer to say that he and they found themselves drawn to one another by the attraction of a common holy aim, and the sympathetic consciousness of a kindred lofty purpose. With many of these he formed a close, and what proved a lifelong, friendship. Their names and virtues,—certain of their actions too,—he delighted in his declining years to recall, as well as to relate in how many instances they had fulfilled their early promise,—chiefly as devoted missionaries and holy livers. The names which chiefly present themselves to me at this time as having been oftenest on his lips, are the following eighteen:—"Joe" Medlicott,—Joseph W. Harden,—John Noble,—James Colley,—T. W. Meller and Henry S. Richmond.—The other names shall be set down in alphabetical order:—Frederick Barker,—Abner W. and James Mellor Brown,—A. T. Carr,—John Clay,—Frederick Hose,—J. B. Jebb,—William James J. Leach,—W. Leeke,—David Mead,— . . . Medd,— . . . Prendergast. The first four, or rather the first six of these were his chiefest intimates, but he dearly loved them all. Most of them became exemplary and devoted clergymen: some went out as Missionaries. Barker (who married Harden's sister) became Bishop of Sydney.<sup>6</sup> A few died young.

<sup>6</sup> The Bishop wrote to C. L. H. (March, 1839),—"We went to pay a visit to Joseph Harden some

weeks ago.' He has the whole of the parish (except the Squire) under instruction in Bible classes. Old

A packet of letters which has been placed in my hands shows me that these undergraduate friendships were in the main kept up by all the party to the end of their days. Thus, in 1851, A. T. Carr writes,—“I occasionally see or hear from Leeke, Clay, Harden, the Browns, &c.—who are all walking in the good old paths, and seeking to lead others.”<sup>7</sup>—“I can still say” (wrote J. W. Harden in 1857) “that the same doctrines and views that we used to hear from dear old Simeon are as precious to me as ever. . . . You will be glad to hear that our old friends Clay and Colley are quite well.”<sup>8</sup> Harden and Colley were neighbours: Medlicott corresponded with all:—

“I have had a good deal of correspondence with dear Harden and Clay about Curates” (he wrote in 1849), “but one becomes very local when settled, though still loving all those with whom in bygone days we took sweet counsel together. O how happy were they!”<sup>9</sup> And at the end of eight years,—“I often think of our happy Cambridge days and friends.”<sup>1</sup>

In 1857, James Colley wrote from Shrewsbury:—

“Your once familiar handwriting I instantly recognised, and it revived, I assure you, many a pleasant recollection of bygone days, when we were so happily united in sentiment and in friendly intercourse in our youthful prime. Alas, alas, thirty years have flown rapidly away since first we met,—years, I am bound to say, as you also do, of many many mercies. I can scarcely believe that so much of my life has gone: and it is only by looking back, or by seeing some of my contemporaries fathers of sons who are now, what

men and women come to his school and are taught with the greatest docility.”

<sup>7</sup> *S. John's, Beverley*,—Dec. 1, 1851.

<sup>8</sup> *Condover Vicarage, near Shrewsbury*,—Dec. 2nd, 1857.

<sup>9</sup> *Potterne, Devizes*, Apr. 6, 1849.

<sup>1</sup> *Potterne*, Dec. 8, 1857.

we were, men at Cambridge, that I can believe I am so old.”<sup>2</sup>

When *twenty-four years more* had passed, the same affectionate heart expressed itself in nearly the same words:—

“The sight of your once familiar writing revived at once the recollection of bygone days, and ‘opened many a cell where memory slept,’—recalling seasons of enjoyment and improvement in your society at Cambridge . . . Well do I remember evenings of spiritual communion spent together at Trinity and S. John’s.”<sup>3</sup>

“You must not think,” (says John Noble in 1859), “because I do not write often that I cannot still say with Virgil (though I really cannot correctly quote the Latin without reference, and have no time for that), ‘When the fishes are deserted and left by the sea on the dry land, &c., then shall your image be effaced from my breast.’ *There* it is fixed for life, and all the scenes of our happy College days, and bright and joyous hours with your family.”<sup>4</sup>

His friend T. W. Meller writes to remind him (in 1862) “of bygone times,—our frequent walks together in Trinity Cloisters,—our Sunday evening Bible readings, &c.”<sup>5</sup> And a more conspicuous name than any of the preceding, the present excellent Bishop of Winchester (Dr. Harold Browne), in a more recent letter says,—

“It is indeed nearly 50 years since I first had the blessing and privilege of being introduced to you, and being honoured by your friendship. ‘October 1828’—were the month and year.”<sup>6</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Oct. 26, 1857.

<sup>3</sup> *Belmont, Shrewsbury*,—Nov. 3, 1881.

<sup>4</sup> *Nether Broughton, Melton Mowbray*,—Nov. 16th, 1859.

<sup>5</sup> *Woodbridge Rectory, Suffolk*, June 30th, 1862.

<sup>6</sup> 38 *Bryanston Square*,—June 15, 1877.

I much regret that I have not more to record concerning this dear friend and brother's Cambridge undergraduate life. The modest reserve with which sincerely good men speak of themselves was the cause that only casually did he let fall such hints as the following:—That he and his friends prescribed to themselves a strict rule of holy living and simplicity in diet. They were all great students of the Bible, and were not ashamed of being known to be men of prayer. (What this *means* can only be understood by those who are aware how largely our Universities had become infected by the irreligion of a bygone age.) In defiance of the spirit of their generation, they drank no wine, but invited one another to tea. At College, my brother would never allow wine to be so much as seen in his rooms. He abhorred everything approaching to self-indulgence. So frugal and self-denying was he that already, out of the modest allowance which his Father made him, he began to purchase books with a view to founding *that* Library for the Diocesan Clergy of which mention has been made above. The first volume he procured with this object was Luther's '*Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians.*'

One feature in Charles's college life specially deserving of record is the prominent part he took in founding (what is known at Cambridge as) '*the Jesus Lane Sunday School.*' At the end of 30 years (viz. in 1857) an attempt was made to ascertain the exact circumstances under which that school had originated; and (as invariably happens in such matters) men's memories proved at fault and indistinct.<sup>7</sup> The essential

<sup>7</sup> The result appears in '*A History of Jesus Lane Sunday School, Cambridge, A.D. 1827-1877.*'—By the Rev. C. A. Jones,—Revised

with additions by the Rev. R. Appleton, and by the Rev. E. T. Leeke,—[1877, pp. 213]. There was an earlier edition in 1864.

facts however emerged clearly enough ; namely,—That, at the period referred to, the design was cherished in more than one undergraduate quarter, of folding into a Sunday School the children of what was at that time the most neglected and degraded parish in Cambridge, viz. Barnwell:—that the method adopted by the undergraduate originators of this movement was to go about the parish in pairs, and invite Parents to send their children:—that foremost in the good work were Harden, Carr, Leeke, and the two Browns ;—and that their endeavours were crowned with extraordinary success. What had been a Quakers' meeting-house in Jesus Lane was obtained for the purposes of a school,—was opened, filled, and furnished with undergraduate teachers, immediately. The date assigned to this enterprise is 1827. But the letters which follow show that 1826,—(in the January of which year Charles Longuet went up to Trinity),—was rather the year from which the endeavour dates ; and further that *his* name is to be added to the five already enumerated as one of its very earliest promoters. The following letter, dated Dec. 26th, 1857, was his reply to certain inquiries on the subject addressed to himself by the Rev. C. A. Jones, Secretary to the 'Jesus Lane Sunday School':—

“ It was my great privilege whilst at Trinity College, now thirty years ago, to have been permitted, with some dear and valued friends, to assist in forming the Jesus Lane School. I do not think that any record was kept of the matter.

“ We had great difficulty in obtaining a room fit for our purpose, and the only place which we could get was the Quakers' meeting-house. We took counsel with dear old Mr. Simeon, and it resulted in our establishing ourselves there. The school was well attended almost from the first.



“ My friend J. W. Harden, Vicar of Condover near Shrewsbury, was one of the most zealous promoters of the plan; and the meetings which took place about it were often held in his rooms at S. John’s College. . . I thank GOD that this School still prospers, and I pray that a blessing may rest on the Children, and on the teachers who attend it.

“ Some of the earliest friends of the School afterwards went out as Missionaries. Others were scattered abroad over the land, as Clergy in rural parishes, and some were placed in populous districts; and it is a great blessing to be able to hope that the larger portion of them have been earnest-minded, prayerful, faithful, zealous men, whom the mercy of GOD has enabled to be very useful in their day. Many are gone to their rest. It rejoices my heart to hear that the work goes on.”

In answer to renewed inquiries from the same quarter, on the 17th October, 1861, Charles wrote as follows :—

“ I believe that the first meetings in 1826 were held on Sunday evenings. These were regularly attended, and afterwards the Thursday evening meetings were added.

“ I think that the trustees of the Quakers’ meeting-house lived both at Haddenham and Ely.

“ I know that Harden canvassed for scholars during the week.

“ I think that the School was commenced with about 200 children.

“ David Mead and Claudius Sandys are dead.

“ I rejoice exceedingly to hear that the School still lives and prospers. Pray give my love to all the dear children, and tell them that an old teacher prays that GOD may bless them.”

What immediately precedes was written the day after Charles had received from his friend Harden the letter which immediately follows :—

“Condover Vicarage, near Shrewsbury,  
15th Oct., 1861.

“My dear old Friend,—It is a long time since I heard from you, and I must say it always warms my heart to receive one of your nice letters. I have just had a letter from a Mr. Jones in Cambridge, wishing me to supply all the information I can about the establishment of the ‘Jesus Lane Sunday School.’

“Now, I know that you were very hearty in the cause; and I believe that it was *you* who were my companion when we first went through Barnwell to get the names of Children,—on which occasion between 200 and 300 promised to attend. Am I not correct in my supposition? I fancy I now hear your ‘*Glorious!*’ at every fresh instance of success; and if you were not my companion on the occasion, I cannot possibly conceive who it was. Will you be kind enough to inform me as soon as convenient? It will be a great favour. Mr. Alfred Jones speaks of the School having been established in 1827, but I cannot at all remember as to this point.”

It is to be wished that Charles’ reply to the foregoing inquiry could be recovered: but it would not at all surprise me to find that he professed himself as much at fault, at the end of five-and-thirty years, as his friend Harden when he tried to recall with absolute certainty, (so irrelevant and unimportant is the circumstance), *who* was the companion of his walk on one particular occasion. Certain it is that Charles told his wife that he was one of those who visited Barnwell in missionary pairs in 1826. But the walks and the friends were many, and the choice of a companion must have been sometimes determined by accident, and at the last moment.

On returning finally to his father’s roof in 1829, C. L. H. resumed with redoubled energy and intelligence

that career of local usefulness which his residence at the University had interrupted. How precious to him in the meantime the whole interval had been, was not only apparent throughout the remainder of his life, but it found frequent generous and hearty expression. "Next to Turvey,—Trinity, Cambridge, is to me the dearest place in the world":—I have heard him say it many a time. He came back matured in mind and confirmed in character. Henceforth, he was simply unremitting in his solicitude for the poor of the parish. He organized, and took under his own personal charge, their Benefit Clubs,—taught in the village-School three times on every Sunday, opening it always in person,—visited from house to house. He remedied the complaint that sponsors are not to be found for infants, by becoming sponsor himself to upwards of 300. And the bond thus established he made a real one, by caring specially for the spiritual life of those little ones, as well as promoting their temporal welfare. At the same time, he was steadily increasing his library,—forming a collection of objects of Natural History,—and devoting himself to the study of Physical Science in all its branches.

Himself an accomplished musician, it was now that Charles made his earliest essays at improving the minstrelsy of Turvey Church. But at first, very little progress was possible. The traditional clarionet, flute and bass-viol,—all three in the hands of old men who exercised a prescriptive right to render 'Brady and Tate' after their own peculiar fashion, and to lead the voices of the congregation according to their own queer will,—effectually blocked the way. What at last broke the spell was the gift, by an excellent gentlewoman<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Miss Ann Maria Higgins [*b.* 1795, *d.* 1838],—who was in other respects a considerable benefactress to Turvey parish.

residing within the parish, of a small organ. This was in the spring of 1838. Over this poor instrument Charles at once presided, and a new era at once commenced. He assured me however, many years after, that he considered it so important that the musical sympathies of the entire congregation should be enlisted in the Services of the Sanctuary, that he wished he could have retained viol, flute, and clarionet, in some sort of concert or harmony with the organ. In the meantime the beetling gallery and local traditions,—not to say the prejudices of the congregation,—were strong hindrances in the path of one who was gradually feeling after something better, and pioneering ‘a more excellent way.’ It was not till 1840, that he ventured to compile a little ‘Hymnal’ for the use of the congregation.<sup>9</sup> (It will be remembered that such helps to public worship were rare fifty years ago.) In due time, he secured responsive Psalmody,—(though the choir still occupied the gallery,)—by stationing half their body in the Chancel. I remember one week-day evening visiting the Church to witness the practice; and still seem to hear the rough voices of certain of the peasantry, perched aloft, grandly ringing out the words,—“*Spiritus ubi vult spirat*,”—almost as if Latin were their native tongue. The choral movement however was still in its infancy. Like every other of the world’s benefactors, Charles had to bide his time.

Divinity was his one special study at this period of his life. In fact, he made no secret that it was the highest aspiration of his soul to consecrate himself to his Master’s service by entering the Ministry. His Father’s

<sup>9</sup> ‘*Psalms and Hymns adapted England*,’—(Bedford, 1840, pp. to the Services of the Church of 200).

silence he interpreted to signify acquiescence. Charles accordingly proceeded to negotiate about a Curacy, and was prepared to accept the title offered him by the Vicar of Halifax. At this stage of the business it became necessary, of course, to take his Father seriously into his counsels, and to communicate his deliberate resolve to take Holy Orders. The proposal met with absolute prohibition,—and Charles submitted. But he remained *in heart* a clergyman to the end of his days. He was to the last a great reader of Divinity, and made himself quite a competent Divine,—attended Church Congresses with genuine delight,—watched the fortunes of the Church with unflagging interest and the profoundest sympathy. He was the head and front of every movement for good in his neighbourhood; became the recognised friend, helper and adviser of all the surrounding Clergy, attending their clerical meetings and caring for their Schools. He was familiarly styled ‘The Lay Bishop of the Diocese,’ and he certainly deserved the title. Had he been permitted to follow the bent of his inclinations as a young man, and to win the object of his ‘first love,’ he would assuredly have left the abiding impress of his earnest character, pure spirit, and lofty aspirations on the Church of his Baptism. A most original and impressive Preacher he must certainly have proved. The reality and thoroughness of his character would have secured to him a vast following. There would have been no sitting unmoved under Charles Longuet Higgins. But besides this, he possessed great governing, guiding, and administrative power: answered his letters immediately, and, to the end of his life, with his own hand;—kept his most trifling promises;—never failed in his appointments;—and was, without exception, the most methodical, most punctual person I ever knew. But this was not nearly all. It was

his nature to draw to himself, and to conciliate, every one with whom he came in contact. He combined the greatest dignity and courtesy of manner with absolute inflexibility of purpose and clearness of aim. A great power for good,—a mighty leavening power,—he must inevitably have proved wherever it had pleased GOD's Providence to place him.

Disappointed in his favourite project, Charles was strongly urged by his Father to transfer some of his regards from the Science of Divinity to the study of Law, in order to qualify himself to become an useful Magistrate. Accordingly, he applied for admission at Lincoln's Inn (16 Nov. 1830), kept his Terms there, and until the Trinity Term of 1833<sup>1</sup> loyally devoted himself to this new pursuit. His legal knowledge stood him throughout life in excellent stead. At the time of his death he was, I believe, the oldest Magistrate in the County, and had been Chairman of the Bedford Board of Guardians ever since the introduction of the New Poor Law into the country.

Next to taking Holy Orders and professing Divinity, it was my Brother's supreme ambition to acquire a thorough knowledge of Medicine. The two pursuits are in fact so strictly cognate, that to some extent they ought to proceed together,—as every one who has held a parochial cure has been speedily made aware. But it was the earnestness of Charles' nature and the active benevolence of his disposition which induced him to cherish in succession these kindred aims. He had, I believe, no great difficulty in persuading his Father to

<sup>1</sup> He withdrew his name from the books of the Society Nov. 2nd, 1847, having abandoned his inten-

tion of being called. (*From the Steward, by favour of the Treasurer, of Lincoln's Inn.*)



allow him to walk the London Hospitals and study Anatomy. Thus it happened that, in the years 1836-7-8, he became a medical student at St. Bartholomew's, and qualified himself for practising whether as a physician, or as a surgeon. He was, throughout the period referred to, a constant and most cherished guest at my Father's house. A more devoted medical student never lived. But indeed he was an enthusiast in everything which he seriously took up : and Anatomical Science delighted him greatly. He had for a fellow-student Sir James Paget, —whom he often watched at his work,—and whose professional eminence (as he told me long after) he confidently predicted from observing with what conscientious labour and skill he prepared his anatomical subjects. At Bedford, also, opportunities of instruction in Medicine and Surgery presented themselves. As an instance of his earnestness of purpose, it is remembered that twice a week, throughout more than one winter, he rose at five in the morning, and having saddled his pony himself, left the Abbey punctually as the clock struck six, in order to attend Dr. Witt's clinical lecture, at seven, at the Bedford Infirmary.

Such ardour in the pursuit, ultimately ensured real skill in the practice of Medicine. With the consent of the Clergy and of the local practitioners, he attended the destitute poor in all the surrounding villages ; the signal that he was wanted in cases of sudden emergency, at night, being the switching of his bedroom window-pane with a long wand which lay for that purpose in front of the Abbey, under his window. So summoned, he would rise instantly, repair to the stable in the dark, and sally forth. Nothing was ever out of his line,—so promiscuous were the demands on his benevolence, and so varied his professional attainments. He attended women in their

hour of direst need,—extracted teeth,—couched for cataract,—treated fractured, maimed, and injured limbs. Throughout twenty-five years, he was in active practice; and for twenty of those years had no less than sixty cases daily on his books. He preserved a description of every case, and of the treatment he had adopted in respect of each individual, together with a record of what had been the result of his treatment; so that, to the end of his life, he was able in an instant to identify any particular case, however remote. Certain forlorn, neglected, poverty-stricken villages (of which, forty or fifty years ago, there were several choice specimens within riding distance of Turvey) were his favourite “*hunting grounds*.”<sup>2</sup> The practice became at last established for the sick (men, women, children,) to come over in wagons, and to return after being supplied by himself with medicine and directions for its use. His “*den*” (as he used to call it) became converted into the queerest of chemist’s shops. It was in that damp building, by the way, that the seeds were sown of the disease which undermined his strength, and so largely impaired the comfort of his after life. Everyone coming furnished with a few lines from the Incumbent of any neighbouring parish, received advice and was furnished on the spot with medicine,—which Charles made up himself.<sup>3</sup>

No medical practitioner was ever more punctiliously alive to the demands of his profession, or more attentive to his patients than was he. No one ever had a harder time of it. He would tire out two horses in a day; after

<sup>2</sup> One such out-of-the-way village in particular is remembered where the hovels were scarcely furnished with doors and windows. Roofs they had, but it may be questioned

if any of them were furnished with a floor.—Newton Blossomville was his undivided care.

<sup>3</sup> From a memorandum made after conversation, Sept. 16th, 1881.

which, if sent for, he would walk. I have often seen him rise from dinner at a whisper from the servant behind his chair, and quietly withdraw,—even when strangers were present. Such devotion to his work provoked remonstrance. His old College friend, John Noble, after a short visit to Turvey in 1848, wrote,—

“I am clearly of opinion you work too hard. Dear old Simeon used to say, ‘I do less that I may do more.’ I fear you are going beyond the limits of one man’s ability; and that you are weakening your strength in the midst of your days. Take an old friend’s advice who loves you. Cut off your medical practice in distant villages, and confine yourself to your own parishioners. Give yourself a little more relaxation.”<sup>4</sup>

A characteristic anecdote shall be added, with which this part of the subject may be dismissed. His wife relates as follows:—

“Many years before our marriage, when Charles was in the height of his medical practice, an unusually painful case occurred in the village. A young woman was seized with such violent hemorrhage that the only possible remedial expedient was declared to be *transfusion*,—for so I believe the operation is called. The local doctor said that life might in this way be saved, if any one would consent to let him take blood which he might transfuse into the girl. The proper instrument not being at hand, a man was hastily despatched to procure it from the Bedford Infirmary. In the meantime dearest Charles offered himself, and sat with his arm ready bared, so that not a moment might be lost when the messenger returned. Before the man could get back however, the sufferer had expired. My dearest one related this to me, and told me of the excitement of the people when they found that blood was to have been taken from *him* and passed into the poor girl’s system. I mention it to show how freely he gave everything he possessed to the poor.”

<sup>4</sup> *Nether Broughton, Melton Mowbray*,—Aug. 2, 1848.

Let it not be supposed however that Divinity, Medicine, and Natural Science so engrossed him as to leave room for nothing else. His restless and inquiring spirit found continual exercise and ever varying occupation. Besides being an active Magistrate, and interesting himself greatly in County matters, as well as in whatever concerned his Father's estate, he was the general friend and adviser of the labouring poor of Turvey. At home, he was a great reader of History,—a great lover of books. He kept pace with the literature of the day. But in particular (it should have been before mentioned) a passion for Music dominated in the family, and the Art had been scientifically cultivated by both the brothers. While their sister Mary touched the piano, Charles's violoncello and Henry's violin used to enliven the long evenings with Corelli's classic compositions, or Handel's matchless strains.

The death of Mr. John Higgins at the age of 78, (November 14th, 1846,—his wife, Theresa, had died in the preceding year,)—marked an epoch in the history of Turvey. Charles Longuet, now 40 years of age, had for a long time suffered greatly from asthma. Strange to relate, his malady, as I hinted just now, was nothing else but the result, in the first instance, of the wretchedly damp quarters in which so many of his younger years had been too exclusively spent,—aggravated by the extraordinary accumulation of vegetable life in the immediate vicinity of his dwelling. The disease, once established in his constitution, proved inveterate. He was at last constrained to get a bed at the Rectory,—(it is not ten minutes' walk from the Abbey),—in order to procure a night's repose. Left to himself, Charles instantly felled several thousand trees,—much to

the improvement of the general aspect, as well as of the salubrity of the place; but unhappily without by any means producing the beneficial result to his own health which he expected. The mischief had, in fact, by this time proceeded too far for the woodman's axe to be able to remedy it at once, or indeed at all. He was ordered to pass the winter in a warm dry climate as a measure of self-preservation. One of those junctures had arrived to him which come but rarely in the course of a long life,—where paramount duty and strong inclination exactly conspire. Charles resolved to visit Egypt, the Peninsula of Sinai, and the Holy Land. His plan was matured with the least possible delay. His brother Henry was to bear him company. On the 3rd of January, 1848, he crossed the threshold of his home, and on the 6th took leave of the shores of England, followed by the prayers of a grateful village and an attached neighbourhood.

The brothers were joined at Alexandria by Mr. de Grille. They went only a little way up the Nile: then, struck across the desert from Cairo for the Convent of S. Catharine, and entered the Holy Land by way of Hebron,—taking Petra and Mount Hor in their way. This dry desert journey wrought wonders for Charles. He declared that he 'could have carried the camel.' But he was ill on the Nile,—the moist air affecting him greatly. The travellers succeeded in their object, which was to reach Jerusalem (April 8th) in ample time to witness the solemnities of Holy Week and Easter. The journal in which my brother from day to day jotted down his impressions, was lost out of his saddle-bag,—to the infinite regret of many besides himself. From a briefer memorandum-book which lies before me, it is found that having inspected every object of interest in that

sacred locality,—having visited Bethlehem and Bethany, Rachel's tomb and Emmaus,—having accompanied the pilgrims to Jericho and the Jordan,—having bathed in the Dead Sea and taken many a thoughtful walk with his brother round the ancient walls of 'the Holy City';—he left Jerusalem on Easter Tuesday (April 25th),—not without casting many 'a longing, lingering look behind.' How can a man do otherwise who gazes for the last time on the hills which 'stand about Jerusalem';<sup>5</sup>—at the olive groves with which they are dotted over;—at Gethsemane, and Cedron, and Siloam and the Potter's Field? . . . "On the summit of a hill about two miles north of Jerusalem" (he writes) "we paused to take a last look at the blessed spot. 'Peace be within thy walls!'"

To one of his temperament, (what need to say it?) the entire journey was a continual source of the most exalted gratification. He had never before quitted his native land, and now he found himself visiting every most sacred spot on the earth's surface,—the scenes, which beyond all others, he had from his earliest childhood most ardently desired to feed his eyes upon. In a book called a '*Plain Commentary on the Gospels*' (published more than thirty years ago) several descriptive hints from his pen will be found acknowledged in their proper places.<sup>6</sup> Every object he saw,—every place he visited,—every sight he witnessed,—recalled Old Testament narrative, or Gospel incident, or prophetic doom. A sharp fit of dysentery at Tiberias (Sunday, April 30th) failed to damp his ardour, or materially to darken his recollections of Palestine. He ascribed his speedy recovery (under

<sup>5</sup> Ps. cxxv. 2.

and iv. 5, 6, 40. Again at S. Luke

<sup>6</sup> As, in the notes on S. John ii. 1

vii. 11.



GOD) in no small degree to his own knowledge of medicine; for, ill as he was, he was able to manufacture for himself appropriate boluses of opium. His method was, wherever he went, to surrender himself,—heart and soul,—to the associations of every traditional locality. He was not the man to ask inconvenient questions about the site of the Holy Sepulchre, or the scene of the Transfiguration. Delighted with everything he saw, and with everybody he met, he exhibited in perfection the happiest frame of mind in which a traveller can visit Palestine. In the Convent at Bethlehem, where there is a little organ, he played '*Adeste fideles*' with so much success that the monks kissed him and cried. At every sacred locality which he visited (in number 136), he collected plants which he preserved and brought away as memorials of his journey. Very pleasant it was, long after, to see the dear fellow kindle at the mention of Hebron and Jerusalem, Bethlehem and Bethany; and go over with delight the circumstances under which he had become acquainted with Bethel and Shiloh, Jacob's Well at Sychar, the plain of Esdraelon and Jezreel, Nain and Nazareth, Cana and the Kishon and Carmel; but above all,—the sea of Galilee,—on which he contrived to get afloat, although no boat was procurable. He witnessed a storm on that lake which (in his own language) "made it *boil like a pot*." The brothers ended their journey by visiting Tyre, ('a melancholy specimen of Eastern poverty and misery'), Sarepta, Sidon, Damascus, Baalbec, and the Lebanon. Returning to Beirout, they embarked for England May 16th, and reached Southampton on the 7th of June. The day after, Charles came over to see us in London, and was fuller than ever of interest. Two days later, he set foot again in Turvey,—having been absent from England just five months.

His first care on his return,—(but in fact he was only yielding to an imperative necessity),—was again to fell several thousand trees both before and immediately behind the Abbey. The necessity for taking this step was apparent even to a casual observer. His friend John Noble, after visiting him in the summer of 1848, concludes a letter of friendly counsel, thus,—

“Open your house and grounds to the purifying and cheering influences of the country breezes,—‘God Almighty’s physick,’ as a good friend of mine used to call it.”<sup>7</sup>

The prescribed remedy was in every way productive of excellent consequences: the most apparent result being that it rendered inevitable the remodelling of the ancient garden,—which by this time had become entirely choked with forest timber. Those trees were now largely cleared away. A large pond on the west side of the lawn was filled up, and certain lugubrious willows were not left behind to weep its disappearance. Long rows of yew shared the fate of the tall elms. It cost Charles a real pang to deal so mercilessly with the friends of his youth; but it had become a question of life or death. He next set resolutely to work on the denuded area, and at once made the garden what it has ever since been, and at this instant is: viz. little else but an unusually ample sweep of unbroken lawn bisected by a long straight gravel walk, and terminating,—but at some distance from the house,—in a considerable plantation; the whole being separated off from the adjoining park by a low iron railing and a depressed stone wall. His theory of a pleasure garden was in the main a most agreeable one: viz. that it should be green all the year round, and therefore should almost exclusively abound in yews,

<sup>7</sup> *Nether Broughton*, Aug. 2nd, 1848.

laurels, and above all, box trees :—that the latter should for the most part be cropped, so as to present to the eye a smooth trim appearance :—that the principal walk should be straight, and broad enough to admit of several persons walking abreast :—that flowers as well as fruits should be studiously relegated to a separate part of the domain, duly enclosed by a high wall. I have often heard him say that if he had had the contriving of his own pleasure garden from the first, he would have admitted no forest tree within its precincts. There is a great deal to be said in favour of this, which is the ancient notion of a garden,—as contrasted with the modern fashion of somewhat narrow, serpentine walks,—a lawn cut up with flower-beds,—and forest trees encouraged to grow wherever practicable. Soothing to the eye certainly, in a high degree, is such a garden as that which I am at this instant surveying, and which to a singular extent bears the impress of the taste of its recent owner ; grave,—yet cheerful as *he* was, and cheerful all the year round.

It was remarked above, that the death of my friend's Father in 1846 formed an epoch in the history of Turvey. True, that the traditions of the daily life were faithfully retained at the Abbey : but it was as when the close of a book has been reached, and we must needs take up another volume. The dear old man's death had occasioned an effectual break, and cleared the way for many salutary changes. His views, modes of thought, habits,—all belonged to a far away generation. He thought no Church complete which was unfurnished with a gallery. Satisfied with the tranquil surroundings of his own dwelling, he could not understand the need of 'change of scene.' But then, he had also never known a day's illness, and could not understand why some required 'change of air' either.

("Walk to the end of your garden,"—he used to say,—  
"and you have 'changed the air' completely!"). Never  
to the last was he able entirely to divest himself of the  
notion that a journey to London was an undertaking  
destined, in the nature of things, to occupy two whole  
days; and to come to an end, on the evening of the  
second day, at '*The George and blue Boar*,'—(which used  
to be the designation of a vast coaching hostel,)—in  
Holborn. For many years he made these periodical  
journeys, (to be the guest of the Thorntons at Clapham,  
or of Sir Harry Inglis at Battersea), in a kind of open  
curricule, stopping on the road to inspect and sketch the  
Churches, as well as to recruit nature and to rest. On  
such occasions, "old Benbow," (a spoilt domestic who  
had come into the service of the family in 1791, and  
had quite become master of the situation), arrayed in  
brilliant plush, used to ride in front,—a singularly stout  
party, with a round, rubicund face. I have heard the  
equipage described as a truly grotesque apparition when  
seen traversing Bond Street: Benbow, the outrider, (alone  
of mankind) "wondering what the people were staring  
at?" . . . In fact, except on his pony, ("*Graphy*,"—whose  
name was of course bestowed to furnish opportunity for  
a series of pleasantries about "*ge-o-graphy*," "*top-o'-*  
*graphy*," etc.),—my friend's father seldom stirred from  
home. To the day of his death, he never altogether  
*believed in* the railway.—And now, to wake up.

In the Spring of 1847, before the state of his health  
drove him from his home, Charles had begun to give  
effect to the aspirations which he had cherished for the  
last 20 years, by setting about building, in the most  
substantial manner, and on an unusually large scale, a  
'*National School*' and '*School House*' for the village. It

was not till the year 1852 that he added the spacious 'Museum' which he designed should ultimately become the Library of the Archdeaconry, and receive his books. Contiguous thereto, (they form in fact one block of buildings), a 'Reading-room' was erected for the use of the artizans of the parish, and a cottage for the residence of the Matron who was to have the care of the establishment. But in the meantime (viz. in 1849, 1850, 1851,) he built ( $6 + 24 + 18 =$ ) forty-eight substantial cottages, besides shops and so forth. Six more cottages, in addition to an 'Infant-School' and residence for the Mistress, were the work of 1853. In 1861, three more cottages followed, and '*the Tinker*'—an Inn of some literary celebrity<sup>8</sup>—was converted into other three dwelling-houses. He thus erected in all upwards of 60 cottage residences: every two (as he once told me) costing him 300*l*. I may not dismiss the present topic without commemorating the improvement which resulted, not only to the outward aspect of the village but to the comfort and moral condition of the people, by the substitution of so many excellent cottages,—placed for the most part on a raised terrace, and provided with every requirement for decency and comfort, as well as furnished severally with a small garden,—in room of the squalid tenements which skirted the public way when first I knew Turvey. The effect on the salubrity of the place has since become marked. Consumption, which once prevailed, is now scarcely known there. Turvey has, in fact, become a model village.

<sup>8</sup> A lewd black-letter ballad exists entitled '*the Tinker of Turvey, his merry pastime, in his passing from Billingsgate to Graves-end,*' &c. 1630, 4to.—Beneath the sign

of the Inn used to be seen the following distich,—'*The tinker of Turvey, his dog and his staff. Old Nell with her budget will make a man laugh.*'

But I am proceeding too fast. The supreme object of my brother's holy ambition had all along been to re-edify his ancient parish Church. It was originally early Norman,—as two windows which came to light in the course of restoration attest. But it had undergone many changes: and by this time exhibited many a token of neglect. Four grand monuments of as many generations of the Mordaunts imparted to it something of historical interest; but it seemed unaccountable how such important memorials of the ancient lords of the soil could have been suffered to fall into such utter decadence. The truth is, Drayton (in Northamptonshire) had been the favourite residence of the family ever since the time of Lewis, 3rd Lord Mordaunt [1576–1601]: from which period the old Hall at Turvey was but rarely inhabited;<sup>9</sup> while Turvey Church—(the Mordaunts were

<sup>9</sup> It was at *Drayton* in 1625 that Abp. Ussher held his famous controversy with Beaumont, the Jesuit, in the presence of John, first Earl of Peterborough and his Countess. On the other hand, it was from *Turvey*, where 'he happened to be residing,' that Henry, the second Earl, rode over to Ampthill, in order to wait on his Royal Master K. Charles I, who was being conducted a prisoner to London after his apprehension at Holmby,—3rd June, 1647. The incident is so interestingly related by Lord Peterborough himself (who dictated the story to his Chaplain) that it may be allowed insertion here; the rather, because it has escaped the notice of those who have written the history of the period, being hid away in an exceedingly rare privately-printed volume:—

“His Majesty happened one

night in his journey to be lodged at Ampthill, where it was designed he should rest a day or two. At hearing hereof (the Earl's house not being seven miles from thence) he thought it his duty to endeavour to see his sacred Master, and try if he could have occasion to be useful to him in any kind. He rose then, and by eleven of the clock came to the house where the King lay. Not without some difficulty he got to be admitted where he was, and found his Majesty going to the prayers usual before his dinner. After they were performed, he kneeled down for the honour of his Majesty's hand; but had only opportunity for the ordinary compliments, being overlooked by the Officers appointed to observe the addresses and behaviour of all that did approach him. Cheerfulness there was not much in the King's looks, but no disorder:



Romanists)—was never visited by them *at all*. I recall with astonishment the fact that one of the ancient vaults of the family,—(it stood in the north-east angle of the old Chancel),—was accessible by an open trap-door in the floor. Any one might raise this at pleasure and descend into the vault. I once did so. Nearest to me was a coffin covered with crimson velvet,—the coffin of a lady whose long golden tresses I could discern and take into my hand.

It was in the year 1852 that, after long deliberation, the dear friend the story of whose life I am telling, undertook at his own cost, under the professional guidance of Sir Gilbert Scott, the enterprise of completely restoring Turvey Church. Commenced on the 19th of July, the work was happily completed at the end of rather more than two years. It proved a laborious as well as an expensive business, though the quarry which supplied the materials was close at hand. Not

grave they were, but distinguishing to any he took for friends; and injured goodness appeared in every motion. The dinner was soon brought up, during which the Earl waited by him, and near the end of it the Officers withdrew, and all except the guards of the door. The Earl quickly took the opportunity of asking his Majesty—‘If there were any thing wherein he might be served with the hazard of his life and fortune?’ The King answered,—‘He was not in a place to take any measures, but would have him advise with those that were his friends.’ The Earl said no more, by reason of the villainous jailors returning: so he took his leave and departed home, full of indignation against the times, the nation, and

fortune; resolving, though he were at ease and had made his peace, to expose wife, estate, quiet, and his life upon any undertaking wherein there should be a reasonable appearance of relieving the best of Kings.”

The scene of the foregoing incident will have been Ampthill Castle, —the site of which is marked by an obelisk (with a sorry inscription by Horace Walpole) in Ampt-hill Park. Queen Catharine of Arragon was confined there. From Turvey to Ampthill—begging the Earl’s pardon—is not 7, but about 11 miles ‘as the crow flies.’

The above extract is from p. 410 of Halstead’s *Succinct Genealogies*, &c., of which something will be found below, at p. 404; and see above, pp. 149–50.

many hundred yards to the south of the Church (on a part of his estate called 'Baker's close') my Brother caused certain old stone-pits to be re-excavated; which the Architect, on inspection, pronounced to be incontestably the same out of which the edifice had been originally constructed, half-a-thousand years before. But, as I have said, the undertaking proved a serious one. The whole area of the Church, it was found, had been used as one vast sepulchre,—interments having taken place in every direction, for eight centuries and upwards, immediately beneath the floor. In consequence of the insecurity thus caused to the foundations, all the pillars and arches on both sides of the nave up to the tower, had to be taken down,—besides the western arch and pillars. New foundations, carried down below the bottom of the disturbed soil, were built under every pillar, which was then re-erected in its original form. The old Chancel was demolished for the purpose of lengthening the nave, and the foundations for a new Chancel were dug out of the Churchyard. In excavating for the foundations of the present spacious chancel-arch, the remains were discovered of the famous warrior and statesman, Sir John Mordaunt (1484), whose fine recumbent effigy, with that of the Lady Edith Latimer, his wife, are now to be seen in their original position in S. Mary's Chapel. It was "a stone grave, arched at top. No coffin appeared to have been employed; but the grave had been formed nearly to fit the body,—being composed of flat rough stones laid at the bottom, and others of the same kind but smaller set up at the sides. The arch over the top was of small stones laid in lime." The bones, which were those of a man above the average stature, were not disturbed. Religious care was also taken not to inter-

fere at all with the grave of John, second Lord Mordaunt (1572), and the Lady Joane his wife,—whose romantic story (for they had first met at Framlingham Castle in 1553) had a peculiar charm for Charles. But to discover them, sleeping side by side in death,—and to note that they lay in silken shrouds which still preserved their colour, and that the hair of the lady seemed to have grown after death,—*this* was inevitable. The sight affected him deeply.

“The forms” (he writes) “in which had dwelt so much of beauty, and illustrious descent, and high chivalrous bearing, were thus again after nearly three hundred years brought to light,—but in appearance how different! *There* lay the Knight, his head reclining as on a pillow, a little bent forward, and his chin leaning on his breast: while the courtly dame, a little lower and to the left of her lord, seemed to sleep quietly by his side. They were not interfered with in any wise, and may possibly rest undisturbed until the Resurrection morning.”<sup>1</sup>

In *their* case also there had been no coffin,—the bodies having been merely covered with large flat rough stones. These were simply replaced and carefully sealed over. While this great work was in progress (1852–54), being on a visit to my brother, I inspected the Church when a principal vault of the Mordaunts happened to be lying uncovered. It was a small square chamber on the north side of the present Chancel; immediately above which,—(for it was afterwards solidly arched over,)—the organ now stands. On the floor of the vault lay six leaden coffins, uninscribed, unadorned, wholly undistinguishable one from another: headed by one human form, swathed

<sup>1</sup> From a paper on ‘*Turvey Church and its Monuments*,—read at a general meeting of the Bedfordshire Architectural and Archæ-

ological Society,’—I believe in 1863. [*Bedford*, p. 15.] It had also been a Village Lecture.

in lead, which alone could be identified.<sup>2</sup> It was Charles, 8th Baron Mordaunt of Turvey, 3rd Earl of Peterborough, 2nd Baron of Rygate, and 2nd Viscount Mordaunt of Avalon, 1st Earl of Monmouth,—the ‘Mordanto’ of Pope and Swift, and himself one of the most extraordinary men of his age,—who died at Lisbon in 1735. A more impressive homily I have never had addressed to me.

While the work of renovating Turvey Church was in progress, Charles Longuet became united in marriage to a lady he had long known, and to whom he had been long attached,—Helen Eliza, youngest daughter of Thomas Burgon, esq., of the British Museum. It was their earnest desire that Dr. Pusey should marry them; but he explained that he ‘had not been called upon to celebrate the marriage Service these 15 years,’ and dreaded creating a precedent which might involve a large employment of time. “If I once begin, I may be often asked, and should have difficulty in declining in any case.”<sup>3</sup> They were married at Munster Square on the 26th of July, 1853. Her eldest sister was already the wife of the late excellent Archdeacon of Bedford, the Ven. Henry John Rose, Rector of Houghton Conquest in the same county.<sup>4</sup> Helen proved the zealous promoter of all her husband’s schemes of benevolence and usefulness, ministered most tenderly to him in his declining years, and, by her unremitting watchfulness and care, prolonged (if the expression be lawful) the precious life which else must have come long since to a close. No woman was ever more truly a “help” to her husband;

<sup>2</sup> There was a small inscribed lozenge, I think of brass, on his chest.

<sup>3</sup> *Pusey, near Faringdon*,—July

18th, 1853.

<sup>4</sup> His virtuous life and bright example are commemorated above, in vol. i. pp. 284–295.

sharing,—to a fault, if *that* were possible,—his every sorrow ; enhancing,—(it was touching to hear him avow it at their village festivities),—the satisfaction of his every success. And now, to proceed with what I was before saying.

The restoration of Turvey Church was brought to a close in 1854, when (on the 10th October) the edifice was re-consecrated by Thomas, Bishop of Ely. The ancient monumental effigies of the Mordaunts had all been religiously cared for, and protected against risk of future injury. Every window was now filled with stained glass. Finally, the Church itself had been lengthened by one additional bay:—an entirely new Chancel had been added ;—and this had been furnished with a splendid Organ, built in conformity with his taste, and under his directions. Nothing had been spared. It remained only to form and train a village Choir ; and the contrast between the dilapidated edifice of other days, with its sordid furniture, high pews, overpowering gallery, uncouth minstrelsy, was complete. Turvey became the centre of a movement for effectually improving the choral element in the neighbouring parishes, which, under the energetic guidance of one enthusiastic spirit, spread in every direction “until the whole was leavened.” Charles Longuet Higgins has been deservedly styled “The Father of Church Music” in the county of Bedford. Many years after, at the Bristol Church Congress, before which he had undertaken to read a paper on Village Psalmody, the thought struck him that the best way to exhibit the deficiency of the ancient method would be to set before the auditory a sample of it by extemporising a vocal illustration. The effect was extraordinary. The audience

was convulsed. The reporters present laughed so heartily and so long, that, blinded with tears, they were simply unable to proceed with their function. . . . He now resumed his place at the Organ, and became the indefatigable Choir-master of the parish,—duties which he never more abandoned; until, in fact, at the end of five-and-forty years, he was constrained through infirmity to resign the offices he was so fond of, into other hands.

It was indeed one great characteristic of the man whose life I am portraying, that he would persevere thus inflexibly, punctually, cheerfully in the discharge of any established claim of duty. Even better deserving of admiration than the works which he achieved, was the moral energy with which he sought to ensure that due effect should be given to every organization for good, which his zeal had created, or in which he found himself called upon to take part. The Clubs which he had long since set on foot for the benefit of the parishioners in sickness and old age, he retained to the very last under his own management; and the forenoon of every Monday he religiously set apart for the business connected with them. No other claim was, under any pretence, suffered to interfere with *this*. For eight-and-forty years, (it provoked general remark,) his carriage drove up to his door punctually at 8.45 on a Saturday morning, to convey him to the Board of Guardians which met at Bedford at 10. Regardless of the weather and of his personal convenience, his supreme solicitude was to be at his post as Chairman,<sup>5</sup> at the appointed hour. In the same spirit, until declining health rendered it impossible,—besides invariably opening, attending three times, and teaching in the Sunday School,—he was

<sup>5</sup> He had been elected in 1837.



never absent from a single Service in his own parish Church; nor ever, when there, failed to preside at the organ thrice every Sunday in person.

Such words are soon written, sooner read; but the acts, or rather the habits referred to, imply a fixedness of principle, and strength of moral purpose, rarely witnessed. The life attracts no notice; and must be its own reward, or must go unrewarded entirely. But indeed there never was a man who so little coveted external applause as Charles Longuet Higgins. He 'dwelt among his own people,' and found his chiefest happiness in promoting theirs. As for Church music,—Psalmody in all its branches,—it was his supreme delight. He never wearied of it. The plain truth is that he accounted the Services of the sanctuary his very crown and joy. No toil was it to him to labour in such a cause. He "esteemed it more than his necessary food."

Here, it deserves to be recorded that, for 16 successive summers [1862 to 1877], the Choirs of about 34 of the neighbouring villages used to be invited to meet and hold their "Choral Festival" in Turvey Church; after which, they were hospitably entertained (with the Clergy and a large party of friends) in the Abbey grounds. Nothing but his gradually declining health at last constrained him (greatly to his regret) to suffer this festive gathering of the Choirs to be celebrated elsewhere than at Turvey, and under other auspices than his own. But he continued to the last to be its guiding and informing spirit. His *heart* was in the movement until his heart ceased to beat. And it was far more than a strong social bond which, in this way, he created and fostered. A mighty instrument, those Choral Festivals proved, for good. The Psalmody of the whole Diocese thereby

acquired a greatly improved tone ; and the example was taken up by remote outlying parishes, so that at last the movement spread into the adjoining counties, and the extent of its beneficent influence remains unknown. A friend, (whose name is by this time familiar to the reader,) accepting an invitation to Turvey long after, writes,—

“Pleasant to me it will be to renew the bright recollections which I cherish of a day spent at Turvey many years ago. It was a Choir Festival,—a beautiful day ; and I well remember the eager happy faces of the villagers from all the Country round as they drove or walked into the village : the thanksgiving Service in the parish Church,—and then the royal repast which awaited every one in the School-room. It was one of those days which do not end with the revolution of the sun ; but live on in the memory, and of which one says long years afterwards,—‘ I am glad I was there, that day ! ’ ” <sup>6</sup>

One of the most cherished aspirations of my brother’s later years,—if it may not rather be declared to have been the darling project of his life,—was to be instrumental in compiling a Hymnal, (a “*Book of Common Praise*,” he called it) ;—which, as he fondly hoped, might come to be regarded as a companion to the Book of Common Prayer, and eventually be recommended for the use of the whole Anglican Communion. At first, he limited his hopes to the Diocese of Ely, and to the production of a ‘*Diocesan Hymnal*.’ At the solicitation of those who were favourable to the project, the Bishop (Dr. Harold Browne) proposed for consideration in 1868 the question,—“Is it possible and desirable to obtain greater uniformity in the metrical Psalms and Hymns used throughout the Diocese ?” My brother, as lay-representative of the

<sup>6</sup> From the Rev. R. G. Livingstone,—12th Sept. 1883.

Archdeaconry, undertook to collect the opinions of the Clergy on the subject. "As an experiment, and in order to assist in ascertaining what agreement was likely to be found in the selection of Hymns for a general Hymnal,"—(at the suggestion of his loved neighbour, the Rev. W. S. Escott of Carlton,)—the Clergy of the Western half of the Archdeaconry were invited,—(and 13 of their number accepted the invitation,)—to select, independently of one another, 100 Hymns. The result is deserving of record. The aggregate of the Hymns so selected was 636, of which, strange to relate, *not one* enjoyed the suffrages of the entire body:—

1	Hymn, however, out of the whole Collection (' <i>Rock of Ages</i> ') had been selected by 12 of their number.	
2	(' <i>Abide with me</i> ' and ' <i>Hark, the herald Angels sing</i> ') .....	by 11
5	(' <i>How sweet the Name,</i> '—' <i>JESUS, lover of my soul,</i> '—' <i>Lo, He comes,</i> '—' <i>O GOD, our help,</i> '—' <i>Oft in sorrow</i> ') .....	by 10
6	(' <i>Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,</i> '—' <i>Glory to Thee, my GOD, this night,</i> '—' <i>JESUS shall reign,</i> '—' <i>Jerusalem, my happy home,</i> '—' <i>My GOD, my Father, while I stray,</i> '—' <i>Sun of my soul, Thou SAVIOUR dear</i> ') .....	by 9
6	(' <i>CHRIST, the LORD, is risen to-day,</i> '—' <i>From Greenland's icy mountains,</i> '—' <i>Guide me, O Thou great JEHOVAH,</i> '—' <i>Hark, the glad sound,</i> '—' <i>Just as I am,</i> '—' <i>Nearer, my GOD, to Thee</i> ') .....	by 8
10	.....	by 7
20	.....	by 6
17	.....	by 5
29	.....	by 4
46	.....	by 3
93	.....	by 2
401	.....	by 1
<hr/> 636		

This was not by any means the result which Charles had anticipated and hoped for, but it did not discourage him. (Nothing ever did.) He pointed out that the use of a '*Diocesan Hymnal*' would be permissive,—at the most, a thing recommended only: but it must infallibly prove an important step towards a Hymnal for the use of the whole of the English branch of the Church Catholic,—“a work the very idea of compiling which fills the heart and mind with humble grateful joy.” He urged that just as “the greatest blessings have resulted to the Church from a fixed form of *Prayer*,—it is hard to see why a fixed form of *Praise* should not be advantageous also.” He urged that “those Christian bodies among us who are unwilling to adopt a form of *Prayer*,—Wesleyan, Independent, Baptist, Moravian,—have with the greatest benefit adopted forms of sacred song. All have their *Hymns*. Shall we of the Church of England,” (he asked), —“the most ancient, the most pure, the most widely extended Church of all,”—shall *we* alone be without one?

It was a frequent remark of his that every period of Revival in the Church has been attended by a great outburst of sacred minstrelsy. With this he introduced the subject of '*Hymnology*' in an excellent paper on the subject which he read before the Church Congress of Nottingham, in 1871:—

“The history of the Church in all ages bears testimony to the fact, that seasons of great inward renovation and increase of spiritual life have always been accompanied by the outward manifestation of an enlarged Church Song. Whenever, after a time of more or less inactivity and decay of energy, it has pleased the Great Head of the Church to send a Divine spark to lighten up once more the dying embers, and heavenly life and light quickens again the Church's heart, then always there

has burst forth from her lips words of humble, hopeful, thankful adoration. The harp and lute have taken up the strain: young and old have rejoiced in the joyful sound; and the song has ever been, 'O LORD, open Thou our lips; and our mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.'"<sup>7</sup>

This, he followed up with an admirable appeal to the facts of history in connexion with Hymnology. He insisted that our Church has been enriched, 'especially of late years, with an accession of sacred compositions, so humble and prayerful, so fervent and devotional, so animating and heavenly, that nothing like it has been known in the history of former days. Why then' (he asked) 'are not these precious utterances collected, and, in a large and Catholic Spirit, offered to the service of the Church?' Interference with the liberty of individual Clergymen and of their Congregations, was the last thing he contemplated. He did but wish that the Book might enjoy Episcopal *Recommendation*: its use would nowhere be urged with Episcopal *Authority*.—"But have we not already got "*Hymns Ancient and Modern*"? (some will ask), 'of which 200,000 copies have been circulated. May we not be contented with *that*?' The Collection referred to has done much" (he replied) "to supply a need generally felt. But whilst such hymns as the following have found no place in that Collection, it can hardly be said to be all that is wanted":—and he proceeded to specify 28 hymns which are not included in the Hymnal referred to, but which (in his judgment) the Church can ill afford to be without.<sup>8</sup> It is a pleasure to transcribe the beautiful peroration of the same paper:—

"What a bond of union would such a work be!

<sup>7</sup> HYMNOLOGY, a paper read before the Church Congress at Nottingham,—1871; p. 3.

<sup>8</sup> From his 'Report to the Ruridecanal Meeting, April 30, 1868,'—MS.

Who can estimate its holy, heavenly influence? The poor people love their Hymn-book, and love hymns too. We *all* do so. Our mothers taught them to us when we were children and stood beside them, or sat upon their knee. The sweet words are mingled in our minds with tender looks, and reverend gray hairs, it may be also with loving tears, when we repeated our task correctly. Ah! those dear forms are perhaps laid in the grave, but there arise memories which burn and swell in our hearts, and will do so till they too shall cease to beat, and shall throb no longer. A book such as this will unite in a better than earthly relationship fathers and mothers in Nottingham and Lincoln, with sons and daughters in New Zealand and California. The bond of Christian Churchmanship will be strengthened, and the Divine Master, who will have all His people one in Him, will be honoured and glorified.

“O happy, blessed work! Happy are some of you, sirs, who are engaged therein. May heavenly wisdom guide you! Thousands ‘wish you good luck in the name of the LORD’: and pray, that in due time our branch of the Church Catholic may possess a Book of Common Praise, which shall be a not unworthy counterpart to her Book of Common Prayer: a book which shall be a joy for ever to the Church on earth, and whose deep, wide spirit of humble yet loving adoration, may enable many a poor weary heart to reach even to Heaven.”<sup>9</sup>

I have been induced to devote what may seem disproportionate space to my Brother’s scheme for a “BOOK OF COMMON PRAISE,” not only because ‘Hymnology’ in all its forms held so prominent a place in his regard,—(it was in fact for a long time uppermost in his thoughts),—but because of the essential interest and importance of the subject. I believe moreover that his

<sup>9</sup> See above, note (7): pp. 14, 15.



earnestness in the cause would have been rewarded with the success it deserved, but for commercial interests. *Rival Hymnals*, to speak plainly, caused that the project met with no encouragement in influential quarters: and it was emphatically one of those endeavours which *must* depend for success entirely on the amount of enthusiasm with which they are publicly received and privately promoted. All honour to the lawful pursuits of Trade! We are indebted to them for no inconsiderable portion of our national greatness. Put commercial considerations become contemptible indeed when *they* are discovered to have been the cause why “an inferior article” is thrust on the Church’s reluctant acceptance,—or a precious possession kept out of her eager grasp: words, which are intended to be *φάρμακα συννετοῖσιν*.

At the beginning of the present Memoir, mention was made of my Brother’s noble resolve from very early youth, to found a Theological Library for the use of the Archdeaconry (*i.e.* the County) of Bedford. Deeply impressed with the need to the Church of a learned Clergy, he was also profoundly well aware that the narrow income of by far the larger number puts an absolute bar in the way of their becoming possessed of many books. It was his enlightened project, therefore, to minister to this want in this particular way: and the same aspiration it was which gave zest to his acquisition, through a long course of years, of a valuable Theological Library. He had begun by collecting the works of the Puritan Divines,—with whose writings his shelves are peculiarly well furnished; the natural result, it is obvious to point out, of his own early intimacy with Legh Richmond and other teachers of the same school. But his mind grew in Catholicity as his judg-

ment ripened. He acquainted himself to some extent with Patristic Divinity, and the result might have been anticipated. In him was strikingly fulfilled that saying,—“No man having drunk old wine straightway desireth new: for he saith, The old is better.”<sup>1</sup> Before he was fifty, he had become possessed of a grand collection of the Fathers.

It deserves record that this was the sole instance in which Charles was known to abandon a project on which he had once greatly set his heart. The lesson was very rudely taught him, that such an endeavour must inevitably prove an utter failure; and so taught, he was not slow to realize the painful fact. Once convinced of what would be the dreary fate of his books, he abandoned his beneficent intention at once. But it remains true, for all *that*, that so noble a project deserved a very different fate; and although it eventually came to nothing, I am unwilling that what certainly would have been accomplished, but for the discouragement of those for whose advantage the library was chiefly designed, should pass out of men's remembrance unrecorded.

His Library was indeed a remarkable one. It contained fine copies of the best edition of every Greek and Latin Father,—besides a splendid specimen of Brian Walton's *Polyglott*, the *Bibliotheca* of Gallandius, and other similar collections. It was one of his abiding regrets that early in life he had missed an opportunity of acquiring a copy of 'the Complutensian' Bible. But by far the most valuable objects in his library were certain rare early printed tomes,—as, the Sarum '*Missal*,' (Paris 1555),—Wynkyn de Worde's '*Vitas Patrum*,' (1495), perfect and

<sup>1</sup> S. Luke v. 39.

in beautiful condition:—his ‘*Pilgrimage of Perfection*’ (153½):—‘*Le Livre Royal*’ (Caxton, 1484), perfect and excellently preserved:—‘*Dives et Pauver*’ (Pynson, 1493).—in very fine condition. He had besides a copy of Cranmer’s ‘*Catechismus*,’ (1548); together with his ‘*Defence of the true and Catholic Doctrine of the Sacrament*,’ (1550):—Tyndale’s ‘*Practice of Prelates*,’ (Marborch 1530, first ed.):—K. Henry VIIIth’s ‘*Necessary Doctrine and Erudition for any Christen Man*,’ (1543):—Walter Hylton’s ‘*Scala Perfectionis*,’—(Wynkyn de Worde, 1533):—Melancthon’s ‘*Very godly defence of the marriage of priests*,’ (1541):—Luther’s ‘*Chief and principal Articles of the Christian Faith*,’ (1548):—Duke of Somerset’s ‘*A Spiritual and most precious pearl*,’ (1550):—several of Bp. Hooper’s pieces,<sup>2</sup> and other like rarities. Scarcely less than any of the foregoing did C. L. H. prize a copy of the 1st edition of Scott’s ‘*Force of Truth*,’ (1779),—the gift of his Grandfather to his Father, when a boy of 14.<sup>3</sup>

The greatest curiosity which he possessed was Cranmer’s copy of K. Henry VIIIth’s ‘*Assertio Septem Sacramentorum*’ against Luther, (small 4to, Pynson, 1521),—the work which won for its Royal author (from Pope Leo X) the title of ‘Defender of the Faith.’ This copy, (on large paper, and in the original interesting binding), was presented by the king to the Archbishop, whose autograph (‘*Thomas Cantuarien̄*,’) is on the title-page. Cranmer has also written a few brief annotations in the margin of this book, of which I will cite the two of most interest. At p. 33, against the words,—“*CHRISTUS . . . docere non*

<sup>2</sup> Viz. Hooper’s ‘*Declaration of CHRIST and of His office*,’ (1547):—his little volume ‘*on the Ten Commandments*,’ (1548):—‘*on Jonah*,’ (1550):—his ‘*Exposition on the xxxiii<sup>rd</sup> Psalm*,’ (1562):—‘*on Psalms*

xxiii, lxii, lxxiii, lxxvii,’ (1580):—lastly his ‘*Answer to Gardiner*,’ (Zurich, 1547), with Sir Rob. Cotton’s autograph,—being the rarest of Hooper’s pieces.

<sup>3</sup> See above, pp. 345, 357.

dubitavit panis vinique non amplius restare substantiam, sed manente utriusque specie, utrumque tamen, et panem et vinum, in corpus et sanguinem suum esse *conversum*,”—Cranmer (having underlined the last word) writes,—“*Desideramus id ex Scripturis.*” Also, (at p. 35), against the words,—“*modo credat panem sic esse conversum in carnem, et vinum in sanguinem, ut nihil neque panis remaneat neque vini præter speciem, quod ipsum uno verbo volunt quicumque ponunt transubstantiationem,*” (every one of which words he underlines with his pen),—Cranmer writes in the margin,—“*Ubi verbum Dei quod fidem faciat hujus rei?*” . . . After the Archbishop’s martyrdom, this precious relic became the property of John, last Lord Lumley, whose autograph is also seen on the title-page.<sup>4</sup>

I will only mention besides, among his biblical curiosities, a copy of the ‘*New Testament*’ of 1550, with Bp. Hall’s autograph: ‘*For my Lord Halifax, from his most faithful affectionate ser<sup>t</sup>. J. Norwich.*’ Also,—(his latest acquisition!)—a superb copy of that rarest of folios, Halstead’s ‘*Succinct Genealogies*,’ from which an interesting extract has been already offered.<sup>5</sup> This volume, which came from Lord Gosford’s library, is one of two copies which were formerly at Drayton. Only 20 copies of the work were printed.

Another favourite scheme of his,—though it stood on a very different level,—was the formation of ‘*Local Museums.*’ His views on the subject he set forth very

<sup>4</sup> From his library it passed into the hands of Herbert, the editor of Ames,—who mentions it at p. 122. ‘J. Bindley (1799)’ was the last known possessor of the volume.

<sup>5</sup> See above, pp. 388-9 (*note*). Its author, Richard Rands, (Rector of

Turvey [1669-1699]), compiled it for his patron under the assumed name of “Robert Halstead.” See Harvey’s ‘*Hist. and Antiq. of Willey Hundred*,’—pp. 220, 199, 215. The same work is quoted above, pp. 149-50.

interestingly in a paper which was read at the Annual meeting of the '*Bedfordshire Architectural and Archæological Society*,'—June 21st, 1865. It well merits attention, being written in a spirit truly large and scientific,—while yet the writer's requirements are simple and easy of achievement in a high degree. In their results, such Institutions could not fail to prove in the best sense beneficial. Briefly,—Without unduly depreciating the popular notion of a '*Museum*,' viz. a repository of miscellaneous curiosities,—objects of whatever description, so that they be but rare and curious,—what he advocated in country Towns and Villages, was, that samples should rather be exhibited of the productions, natural or artificial, of the immediate neighbourhood,—suppose, within a radius of 5 or 6 miles. The Geology and Mineralogy of the surrounding district would supply one large and interesting set of specimens:—the Botany would supply another. Land and water shells,—insects,—objects of antiquarian interest as they occasionally came to light. local records of whatever kind,—*all* would find a home and a welcome in the repository which Charles contemplated: the essential feature of his scheme being that the specimens and articles exhibited should all be *the product of the actual locality*,—things found in, or specially belonging to, the immediate district. A single room in a very small house,—the remainder of which (such as it was) might be occupied by some poor woman as a compensation for her trouble in looking after the specimens,—would provide a fully sufficient *locus* for the proposed institution: of which, in his view, the main object would be “to instil, foster, and develop in the minds of all classes of the people an interest in the common objects of Nature.” He cherished the pious hope that the habitual contemplation of such objects must inevit-

ably lead men up from the study of Nature to the adoration of Nature's God. And surely he was right in seeking thus to humanize the humbler class; to impart a measure of interest to the unavoidably uneventful and monotonous existence of the labouring poor. '*The Museum*' at Turvey has been spoken of already.

During the long evenings of more than one winter, a favourite resource with my Brother was the study of English History as it is exhibited in the pages of our old Chroniclers. Undeniable it is that whatever want of perspective there may be in such compilations, the defect is compensated for by the human interest of the narratives. Commend us to the old Chroniclers for graphic details, and for skill in combining with historical knowledge a vast amount of living entertainment. In this way Charles was led to write a series of village Lectures on English History, twenty-nine in all, which he seems to have read before his village audience in 1857. Of these, six were devoted to the Plantagenet period, and no less than twenty-two to the House of Tudor: viz. to Henry VIII—four: to Edw. VI—two: to Queen Mary—four: to Q. Elizabeth—twelve. They were delivered not only in Turvey, but in the neighbourhood,—as at Northampton, Newport Pagnell, Wellingborough, Poddington; for he gladly complied with the petition of some of the more distant Clergy that he would come over, and instruct their people. I often urged him to *publish* some of these lectures, but he shrank from the proposal with genuine modesty,—remarking that one and all had been written without the remotest thought of the possibility of future publication. I am sure that some such method is the best that can be devised for acquainting the brother of low degree with the history of a glorious country which



has grown into the mightiest of Empires ; and whose future destinies are becoming, by the progress of recent legislation, more and more sensibly brought within the influence of the masses.

It was especially for the gratification of such auditories that he wrote two Lectures on his visit to Sinai and Palestine, which he made attractive by means of the magic-lantern. His practice was to illustrate *all* his subjects, whether Historical or Scientific, in this way : having caused to be prepared above 500 beautifully painted slides, — some representing natural scenery ; some, historical events ; some, famous personages ; some, the planetary bodies.

I have said little about my Brother's scientific attainments : but indeed there was scarcely any branch of physical Science which he had not cultivated. He furnished himself in early life with splendid telescopes, and sufficiently mastered the phenomena of the Heavens to be able to make the elements of Astronomy interesting to the humblest of audiences. In anticipation of the annular eclipse of the sun which occurred on Monday, March 15th, 1858, he delivered an admirable village Address,—explanatory of the phenomenon and guiding the villagers' minds up to its only source, the one Author of Law. Two Lectures on the Solar system (1854), and other two on Mechanics (1856), were highly popular,—the latter being fully appreciated by the village artisans. When he entertained friends at the Abbey, he loved to produce his superb microscope, and before a select few to descant on the wonders of Creation. He was never more interesting than on such occasions.

It will be perceived that it was to the Reformation

period of our history that he chiefly directed his attention. It engaged his profoundest sympathy. I find an occasional Lecture of his, delivered 17th November, 1858, which begins as follows:—

“It was on this day, three hundred years ago, that the Judge of Heaven and Earth called to her account one of the greatest scourges the Church had ever known. I am anxious that this, the 300th anniversary of the death of Queen Mary,—which is also the 300th anniversary of the day on which Queen Elizabeth began her reign,—should not pass without a few words which, if it please GOD, may excite in our hearts a grateful remembrance of His mercy in delivering His people from the fiery trial which then oppressed them; and of His great goodness in raising up a Queen in whose days the Church, established in England almost from the times of the Apostles, was reformed, renewed, settled.”

During the winter of 1857, he delivered to his village auditory twenty Lectures on the Reformation. I find also a lecture of his entitled “*Passages from the life of Cardinal Wolsey*.” It is full of pathos and tender interest.

Another of his occasional Addresses, entitled an “*Account of Turvey*,” written so late as 1881, is an endeavour to awaken in the breasts of the villagers an intelligent regard for the locality assigned to them by God’s good Providence;—an appreciation (so to express oneself), of its place in history;—a recognition of its features of interest. A capital specimen it is of what anywhere *might*,—and what everywhere *should*,—be done for those who, through no fault of their own, cannot possibly do it for themselves.

If I were required to lay my finger on the best of this dear friend’s productions of this class, I should point to the ‘*Address*’ which he delivered ‘to the members of the

Sunday School Conference at Bedford,' in 1879:<sup>6</sup> its subject,—*'The necessity of definite Church Teaching in our Sunday Schools.'* It begins:—

"That tendency of modern thought which is far too much in the direction of Man's natural inclination, and which leads to 'Liberalism' and thence by easy degrees to Scepticism and Infidelity, has so secularised Education that we are in danger of forgetting those great principles which used to underlie all the teaching of former days. It was once the acknowledged duty of a Christian State to see that its people were brought up in the fear of GOD, as well as in dutiful allegiance to the King: but now, an unholy pandering to popularity, urged on by the discontent and jealousy of those who hate the leading and the teaching of the Church to which it is our great honour and joy to belong, has so wrought, that forsooth the adding up correctly the prices of a few yards of calico or of so many ounces of tobacco and snuff is considered sufficient to justify an expensive machinery to insure accuracy; whilst the knowledge of GOD, and of the great and eternal verities which lie between Heaven and Earth, are left (so far as the State is concerned) to absolute chance and uncertainty."

The nature of this admirable production may be gathered from the summary of its Contents prefixed: viz.

'The popular system of Teaching condemned.—The Church, the Divinely-appointed Teacher of the People.—Actual results of Sunday-School Teaching, unsatisfactory.—The Remedy proposed, viz. MORE DEFINITE CHURCH TEACHING;—both Doctrinal, and Historical.—GOD's care for His Church inferred from His care for the least of His creatures.—Outlines of Sacred Truth.—Religious Teaching to be made a pleasant thing:—the Sunday Walk.—Parting words of Encouragement.'

As before, I am tempted to transcribe the last page of

<sup>6</sup> The prefatory notice is dated 'September.' The Dedication is 'To all Teachers in Sunday Schools: especially to those who shall hereafter teach in the Sunday School of Turvey.'

his eloquent Address. But indeed every one of those 16 little pages is instinct with genuine piety, true wisdom, Christian faithfulness:—

“O look upwards, my friends,—Reverend Fathers, lay Brethren, dear Mothers and Sisters in CHRIST,—whose especial duty and privilege it is to train the young for Heaven! Be not discouraged. ‘Look on the fields: they are white already to Harvest.’ Better days are before us. Pray for grace that you may yourselves love, and live for, and cling to, CHRIST’S Holy Catholic Church; and then teach, in humble dependence upon a better teaching still, those committed to your care to walk in the same paths, to follow on in the good old ways. Look upwards with humble confidence; for Jerusalem, the symbol of the Church, opens wide her portals to receive her children, and will afford them refuge, for *He* reigns there who is our hope, and strength, and life. Take courage then; for, through your loving care, thousands of young ones shall arise and rejoice in her; and tens of thousands shall yet ‘call her walls Salvation, and her gates Praise.’”

It is time to draw these memorials of the life of a pattern Layman to a close. How much respect and regard he inspired in all who came within the sphere of his personal influence: how wise and moderate he showed himself in counsel: how large-hearted and how high-minded,—how open-handed, too, when the time came for giving;—all this has been dwelt upon by many. His urbanity and dignity, not to say the Christian courtesy and kindness which characterized his every word and action, impressed all who came in his way. He lived (as well he might) in the hearts of his villagers and of his neighbours. But the attraction of his consistently virtuous course and lofty example of usefulness throughout more than three-quarters of a century of years,

extended far beyond the immediate vicinity of his home. There probably does not breathe in the county of Bedford a man who, when he quits the scene, will be followed to the grave with livelier regret, and words of more hearty commendation from all,—from the highest to the lowest.

I never knew one more large-hearted than he was. Firm as a rock in his devoted adherence to the Church of his Baptism, and stiffly Conservative in his political opinions, he was truly liberal in making allowance for the convictions of others. The Independent Minister freely resorted to him, when in difficulties with his congregation: and such occasions were neither trivial nor infrequent. One Minister there was of that denomination at Turvey,—his name, Richard Cecil,—who, during a period of great bodily and mental distress, eagerly availed himself of my Brother's spiritual ministrations when able to endure the presence of no one else. Charles had a sincere respect and regard for this man,—who was simply worried out of the place, and reduced to dire extremity by (what he called) 'his flock.' He was really a very superior person. In order to supplement his scanty income, having a large family to provide for, he prepared young men to become Independent Ministers. David Livingstone (*'Missionary, Traveller, Philanthropist,'* as he is described on his gravestone in Westminster Abbey,) was one of these. "Then you must have known Livingstone?"—I once inquired. "To be sure, I did," was the reply: "and have many a time bowled him out at cricket."—On the other hand, the Romish priest at Weston Underwood received from Charles a yearly recognition that he was his neighbour. He lived on the pleasantest terms with those whose predilections,

political as well as religious, were entirely opposed to his own.

And here I am bound to mention that although this dear Brother freely acknowledged the superiority of that Catholic system of teaching to which he had become introduced at comparatively an advanced period of his life, never to the last did he seek to divest himself of the religious prepossessions of his youth and early manhood. His favourite devotional Manuals were those of the school of Leighton. Of Charles Simeon he always spoke with enthusiasm. He never went to rest (he once told me) without reading a page or two of the '*Pilgrim's Progress*.' The '*Imitation*' of Thomas-à-Kempis,—Law's '*Serious Call*,'—Scott's '*Force of Truth*,' were always on the table of his dressing-room. And yet, I remember his telling me that he had studied the '*Spiritual Exercises*' of Ignatius Loyola, and had been deeply affected by them. He found edification and comfort in the productions of widely different schools of religious teaching.

His soul was keenly alive to "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." He would kindle in a moment with rapturous emotion, at the record of any trait of heroic self-sacrifice,—any bold, any unearthly venture of faith: and would be as suddenly surprised into tears. He was enthusiastic to the last for God and for His Truth. Never can I forget the emotion with which he pronounced (for the first time in my hearing) that grand passage in Hooker's 1st Book (c. ii. 2), beginning,—“Dangerous it were for the feeble brain of Man to wade far into the doings of the Most High.” The words,—“Whom, although to know be life, and joy to make mention of His Name,” he delivered as one who



knew by a blessed personal experience the sweetness of the thing discoursed of.

It cannot, in conclusion, be too plainly declared that those only who knew him most intimately,—knew him as he was invariably to be seen amid the sanctities of his home,—can be aware what a very good, what a very holy man he was. Always equable in his temper, ever calm, and kind, and self-possessed, nothing ever seemed to ruffle him. There never fell from his lips a harsh, or uncharitable, or angry word. The serenity of his disposition was extraordinary. I never remember to have seen him in a hurry: or flurried: or late for an engagement. He gave to every duty its rightful place: allowed to every work its necessary time. The regulation of his private daily life seemed to be an integral part of his Religion. Piety with him was not a thing put on and put off,—an act, belonging to certain times and certain places. It was the abiding habit and condition of his soul.

The more I dwell in memory on the subject of these pages, the more impressed I am with the beauty of the character I have been endeavouring to pourtray. It was a life of consistent goodness from its dawn to its close: but the evening of his days was lovelier even than life's commencement. Not that there remain any incidents to be recorded of a sort to exhibit character. What chiefly struck those who lived under the same roof with him,—especially those who had known him in the fulness of his strength,—was his more than acquiescence in the altered condition of his being. Painful as it was to *me*, who could remember him like a youthful Hercules, now to see him leaning on his stick,—walking with a tottering step,—glad of the support of his wife's arm;—to

*him* it seemed nothing else but a wise, and holy, and merciful dispensation; a thing to be as thankful for, as the sense of being 'lusty and strong.' Not without effort was he able latterly to rise from his knees after Family Prayer. Once, while offering him a little assistance, I could not suppress the ejaculation that 'it had not been always so with him.' Looking fixedly at me, (for he had not yet risen from his knees,) he rejoined with some earnestness,—“No, nor do I wish that it were otherwise.” In a little frame, suspended over the fire-place in his study, is to be seen, written with his own hand:—

LET COME WHAT WILL COME,  
GOD'S WILL IS WELCOME.

Words which, I am sure, had long been the very motto of his heart. It was evidently the fixed conviction of his soul that whatever GOD wills to be, is the very best thing that possibly can be: and so, to conform his own will to GOD'S will, seemed not so much the purpose of his life as the instinct of his spirit. Many, and often repeated, acts of submission had at last resulted in a change of nature. Even the weather was always (according to him) the very best possible. On coming down in the morning, scarcely ever did he enter the library where he found me sitting, without—(after the customary salutations)—giving utterance to some interesting remark suggested by the scene which, as he entered, met his view. The clear or the lowering aspect of the heavens,—the rain which was falling or had fallen during the night,—the dewy upland, or the rimy grass, or the brightening landscape,—no matter what it was, he had always something eucharistic to say about it. He had been estimating how many tons of moisture must have descended to the earth during the hours of

darkness, and speculating on the beneficent result; or, in time of harvest, had delighted himself with reckoning the gain to the country of another day's sunshine like the last. It was as if he always opened his eyes with a '*Benedicite omnia opera.*' Sincerely did he praise and admire the weather even when it crossed some cherished plan of his own. I recall a certain occasion, when—his hay having already suffered grievously—a Sunday supervened which, without being warm was yet dry, so that if Monday had but been fine, what remained of the damaged crop might at least have been carried. Monday brought a leaden sky, (a pall of cloud,) and a steady downpour. Charles, on entering the library, calmly surveyed the scene which met his gaze—for the large window immediately fronted him)—in silence. I felt mischievous. "Well, dear fellow. And how about the weather this morning?" . . . Still fastening his eyes on the dreary scene, he said, with slow, earnest emphasis,—"*A very—gracious—rain.*" A little nod followed, which of course settled the question.

The gradual diminution of his bodily strength,—(there was *no* decay of the mental faculties),—added to his liability to fits of faintness, latterly rendered a journey, even to pay an ordinary visit, so irksome, as to make it in fact impracticable. And yet his attention to every home duty continued unabated. His cheerfulness too never forsook him, and he displayed the same intelligent interest as of old in public events. But, as I have said, he lived entirely at home. The images which the last year or two of his life have left on my memory are all inexpressibly sweet and tender,—solemn even. When the weather permitted, in the afternoons of the Summer and the Autumn, he evidently desired no better recreation

than to occupy the garden-seat at the extremity of the paved terrace-walk, on the south (or garden side) of the Abbey. There, for one, two, or more hours consecutively he would survey the quiet landscape, and meditate in silence. He delighted, (but it had been the passion of his boyhood), to recognize the notes of birds,—to watch the ways of insects,—to contemplate the heavens,—with a loving eye to review the familiar environments of his very happy home. His converse,—(for he was not disinclined to interruption, or even to a saunter to the end of his long walk,)—his converse at such seasons was always elevating. He had been thinking (he would say) of the goodness of GOD in Creation, and of the mysteriousness of our present being. That which made his chiefest bliss at such moments was evidently his habit of secretly communing with himself, and with the Father of spirits. When he broke silence, it was to remark on the beauty of common sights and common sounds, and sometimes he would speculate,—evidently with a kind of blissful consciousness that very slight had now become the partition between himself and the unseen world,—on the wonders which must be awaiting us beyond the grave. Quite as often he would revert thankfully to some portion of his own early life, and recall with genuine filial piety traits of his Father and Mother. . . . Enough has been said to explain how it came to pass, that the venerable figure which had become familiar for so many years at Church Congresses, was missed after the gathering at Leicester in 1880. At the Portsmouth Congress (held in 1885), the Bp. of Winchester (Dr. Harold Browne), in his introductory Address, expressed himself as follows:—

“For some time, both in Congresses and in diocesan Conferences, it was difficult to enlist the help of laymen.

There was one conspicuous figure at the Cambridge Congress [1861], dressed in somewhat antiquated fashion, with his long hair flowing on his shoulders, whom most of us can recall, for he has been at almost every Congress since, till his strength gave way and he could no longer encounter the fatigue. I am speaking of CHARLES LONGUET HIGGINS. I had known him since 1828, now fifty-seven years since. No one that ever knew him could help loving and honouring him. As a country gentleman, as a landlord, as a friend to the poor, as a Christian and as a Churchman, he seemed a pattern of what man should be. As a private friend, and as a constant supporter of all good works in the diocese over which I once presided, I cannot speak of him too affectionately or too gratefully. He, too, is lost to us only during the past year. So it ever is with us. Men must come and men must go, but GOD'S work goes on for ever. and we must work for Him, whilst the light is left to us."<sup>7</sup>

This affectionate reference to a lifelong friendship,—(for it dated back to Charles's College days, when, as the Bishop's senior by a few years, he had addressed to him words of counsel and encouragement on his first coming up to Cambridge),—has anticipated what I must else have said about my Brother's personal aspect. He was a man noticeable among a thousand. Happy did his wife account herself in having secured that the portrait with which his friends and neighbours presented him in 1879, should be from the master hand of George Richmond, R.A. It represents her husband sitting in what was with him a favourite posture; and is certainly one of the happiest efforts of a matchless Artist as well as most accomplished gentleman. Richmond took real pains with his subject. "I like *that* button," he said, when he showed my sister the finished work, and pointed to the

<sup>7</sup> 'The Guardian.' Oct. 7, 1885, p. 1476.

second button on the coat. Singular to relate, when Charles's carpenter and gardener unpacked the portrait, they simultaneously exclaimed,—“La, how like Master's button!” Far better deserving of notice is the happy rendering of the broad thoughtful forehead, the lips full of character and firmness, the silvery hair which curled slightly ere it reached the shoulders.

I approach the closing scene with strange reluctance. The first days of the year 1885 found Charles suffering from a severe cold (it was in fact a bronchial epidemic), which at last assumed an aggravated form, and made him exceedingly ill at ease. The lassitude which supervened was extraordinary. The severity of the weather also conspired to indispose him for any of his customary indoor occupations. It was on Tuesday, the 6th January (the Feast of the Epiphany) that he went up early to bed,—never again to descend the familiar stair. I happened to be arriving at the Abbey at the same instant, and prolonged my stay till Friday the 16th. There was nothing in his state to make me apprehensive, when I left him, that it might be the last time I should hear that kind voice, or look upon those loved features in life: but his prostration was excessive, so that throughout my visit he kept his bed continuously. And yet, I never entered his room but he had something pleasant and affectionate to say to me. Cheerful as ever, he startled me on one of those mornings by exclaiming, as I entered the room,—“I suppose, Johnny, you will inquire for S. Mark immediately,—won't you?” “What? In Paradise, do you mean?” “Yes, to be sure,” he rejoined,<sup>8</sup> raising his head slightly from the pillow to

<sup>8</sup> He was referring to a book of mine. It reminds me of something related by Canon Liddon:—“Not many weeks after his son's death,



smile and nod. I saw how it was. The set of his thoughts was wholly towards the unseen World. But in fact I never knew a man who lived habitually nearer to GOD than he: who realized more truly the unseen, or was the subject of more vivid spiritual impressions. In the course of the previous summer he had said to a lady who was sufficiently intimate at the Abbey to visit him in his little private sitting-room,—“I have been feeling of late that I am so at the edge of the grave, that my thoughts go on to what is beyond; and sometimes I realize GOD’s presence until it is too much for me. I feel I can bear no more while I am in the flesh.”—“I often think,” (he presently added,) “of that saying—‘GOD will be all in all’; and what must be meant thereby.”—To the same friend, on another recent occasion, he had avowed that he looked forward to meeting Pontius Pilate hereafter: adding,—“If I *could* feel disappointed in Paradise, I think I should, if I did not see *him* there,—a trophy of the most stupendous act of GOD’s grace.” This sentiment was the more remarkable on *his* lips, for he had derived from his early training a somewhat severe cast of thought on the subject involved in his utterance. A very few years since, when he was exceedingly ill, he spoke to me of his own state with a humility which I can only describe as *awful*. When the same lady was taking leave of him for the last time,—“I always feel now” (he remarked) “when I say ‘good bye,’ that it may be ‘good bye’ for ever.” . . .

No need to add that throughout this, his last illness, he

Dr. Pusey said, in the course of conversation, to the present writer—“I cannot help hoping that if dear Philip is allowed, now or hereafter, to be anywhere near St. Cyril in another world, St. Cyril may be able

to show him some kindness, considering all that Philip has done in these later years to make St. Cyril’s writings better known to our countrymen.”—(*Preface to vol. ii. of the English Translation of Cyril.*)

was incessantly in prayer. This had been the very business of his life for a long time past. He would sometimes sit for hours with '*The Pious Christian's daily preparation for Death and Eternity*' open before him: only however in order to assist his thoughts.<sup>9</sup> No one perhaps has ever met with a Manual of devotion entirely to his mind. I have heard Charles say more than once,—"The LORD'S Prayer is enough for me!" What wonder if *that* devout communing with GOD which all his life long had been the very stay of his spirit,—became his spirit's one occupation now that he was nearing the goal of his earthly race? Meanwhile, his bodily strength was so visibly experiencing decay, that his wife henceforth watched him continuously all the day and all the night; for the last few days administering nourishment every two hours,—buoyed up by the vain hope that he might yet be spared to her.

While watching him on the morning of Friday, the 23rd of January, she noticed that suddenly an expression of awful gravity overspread his features. It was about half-past eight o'clock. His eyes were closed. He seemed to be,—indeed he *was*,—asleep. There were three short,

<sup>9</sup> I observe that he has barred out several passages, and into the margin has written several corrections of the text. Thus, at p. 36, in room of 'with the peaceful comforts of a quiet and good conscience, and of perfect reconciliation with Thee, my GOD,' he has written 'with a *sense of* perfect reconciliation with Thee my GOD, *through* JESUS CHRIST my Saviour:'—at p. 37, for 'And however Thou dealest with this corruptible body, let my soul, I beseech Thee,'—he has substituted 'Let *both* my soul and my body, I beseech Thee:'—at p. 45,

for 'whatsoever defilement it may have contracted,'—'*the exceedingly great and terrible* defilement it *has* contracted:'—at p. 52, for 'to give me grace . . . to fit myself,'—'*prepare me*:'—at p. 59, instead of 'from the illusions and assaults of my ghostly enemy,'—'from the illusions, *scaring*, and assaults of my ghostly enemy; *from all harassing disorders of a troubled fancy, from the gnawing misery of remorse, from the horrors of despair*:'—at p. 79, for 'errors,' he writes '*sins*.' Many of the places of Scripture, he has barred out, as all pp. 56, 57.

scarcely audible, sighs, and it soon became but too evident that the spirit had forsaken its fleshly tenement. It was a death like that foretold to "the disciple whom JESUS loved." He had "*tarried*" until his LORD had "*come*."<sup>1</sup> Already he was in Paradise, and receiving the congratulations of the Saints. In the words of a noble lady, (a friend and neighbour<sup>2</sup>), the instant she heard of his departure,—“He has already surely heard that wonderful ‘*Well done!*’”

It is needless to linger further over the story of this dear life. There is in truth nothing more to be told. Never have more loving words been more generally spoken concerning one recently departed: never has more genuine sorrow accompanied a good man to his grave. From the highest to the lowest, the language of admiration,—of reverence,—of strong personal regard,—was still the same. The people of Turvey mourned for Charles Longuet Higgins as for a parent. Hundreds of them petitioned to be allowed to look upon his loved features for the last time, as he lay calm in death,—profoundly calm, as one who has entered indeed on his Saint's rest: and no one who asked that favour was refused. His seemed a perfectly rounded life; wanting, to the last, in nothing

“which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.”<sup>3</sup>

Could his individual taste have been consulted, it is known that he would have rested his head ‘in the lap of earth,’ like one of the humblest of his cottagers: but it was plainly right that he should repose in his own

<sup>1</sup> S. John xxi. 22, 23.

<sup>2</sup> The Marchioness of Tavistock.

<sup>3</sup> ‘*Macbeth*,’ V. 3.

family burial-place,—“Here, beside his Father and his Mother,” as his funereal tablet<sup>4</sup> expresses it. Not a few there be, now scattered over the world, in the colonies and dependencies of the Empire, who, when they return to Turvey in after years, will confess, out of the overflowing of a full heart,—(for he had been to all of them as a Father),—that they stand by the grave of one who had been indeed “a blessing to his native village, for 78 years.”<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> The family-vault is a considerable structure in the churchyard,—surrounded at the summit by the words, in large stone letters,—“*What man is he that liveth and shall not see death?*”

<sup>5</sup> Such persons will contemplate with admiration an exquisite piece of sculpture in the chancel of Tur-

vey Church, erected by his widow to the memory of him “*who, having restored this Church and built this Chancel, entered into rest, 23rd Jan. A.D. 1885.*” It is of white marble, in a frame of alabaster,—immediately surmounts the door of the Vestry; and is the work of H. H. Armstead, esq., R.A.

JVSTORVM SEMITA QVASI LVX SPLENDENS

PROCEDIT ET CRESCIT VSQVE AD

PERFECTAM DIEM

## (APPENDIX H).

## · MR. REGINALD WILBERFORCE AS A BIOGRAPHER.

(*Referred to at p. 2. Also in the Preface Dedicatory,—vol. i. p. xxiv.*)

Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, was supremely unfortunate in that his eldest son was the compiler of the second and third volumes of his '*Life*.' The sentiments expressed by the '*Quarterly Review*' on this subject [January, 1883 (No. 309),—pp. 4–6], will have commended themselves to every reader of taste and refinement. I the rather call attention to the castigation inflicted by the '*Quarterly*' on Mr. Reginald Wilberforce, because I am myself one of the many whom he has injured. My case was stated in the '*Times*' of Feb. 7th, 1883, as follows:—

SIR,—Well aware that nothing which merely concerns myself in the '*Life of Bishop Wilberforce*' can be of any public interest, I yet think it my duty publicly to protest against the liberty which I there find taken with my name. Three weeks ago the concluding volume reached me, and, at p. 249, I read as follows:—

“An amusing story as to the new lectionary used to be told by the bishop. As chairman of the committee he received numerous letters containing suggestions. One of his correspondents, Mr. Burgon, was very indignant at the bare idea of a proposed change, and his correspondence was couched in very strong language. When, at last, all was complete, and the new table of lessons sanctioned, with a proviso that the use was not to be compulsory for seven years, he wrote—‘I am thankful that I have yet seven more years in which I can continue my ministry in the Church, at the end of which I will, sooner than read the mutilated Bible, cheerfully go to prison.’”

I lost no time in interrogating the biographer concerning his pretended quotation from a letter of mine; and at the end of ten days received from him the comfortable assurance that he “should regret if the publication of a good story had in any way annoyed” me. “But” (adds Mr. Wilberforce) “pray look at the book, and you will see that it is given as a story only.”

I have “looked at the book.” I find that words which I should be ashamed to have written are there set down within inverted

commas, as if quoted from a letter of mine. I find also that Mr. Wilberforce has prefaced those words with the assertion that I wrote them.

Mr. Wilberforce cannot have examined his father's papers without having been made aware that I was among the most trusted and most faithful of his father's friends. That friendship of twenty years and upwards he commemorates by going out of his way to relate something, which, if it were true, would be discreditable alike to his father and to me. But in order effectually to make me ridiculous, Mr. Wilberforce professes to produce the actual words of a letter I never wrote; and by publishing those words in his father's '*Life*,' provides that his statement shall be believed to my disadvantage in every quarter of the globe where the English language is spoken.

I shall offer no comment on all this. I submit my cause to the judgment of civilized society.

Now, it happens to be easily demonstrable that Mr. Reginald Wilberforce's narrative is pure fiction. As a matter of fact, his father's friend adopted the '*New Lectionary*' on the first day when its use was authorized (*viz.* Jan. 1st, 1872);—explaining to his parishioners, in a published Sermon, his reasons for doing so. A copy of that Sermon lies before me.

But I am not concerned to establish *this* point. My complaint is that Mr. Reginald Wilberforce prints (with marks of quotation) certain discreditable words which he roundly asserts that *I* wrote; though he knows perfectly well that I did *not* write them, but that the words he pretends to quote are, every one of them, *his own*.

He is reminded that the framework of society would become hopelessly out of gear in less than a week if such a proceeding could be allowed to pass without grave public remonstrance.



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